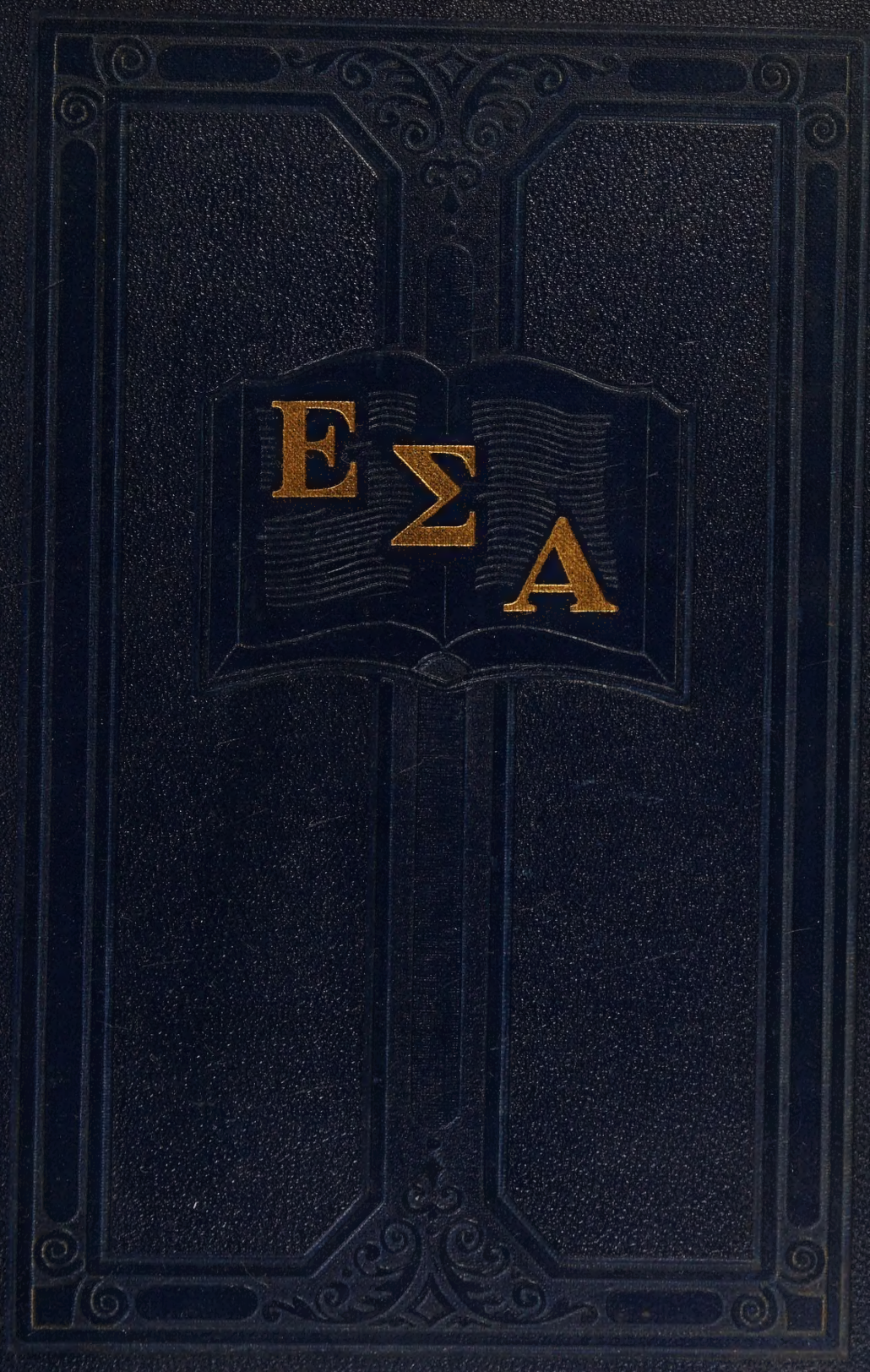
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PERSIA
ARABIA
EGYPT
INDIA
CHINA
EAST INDIES
INDIAN OCEAN

THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

From Painting by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema

"A READING FROM HOMER"

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

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GREECE

GREECE

CHAPTER I

THE GREEKS AND THEIR HISTORY

RELATION OF ORIENTAL TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. Japan, China, India and Egypt have each a body of literature that has grown up to a large extent independently of all others and has been sufficient to itself. Only as they have influenced certain writers have they had any appreciable effect upon either the literature of England or the United States. Almost as much may be said

of the other Oriental nations, with the exception of the Persians, the Arabians and the Hebrews, and the influence of the two former affected us little except through the medium of the Crusaders and the Moorish rule in Spain.

The Hebrews, on the other hand, occupy a unique position in that their sacred writings, with their deep thought and spiritual fervor, have been exciting causes in the development of literature throughout Europe, and through the Bible and the growth of Christianity have become an integral part of our writings. No continuous history of world literature would be complete unless it began with a full account of the part the Hebrews played in it.

II. Greek Influence. To the Greeks, however, we owe a greater debt than to any other nation of ancient or modern times, for not only did they develop a literature that still in some respects is a model to the world, but they gave it such vitality that it has come down to us with all its grace, liveliness and sensibility, and still is read with delight by thousands who know no letter of its alphabet.

Besides this, it has formed the basis of scholastic studies for centuries, and until comparatively recent years no one was considered educated who had not been grounded well in Greek. Then, moreover, it was the inspiration of most that is good in Latin, and the two have made our literature what it is. Of the profound influence the Greeks have exerted on

modern thought, we shall gain a better appreciation as this work proceeds.

III. Ancient Greece. The boundaries of ancient Greece did not differ materially from those of the modern country that bears that name. Three great peninsulas extend from the great body of Europe into the Mediterranean Sea, and of these the most eastern is Greece. Large as a peninsula, it does not cover relatively a large area. In fact, it is about the size of the state of West Virginia and considerably smaller than New York.

Though small, it has an extended shore line, and of its numerous bays and gulfs three are large enough to make of the land three sections, in the northern of which lay Thessaly and Epirus, in the central, Athens, and in the southern, Sparta.

A mountain chain, at the end of which rose Olympus, ran east and west and protected Greece on the north; Mount Pindus separated Thessaly from Epirus; and other mountains and gulfs divided the remaining states of Northern Greece. Mount Oeta, pierced by only a few passes, of which the most celebrated was Thermopylae, lying between the mountain and the sea, protected Central Greece from invasion from the north. Mount Parnassus, in Central Greece, and Mounts Hymettus and Pentelicus, near Athens, are famous in mythology, and their names are familiar in the literature of the world. Southern Greece, the Peloponnesus, as it was called, is also traversed by

rugged mountains which extend in every direction from the state Arcadia, which is sometimes called the Switzerland of Greece. Not only, then, was Greece separated from other nations by mountain chains, but the little states which formed the confederacies were likewise separated one from another by similar barriers. The impossibility of easy communication among the small states was undoubtedly one of the reasons why ancient Greece never developed a strong national unity.

Lying in the same latitude as Spain, Maryland, Northern California and Japan, and diversified by mountains and deep bays, its climate is healthful and invigorating. The fertile soil produces grains, olives, figs and grapes in abundance, but requires a steady cultivation that assists in preventing the inhabitants from falling into that indolence which characterizes so many of the Oriental nations and has so seriously hampered their progress.

IV. The People. The Greeks received the name by which they are now universally known from the Romans, who first met with a small tribe called *Graeci,* who lived in the southern part of the peninsula. The Greeks themselves have never adopted this name; they call themselves *Hellenes,* and their country, *Hellas,* from their first king, who, tradition said, lived in prehistoric times in a part of Thessaly. It is supposed that the original Caucasian tribe migrated from Asia Minor and founded the earliest settlements.

Hellen had two sons, Dorus and Aeolus, and two grandsons, Ion and Achaeus, from whom sprang the four great tribes, or families, of Greeks—the Dorians, the Aeolians, the Ionians and the Achaeans.

1. *The Dorians.* The Dorians were a rough, hardy, simple but aristocratic people, conservative, stern and rigidly martial. They at one time covered nearly the whole of the Peloponnesus, parts of Thessaly and many of the large and important island tributaries. Their principal city was Sparta, where they lived unrivaled as strong, healthy, hardy men, a nation of soldiers.

2. *The Aeolians.* This branch of the Hellenes, which figures less prominently in the history of Greece, migrated from Thessaly to the Peloponnesus and into Lesbos and Tenedos, two islands near the mainland of Asia Minor, whence they established twelve cities along the coast in the region known as Aeolis. To the Aeolians we are indebted for some of our finest Greek poetry.

3. *The Ionians.* It is probable that the Ionians, leaving Thessaly, settled first in Attica and founded Athens, which became their principal city. This may have been as early as the thirteenth century before Christ, but it was probably later when the hardier Dorians drove large numbers of them into the islands of the Aegean and thence to Asia Minor. Here we find them concerned with the league of twelve Hellenic cities mentioned above.

The Ionians were less hardy, less manly, less warlike than the Dorians, but they had a truer idea of education, were more literary, more scientific, more artistic and more philosophical. While the Spartans believed that the main purpose of education should be the training of the body, the Athenians felt that body, reason, imagination and all the faculties of the soul should be developed and trained together.

4. *The Achaeans.* When the Achaeans migrated from Thessaly, they overran the whole of the Peloponnesus with the exception of the portion lying along the Gulf of Corinth and the state of Arcadia. In Homer and elsewhere the whole Greek race is referred to as Achaeans. In fact, in all this classification of the Hellenic peoples, we are dealing with probabilities rather than certainties. When the Dorians in their turn invaded the Peloponnesus, many of the Achaeans went into the northern part and founded the cities of the state that came to be known as Achaea. Here they thrived and began to take an important part in the history of the peninsula; they were instrumental in forming the great League which broke the Macedonian yoke and remained the chief political power in Greece until it was subjugated by the Romans and Southern Greece became the province of Achaea.

V. The Pelasgians. The Hellenes were not the first inhabitants of Greece, but were preceded by a race which we may call the Pelas-

gians, though that word is used in literature and legend with a variety of meanings. To us it may signify the prehistoric race who inhabited the peninsulas of Greece and Italy, and of whom we know little with certainty except the bare facts that are manifested by archaic remains, which consist principally of massive walls of unhewn stone, built to protect their forming villages from invaders. However, recent discoveries in the neighborhood of Mycenae lead archeologists to believe that they have found the capital of the Pelasgians and that more than two thousand years B. C. they represented quite a highly-civilized power whose influence extended practically the whole length of the northern shore of the Mediterranean.

The ancient Greeks believed the architectural remains of this early race to have been the work of the Cyclopes, a race of giants who had but one eye and that in the center of the forehead. Allusions to them are frequent in classic literature, and in the *Odyssey* we read of the adventures of Odysseus (Ulysses) with Polyphemus, one of the Cyclopes.

VI. History of Ancient Greece. To give a history of the Greeks in the limits at our disposal is impossible, but no adequate idea of their literature can be obtained without some historic background, against which it may be viewed. Most students have studied the history of Greece; such as have not should not content themselves with the bare outlines given

below, but should read one at least of the numerous exceedingly interesting accounts which have been written of the most wonderful people of the world, the people who originated so much that is best in our own civilization.

In the history of Greece, four periods are easily recognized: the heroic, the formative, the period of glory and the period of decline.

VII. The Heroic Period. Greek legends indicate that Hellen and his two sons lived about 1400 B. C., and that the return of the Dorians to their home in the Peloponnesus occurred about 1100 B. C. These dates will answer as well as any to define that uncertain period which we call the Heroic Age of Greece. It should be emphasized that this period deals with mythology, and not with history.

It was the age of the god-like heroes: Heracles, son of Zeus, whose twelve superhuman labors are still the subject of countless literary allusions; Theseus, favorite of the Athenians, who united the independent towns of Attica and gave them a political constitution, who slew the hideous Minotaur and freed Athens from her annual toll of seven youths and seven virgins; of the Argonauts, their wild voyages and strange adventures, their Sirens, tempting them to destruction, and the deadly perils of Scylla and Charybdis; of the rape of Helen and the Trojan War; of Odysseus and his adventures. It is the period to which we shall refer again and again for many of the fascinating things in Greek literature.

VIII. The Formative Period. While Greek civilization was developing and the people were unconsciously preparing themselves to take their place as the greatest in antiquity, two cities sprang into prominence and each for a time led in the mighty strife: the Dorian Sparta, the Ionian Athens.

1. *Sparta.* Lycurgus, the great lawgiver, was considered by the Spartans as the founder of their greatness, and he is supposed to have lived about 885 B. C.

The people were divided into three classes: the Spartans, the Perioeci, and the Helots, or serfs. Only the Spartans could be citizens, and they were only as one in twenty-five of the population, but so perfect was their military training that their rule could not be successfully opposed. As Woodrow Wilson says, "Throughout all that period of Sparta's history which is best known and best worth knowing, no democratic revolution made any headway against this active, organized, indomitable band of *Spartiatae,* who held the state as an army would hold a fortress." The Perioeci (dwellers around) outnumbered the Spartans three to one. They were those of the subjugated peoples who had submitted graciously to Spartan rule, and were accordingly allowed to own land, under burdensome restrictions, however, and to become despised tradesmen and mechanics. The Helots were kindred of the Perioeci, but as they had stubbornly resisted their conquerors, they were reduced to a con-

dition of serfdom, attached to the land on which they labored, and not subject to barter and sale. They constituted about five-sixths of the population, and at times their condition was pitiable in the extreme.

As we have said, the Perioeci and the Helots had no voice whatever in the government, which rested solely in the Spartans, and they conducted affairs on republican principles, choosing representatives who constituted two houses: the lower, the Assembly, and the upper, the Council of Elders. The executive power was in the hands of two kings and the ephors, who constituted a kind of cabinet. The Laconian Assembly consisted of all the male citizens over thirty years of age. They had little power, and considered only such questions as were properly submitted to them. In discussions, speeches were so concise that men of few words ever since have been called *laconic*. This body, however, elected the Council of Elders, which with the two kings numbered thirty.

No one was eligible as an elder or member of the Council until he was sixty years of age, and he held office for life. This Council was a real legislative body, and submitted to the Assembly those questions on which that body had a right to act. The origin of the double kingship was traced back to a time when the oracle at Delphi decided that twin brothers, between whom no choice could be made, should both be crowned. In times of peace the kings were chief justices,

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SITE OF ANCIENT SPARTA

PEACEFUL HUSBANDRY WHERE THE SPARTANS ONCE HAD THEIR HOMES. FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOPS CAN BE SEEN ATHENS AND FAR BEYOND.

2. *Athens.* In 500 B. C. Athens was the dominating power in the middle East, as Sparta was in the Peloponnesus. From long before the Trojan War down to about 1088 B. C., the Athenians were governed by kings, of whom the most celebrated was Theseus. The royal line ended with Codrus, who, as tradition says, while engaged in a losing conflict with Sparta was told by an oracle that the king who sacrificed his life would give to his side the victory. Codrus placed himself at the head of his soldiers, and was killed in the action; the Spartans, hearing of his sacrifice, fled in dismay. Fearing that no man could be a worthy successor to Codrus, the Athenians abolished the kingship and established the office of archon, which, though confined to the descendants of Codrus, was merely a chief-magistracy. After 650 B. C. the term of the archon was made nine years, and all the Eupatrids, or nobles, were made eligible. Seventy years later a board of nine archons, holding office for one year, was established, but in spite of this check upon the power of the nobles, the government rapidly degenerated into a tyrannical oligarchy, which was the source of constant irritation to the Athenians.

In 624 B. C. Draco, a noble, established the code in which the penalty of all crimes was death, hoping thereby to check the rising democratic sentiment. Before this, however, was accomplished, revolts occurred, the chief of which was led by Cylon, and though he was

promptly defeated, a tragedy followed which ultimately wrecked the power of the nobles. Some of the adherents of Cylon took refuge in the sacred precincts of the Acropolis, and were only induced to leave under renewed promises of safety. One of the nobles of the house of Alcmaeonidae persuaded them to leave the altars, and then treacherously slew them. Although the Alcmaeonidae were thereafter banished from Athens and known as "the accursed," the people became more alarmingly discontented than ever, and in 594 B. C. Solon, a poor but wise Eupatrid, was intrusted with the task of framing a more favorable constitution. He performed the work well, but the new constitution, wise as it appears to us, did not satisfy the extreme democrats, who in 560, under leadership of Pisistratus, triumphed completely, and their leader assumed the position of dictator, or tyrant. To Pisistratus Athens owes a heavy debt, for he increased her naval power, adorned her with temples, fountains and beautiful parks, securing the funds for these public works by taxation of the nobles, and giving profitable employment to the poorer classes. He gave to the people of Athens their first library, and collected for the first time the scattered and unconnected portions of the Homeric poems. The sons of Pisistratus were unjust, ambitious and tyrannical, and brought upon themselves well-earned destruction.

It is said that Alcmaeon visited Croesus, the enormously-wealthy King of Lydia, and was

by that monarch permitted to take as much gold as he could carry from the King's treasure house. Clothing himself with loose-fitting garments, he stored away all he possibly could on his person, filled his hair with gold dust, and crammed it into his mouth. In this astonishing way was the wealth of the Alcmaeonidae established. Seeing in the troubles with the sons of Pisistratus an opportunity to redeem the name of the family from the disgrace of murdering the adherents of Cylon, they built a temple with marble façade to Apollo at Delphi, when by the terms of the contract nothing but ordinary stone was required; and induced the priestess who presided at the oracle to urge all Spartans who came to consult her to join the Alcmaeonidae in liberating Athens. The ruse was successful, and Clisthenes, one of the Alcmaeonidae, allied himself with the democratic party, and was chosen to make some changes in the constitution. Under his guiding hand a democratic code was established, the patriotic spirit of the Athenians awakened, and they entered upon that period of prosperity which they were so long to enjoy.

IX. The Period of Glory. The period of Grecian glory naturally divides itself into two epochs, which are spoken of as the Persian Wars and the Age of Pericles, the former extending from 500 B. C. to 479 B. C., and the latter from 479 B. C. to 431 B. C.

1. *The Persian Wars.* Hippias, the banished son of Pisistratus, after intriguing un-

successfully with the Spartans and against the Athenians, betook himself to the court of Darius, the Persian, where he endeavored to instigate a war against his own people. The Greek cities of Asia Minor had been for forty years under the dominion of the Persians; they revolted, the Athenians aided them, and the wrath of Darius burned unquenchably. After seven years the revolt was subdued, but Mardonius, son-in-law to Darius, was shipwrecked when he invaded Thrace, and thus defeated in his enterprise.

Two years later, that is, in 490 B. C., Darius sent six hundred ships and a force of men variously estimated at from two hundred thousand to six hundred thousand under guidance of the exiled Hippias to take the long-delayed vengeance on the Grecians. They landed on the plains of Marathon, not far from Athens, and were opposed only by a little force of ten thousand Athenians and a thousand allies, gathered on the slopes of Mount Pentelicus. Under the leadership of Miltiades, a masterful general, was fought a battle famous in the annals of the world, one of the decisive combats of history, for by the battle of Marathon Greek civilization proved itself superior to that of the Orientals. Many a time since has the plan of battle originated then by Miltiades been used successfully by the generals of other nations, who gladly acknowledged their indebtedness to the Greek leader.

Darius had not learned his lesson, and for

three years he gathered troops and munitions of war, determined at last to crush the obstinate Greeks. Death, however, put an end to his plans, but his son Xerxes took up the schemes his father had been forced to relinquish. Various things delayed him, so that it was not till 480 B. C. that he was ready to set out with his vast army. The destruction of his rude bridge across the Hellespont delayed him again, but he built a temporary pontoon bridge and moved over. The numbers of his forces as given by ancient historians are incredible: 1,700,000 footmen; 80,000 cavalry; 1,207 triremes, each rowed by 175 men; 3,000 smaller vessels.

Whatever the actual numbers of this Persian army, it was sufficiently large to incite in the leading states of Greece a determination to unite in an effort to retain their independence. It was a time of political unrest in Athens, when Themistocles, after much intriguing, had succeeded in banishing Aristides the Just and becoming the idol of popular favor. He made a maritime nation of Athens and placed her in a position to lead in the congress which was held in Corinth, where fifteen states formed a confederation to oppose the Persians. Leonidas, the Spartan king, with three hundred of his own soldiers and about four thousand Greek allies, seized the pass of Thermopylae and awaited Xerxes and his innumerable host. In the meantime the Athenians won a dearly-fought victory on the sea, but

after the battle of Thermopylae were compelled to withdraw to Salamis.

The defense of Thermopylae, that narrow defile between the mountains and the sea, the heroic death of Leonidas and every one of his Spartan followers, has become immortalized in the literature of every nation of Europe, and the still voices of those brave men yet cry out to the young of every nation. It was the betrayal by a treacherous Greek of a circuitous pass through the mountains that brought the Persians into the rear of the Spartans and enabled the former, after the loss of twenty thousand men, to rush on to the capture of Athens. At Delphi a storm intervened, frightened the Persians and saved the temple, whose oracle then assured the Athenians that they must depend upon their "wooden walls."

Interpreting this phrase to allude to the ships of the Athenians, Themistocles, in spite of opposition at home, embarked his troops and, by representing himself a traitor, decoyed the Persian naval force into a narrow strait. Crowded in these narrow waters, in sight of Xerxes on his throne near the shore, the Persians were helpless against the nimble Greek vessels, and after a day of terrific hand-to-hand fighting, the shattered remnants of the Asiatic fleet drew away, never to return. Alarmed at this defeat and frightened at the thought of the impossibility of return if the passage of the Hellespont should be disputed, Xerxes fled with his whole army. This battle

of Salamis is considered the great decisive struggle between Oriental despotism and Western democracy. Nevertheless, it required two more great battles before the Asiatics were all expelled from Europe, but at Plataea, Mardonius, the general Xerxes had left behind, was slain and his army annihilated, and the same day saw at Mycale on the coast of Asia Minor another Persian army sent to destruction. After this there was no question as to the superiority of Greece.

The subsequent history of the three great leaders of the Persian wars is interesting. Pausanias, the hero of Plataea, after further victories, was discovered in treasonable correspondence with Xerxes, and by his fellow Spartans was driven to take refuge in the temple of Athene. None dared violate the sanctuary, but his enraged countrymen led by his mother blocked the entrance to the temple with stone and left the man to die of cold and starvation; Themistocles, too, fell from his high estate and died a miserable traitor at Magnesia, after some time spent at the court of Xerxes; only Aristides remained true to his country, and he was so honest in handling the finances that when he died he did not leave money enough for a proper burial.

2. *The Age of Pericles.* Aristides, ostracized though he was, had returned to fight for his country at Salamis and, fully forgiven by the Athenians, joined with Themistocles to repair wasted Attica and rebuild its capital,

which was then but a mass of ruins. The first thought was to rebuild the walls, strengthen the defenses, secure the safety of their seaports, Piraeus and Phalerum, and make of Athens an impregnable stronghold, a safe refuge for all Greeks in times of war. Although the Spartans intrigued against this, the Athenians persisted, and the Lacedemonians, to their chagrin, felt their power in Greece begin to wane.

The rivalry between Athens and Sparta became bitter, and Hellas saw the lines drawn between the Dorians and the inland states, and Athens, the Ionians and the maritime states generally. The latter had formed the confederacy of Delos, so named from the island where the delegates met, but gradually power in the league was taken from the weaker members, and ultimately Athens was supreme, and the allies found themselves subjects of an empire. Cimon, son of Miltiades, rose to popular favor by his victories abroad and his liberality at home in beautifying and enriching the city of Athens.

Sparta at last had gathered her forces and was prepared to try conclusions with Athens, when an earthquake demolished the city and killed twenty thousand people. The Helots seized the opportunity to revolt, and Sparta, in distress, laid aside her pride and appealed to Athens for aid. Cimon favored the project, but was opposed by Pericles, who was a grandnephew of Clisthenes, and was an enlightened,

intellectual man, far above his rival in every respect. Nevertheless, Cimon won in their first debates and marched against the Helots and their allies, where he was not successful in pleasing the Spartans and was dismissed from their service. Cimon was ostracized, but later commanded an Athenian fleet, and died just after a victory over the Persians in Cyprus.

Under Clisthenes there had been established the office of *strategus,* or military leader, one for each of the ten tribes. Each strategus held the command for one day in turn and was elected for a year. By the time of Pericles, the strategi had superseded the archons in power, and though Pericles never was an archon, he was strategus for fifteen consecutive years and during that time controlled the affairs of the Athenian Empire. Nevertheless, under the influence of his friend Ephialtes he proposed changes in the constitution which, being accepted, made Athens a pure democracy.

In his administration of affairs he made Athens strong at home and abroad, he spent the public funds lavishly in filling the city with fine buildings, parks and drives, and in beautifying it with sculpture and painting. He founded colonies throughout the islands of the Aegean Sea and even in Italy, and everywhere successfully.

Pericles was a great administrator, a great lawgiver, a great orator and a great statesman, but more than all that, he was a great patron of art, literature and philosophy, and it is the

wonderful achievements in these departments that make the Age of Pericles the glory of Greece. We have only to mention the names of the architects Ictinus and Callicrates; of the sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles; of the painter Polygnotus; of the philosophers Socrates and Plato; of the tragic dramatists Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles; of the comedy writer Aristophanes; of the historians Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon, to show the marvelous intellectual activity of that greatest epoch of all time. It may be said, however, in passing, that authorities do not agree in placing all of the above men in this Age.

But Pericles, in spite of his wisdom, had allowed some weakening factors to creep into the laws and customs of the Empire, weaknesses that proved the seeds of her destruction. She treated her allies as slaves and debauched the integrity of her producing classes by gifts and that system of entertainment which killed the ambition of her laborers and made them lazy, incompetent and dissatisfied.

X. The Period of Decline. The period of Hellenic decline extended from the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War to the extinction of independent political life in Greece, when she became a Roman province, in 146 B. C. The successive steps in this decline may be considered as the Peloponnesian War, the era of Spartan supremacy, the era of Theban supremacy, the time of Alexander the Great and his successors, and the Roman conquest.

1. *The Peloponnesian War.* Sparta had regained some of her power, and as the disaffection with Athens increased, she formed an alliance with the discontented states and prepared for war, a war which was waged at intervals for more than twenty-five years, from 431 B. C. to 404 B. C. Pericles died of a pestilence early in the war, while Athens was besieged by the then successful Spartans. Almost his last words were in response to praise from some of his friends: "That which gives me the most satisfaction, you have left unsaid: No Athenian through my fault has ever put on the robe of mourning." The Spartans were driven back, the coast of the Peloponnesus was ravaged by the Athenians, and the first period of the war ended with the acceptance of a truce of fifty years.

Neither side observed the terms of the truce, and Alcibiades, a wealthy and talented pupil of Socrates, urged the conquest of Sicily, an island the Athenians had long coveted. Winning the approval of the Athenians by his eloquence, he was finally allowed to prepare a great expedition, but just on the eve of it all Athens was shocked by the midnight mutilation of her sacred *Hermae,* or boundary stones. Alcibiades was accused of the sacrilegious act, but was allowed to sail with the expedition. Not long after he had gone men were dispatched after him for the purpose of bringing him back to stand trial. He escaped from the messengers and traitorously joined the Spar-

tans. The famous expedition against Sicily, the greatest ever undertaken by Grecian forces, was a dismal failure for the Athenians and a brilliant victory for the Spartans.

The third period of the war began with reverses for the Athenians, not less serious in the East than had been the failure of the Sicilian expedition in the West. In this time of despondency the Athenians were ready to receive overtures from the Persians, among whom now was Alcibiades, whose manners and character had quickly made him so unpopular with the Spartans that he had been obliged to flee from their wrath. As a result of his plotting, the Athenians abolished their democracy and established an aristocracy of Four Hundred, elected by a convocation of Five Thousand. This obnoxious form of rule was soon abolished, and Alcibiades was recalled to his native city in a triumph as short-lived as it was brilliant. His last days were spent as an exile in Chersonesus, where he met his death at the hands of assassins, an object of contempt to Athenians, Spartans and Persians alike. Under the leadership of the able general Lysander the Spartans formed an alliance with the Persians, accepted their gold, and began their final operations against Athens. Successful first in destroying the Athenian fleet, he then, after a siege of four months, received the unconditional surrender of Athens, and Sparta ruled supreme. Her first work was the insane razing of all the fortifications of Athens, the

dispersal of her navy and army and the transfer of all her foreign possessions.

2. *Spartan Supremacy* (404–371 B. C.). For a year Athens was ruled by the so-called Thirty Tyrants, who had been elected by command of Lysander and given control over the city. Their acts were so cruel and bloodthirsty, so recklessly rapacious, that the people rebelled and overthrew them, and even the Spartan King was so incensed at the murderous policy of the Thirty that he restored the old constitution to the troubled Athenians and aided them in the revision of their laws.

Again Persia commanded an interest in Grecian affairs. Cyrus and Artaxerxes, sons of Darius II, were engaged in civil war for the possession of their father's throne after his death, 405 B. C. Spartan and Athenian generals, with an army from various states in Greece, went to the aid of Cyrus, who gained a victory only to lose his life in the final battle at Cunaxa. Thereupon, the Persian soldiers of Cyrus deserted to Artaxerxes, leaving the Greeks to the tender mercies of the victorious general. Their leaders consented to a conference with Artaxerxes, but were all treacherously slain. Nothing dismayed, the Greeks elected new generals, among them the historian Xenophon, and began that masterly Retreat of the Ten Thousand, which is still the wonder of military men.

Artaxerxes endeavored to wrest Greece from her people, but met with such fierce opposition

From Marble Bust, Capitoline Museum, Rome

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

from the Spartans and their allies that he was compelled to give up the attempt and content himself with fomenting disturbance among the Greeks, by forming a coalition with Athens, Thebes and other states to wage war on Sparta, who fought manfully for thirty years.

3. *Theban Supremacy.* At this time appeared Epaminondas, one of the noblest and purest characters in history. Disgusted with Persian interference, he carried his Theban brethren out of the confederacy and showed his wonderful military genius by totally defeating the Spartans in the brilliant battle of Leuctra. Nevertheless, the triumph was brief, and Thebes enjoyed her domination for but nine years, years of constant warfare. Epaminondas fell in the battle of Mantinea, Theban power waned, and Greece, rent by civil strife, fell a prey to a new power from the north.

4. *Alexander the Great and his Successors.* Philip, King of Macedon, was an ambitious man, who desired to extend his power south over the Grecian peninsula. Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, fathomed his designs, but all his brilliant oratory was insufficient to prevent disintegration of Grecian power, though he did secure an alliance between Thebes and Athens; only, however, to see their armies shattered in the great battle of Chaeronea, 338 B. C. Two years later Philip was assassinated, and his youthful son Alexander became King, and the disheartened Hellenes elected him general in chief of the forces of united Greece.

A false report of Alexander's death roused the Thebans to revolt, but the young monarch appeared suddenly before the place, took it by storm, killed or sold into slavery all the inhabitants and razed the city to the ground, sparing only the house of the poet Pindar. So summary a vengeance destroyed what little spirit was left in the Hellenes, who thereafter remained loyal to the great commander. With his world conquests we have no concern at present, but he brought Persians, Greeks and the inhabitants of far India into one grand Empire and for a time obliterated all distinction between the East and the West. In 323 B. C., having reigned but thirteen years and being then only thirty-three, he died in Babylon, the capital of his huge Empire.

There was no one to take the place of Alexander, and after twenty years of war and intrigue among his generals, the Empire was dismembered by the four survivors, and Greece fell into the hands of Cassander.

5. *The Roman Conquest.* Battles, intrigues, assassinations, dethronements and tyrannous exploits followed one another in seemingly endless succession, the Greeks often in revolt, always defeated, always miserable. When Hannibal, the Carthaginian King, overcame the Roman army, the King of Macedonia entered into a treaty with him. The next year the Romans invaded Macedonia and formed a league of Greek states against her. When the Athenians became hard pressed, they asked aid

from the Romans. It was willingly given and Macedonia was subdued, but the Romans had seen Greece. When the Athenians in abject poverty plundered one of her own towns, Rome protested, Athens gave an impertinent reply, and the Roman army came. Corinth was sacked, and its inhabitants sold or put to the sword; other towns shared the same fate, and from that time Greece lost her identity in the vast domain of the Romans.

XI. Foreign Masters. Until 88 B. C. Greece was prosperous under her Roman rulers, but a rebellion at the time of the Mithridatic Wars brought disaster and destruction upon Athens, Corinth and the country generally. Again followed a period of comparative calm until the middle of the third century after Christ, when the Goths overran the whole peninsula, sacked the principal cities and laid waste the country. The Greeks embraced Christianity, and when the Roman Empire was divided the Byzantine, or Greek Empire, began a separate existence, which continued with its capital at Constantinople for a thousand years after the destruction of the Western Empire, or until it was conquered by the Turks in 1453. It was an Oriental Empire, not a Western one, and Greece had long since lost those characteristics which made her the defender of Occidental civilization. Before the Turks came, however, there was a period of over two hundred years during which Athens and her dependencies were held successively by Venetians, Franks,

Aragonese and Florentines, when the feudal court of Athens rivaled any other in Europe.

For nearly three hundred years after this, Greece was the battle ground between the Europeans and the Turks, and it was not until 1718 that the Ottoman Empire was firmly established, and Greece was sunk in poverty and despair. Her best citizens were exiled and carried their learning over Europe, where we shall see they aided in the Renaissance, that wonderful intellectual revival which placed Europe in the van in the march of civilization and enlightenment. The Ottoman Turks left Greece her Church and her system of local self-government, which preserved a national spirit in spite of the fact that as a race the people were living a life of brigandage and rapine.

XII. Independence Again. By the beginning of the nineteenth century there had risen a new interest in the scattered Greeks, who everywhere began to unite in that long, discouraging conflict which embroiled the nations of Europe and only ended when in 1832 Otho, the second son of Louis I of Bavaria, was made King of Greece by the powers of Europe and entered the country, backed by their financial aid and moral support. But the Greeks are restless, have the love of democracy that possessed their forefathers, and still have the fatal tendency to divide into factions. The effect of this is shown in the stormy history of that country since she took her place among the nations of Europe. Wars, treaties, inva-

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

THE PARTHENON ON THE SUMMIT, AND THE OLYMPIUM IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND AT THE RIGHT.

sions, conquests, losses of territory, embroilments with every nation near her, have marked her history, although it may be said that she has made not a little continuous progress, and to-day is more prosperous than at any time since the Middle Ages.

XIII. Athens. More than in most countries, the life in Greece centered in her cities: Athens was Attica; Sparta was Laconia. Grecian cities were built upon hills; on the summit of one, called the *acropolis,* was erected a citadel. Every city, too, had its *agora,* or market-place, its *stadium,* or race course, and temples and altars to the gods. Athens was distinguished by having within its walls a hill whose sides for about three hundred feet high were quite precipitous and whose level top covered nearly ten acres. When Athens was at the height of its splendor, this Acropolis was covered with magnificent buildings, ornamented with beautiful statuary. The ascent was at the west end, and was guarded at the top by the Propylaea, a splendid gateway of beautiful white Pentelic marble. It was designed by Mnesicles, and was considered one of the greatest achievements of the Greek architect, who labored under seemingly insurmountable difficulties in placing it on the steep rocks and retaining at the same time the grandeur of its design. A broad doorway in the center gave entrance for vehicles and public and religious processions, while four narrower entrances admitted pedestrians.

On the left of the plateau as one entered stood the Erechtheum, and on the right the Parthenon. The former was completed about 409 B. C., a little after the death of Pericles, and was of the Ionic order, with a beautiful portico whose roof was supported by six columns in the form of draped female figures (*Caryatides*). The ruins of this portico are still among the choicest things upon the Acropolis. The Parthenon stood a little higher and farther back from the Propylaea, and was the most conspicuous feature of Athens seen from a distance. It was an exquisitely beautiful temple, designed and built by Ictinus and Callicrates, adorned possibly by the matchless Phidias and dedicated as the shrine of Athena, virgin deity of the city. Though projected by Pericles about 447, it was not dedicated till about 438 B. C. It was of white marble, 228 feet long, 101 feet wide and 65 feet high. Around it was a colonnade of 46 Doric columns about 35 feet high. The sculptures of the pediment facing the west represented the contest of Athena with Poseidon, and those facing the east, the birth of Athena. Ninety-two sculptures in high relief representing scenes from the mythical and heroic periods of Greek history adorned the architrave. Within were more sculptures and the great statue of the goddess facing the east, the crowning achievement of Phidias. The inner chamber was the treasure house of the goddess, where were kept the costly vessels of the temple. During the Middle Ages the

1—Parthenon; 2—Propylaea; 3—Erechtheum; 4—Theater of Dionysus; 5—Temple of Dionysus; 6—Olympieum; 7—Stadium; 8—Areopagus; 9—Prytaneum; 10—Agora, or Market Place; 11—Odeum Herodis Attici; 12—Wall of Themistocles.

Parthenon was a Christian church and afterward a Mohammedan mosque. Yet it was well preserved until about 1687, when it was used as a magazine by the Turks, and the besieging Venetians threw a bomb that ruined a large part of the sacred temple. In 1812 Lord Elgin carried many of the sculptures of the Acropolis to England, where they may now be seen in the British Museum.

When Athens was at her best, the view from the Acropolis must have been incomparably beautiful, as it still is impressive beyond all others. Surrounding it, and about a mile away in an immense oval, were the walls of Themistocles. Close at the foot of the Acropolis at the north was the Prytaneum, consecrated to Hestia, goddess of the hearth; the Tower of the Winds (first century B. C.), still fairly preserved; the Theseum, whose walls are still standing, and not far from them the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, from which Paul is supposed to have addressed the Athenians. Beyond and farther to the west is the Pnyx, a little hill on which is the pulpit hewed in stone from which Demosthenes and other Greek orators addressed the people. Still farther away lay the Long Walls, leading down to include the seaports, and the sacred road leading northwest by the Theseum to Eleusis. To the northwest lay the agora, and on the southern slope of the Acropolis are the ruins of the Odeum, a later structure, and at the southeast the Theater of Dionysus. The Eleusinium,

sacred to Demeter, was at the southeast, and from this point the processions started on their way to Eleusis. The Olympieum, several of whose great columns are still standing, was begun by Pisistratus, but was not finished until seven hundred years later. Beyond this flowed the fountain of Callirrhoe.

TEMPLE OF THE "WINGED VICTORY"

CHAPTER II

GREEK CIVILIZATION

THE LANGUAGE. Greek is considered the most flexible and most beautiful of the Indo-European languages, because of ease in the formation of new words, great variety in form, and consequent power to express the greatest number of ideas in the most forcible and elegant manner. Greek writing may have existed long before 1000 B. C., but as yet we have no inscriptions that can be dated earlier than the seventh century B. C.

The alphabet was derived from the Phoenician, as we have shown in our discussion of the literature of that country, and consisted of twenty-four characters. There was no *h*, but the presence of a "rough breathing" was indicated by a mark like one of the first pair of quotation marks, and its absence by a mark

like one of the second pair. Accent was not a stress of voice, as with us, but was related to pitch. In speech this gave a musical rhythm to the words.

There were numerous dialects, as one might expect from the isolation of the many states, but these naturally fall into three groups, which are known as Ionic, Doric and Aeolic. The Homeric poems and most of the epic poems are in the Old Ionic dialect; Hippocrates, Herodotus and others wrote in New Ionic; Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato and most of the dramatists and orators used the Attic dialect, closely related to the Ionic. The Doric dialect was the language of Pindar and Theocritus; the Aeolic of Alcaeus, Sappho and of Theocritus in three of his idyls.

After the conquest of Alexander the Great, a slightly-modified Attic dialect spread over Europe as the common language, and the others were abandoned. The Septuagint and the Greek New Testament were in this "common language," or Hellenistic Greek. By A. D. 800 the language had diverged so far from classic Greek that the people could not understand the latter. Modern Greek is a direct descendant of the common, or Hellenistic, language of the country.

II. Greek Character. It is not easy to generalize over anything so complex and diversified as the character of a race during so long a time as the classical period of Greece, and yet there are certain things that stand out promi-

nently in any consideration of that wonderful people. Moreover, in spite of that lamentable lack of unity which alone seemed to stand in the way of Greek predominance, there are distinctly Hellenic traits to be seen in all the people, however violent their disagreements.

The Greeks were religious, but their religion partook little of that spiritual strength we have seen in the Hebrews. They were intensely polytheistic, and their deities were not etherialized nor were they regarded as existing on a plane above the reach of human beings. Rather were they merely powerful creatures who possessed all the attributes of humanity and lived and moved on earth among the people, who worshiped them in a respectful but not really a loving or fearing attitude. Yet the presence and favor of the gods was sought in every undertaking, and divination and prayer were daily rites.

Filial respect and devotion were considered essential by every decent Greek, and the punishments for violation summary and terribly severe. During the heroic age there were many examples of punishment for lack of respect, and there are examples of filial piety innumerable that have become ingrained in the literature of the race. Friendship also was one of the great virtues, and striking acts of generous consideration for friends are common in history. Women and children were highly regarded, and there were always some of the former in positions of honor and influence.

Vivacious, cheerful and impetuous, the Greeks acquired discriminating taste in art and literature, a matchless appreciation of the beautiful, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, a deep and satisfying philosophy and an overwhelming desire for fame and the plaudits of their countrymen.

On the other hand, they were jealous of one another; bitter rivalry was frequent and they were cruel enemies; and a taint of treachery was often evident. Homicide was common, and captives were treated with extreme cruelty. They were proud, disdained menial tasks, and left all manual labor to the serfs. After the Roman conquest, the baser elements in the Greek character seemed to develop rapidly, and they became treacherous, fawning, and given to all manner of commercial double-dealing. To-day, the race becomes again more important, the self-respect of the people is increasing, and they are becoming more like the old Hellenic type.

III. Art. The Greeks possessed the artistic temperament in the highest degree, and in whatever direction they turned its manifestations are still the wonder of the modern world. In architecture, sculpture, painting and music they not only excelled all their contemporaries, but produced masterpieces that have never been surpassed and originated ideas that have been utilized in every nation of the modern world. Their literature is an art unrivaled, as we shall see as we progress in this volume.

IV. Orders of Architecture. We have said something of the architectural triumphs of the Greeks in our description of Athens, but the subject is of sufficient importance in literature to warrant a fuller discussion. We cannot repeat too frequently the statement that our debt to Greece is heavier than that to any other nation, and while we are studying universal literature, principally with reference to English literature, we cannot afford to neglect any phase of classic life, for we shall never escape from references which are meaningless without a knowledge of the lives and accomplishments of that ancient people.

The Greeks gave us the principal elements of our architecture in the three orders which they established, and which are named from their supporting columns.

1. *The Doric Order.* The simplest form of column is the Doric, which consists of a fluted shaft which is relatively small at the top and increases gradually in diameter toward the base. This is surmounted by a perfectly plain circular capital, and it rarely has a base. The superstructure is equally plain. In the Parthenon at Athens we are given the best example of this form, though the Theseum in the same city is in a better state of preservation.

2. *The Ionic Order.* The three orders of architecture are named from the tribes in which they originated, and indicate in a way the character of the people. The severe sim-

plicity of Doric life manifested itself in the Doric column, while the more aesthetic Ionians contributed the Ionic column, with its more graceful and ornamental features. The column of the Ionic order is more slender than the Doric; it rests upon an ornamental base, and is recognized easily by the double spiral volute at the top of the capital. The Erectheum at Athens was of the Ionic order, as was also the beautiful temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

3. *The Corinthian Order.* More ornamental than either the Doric or Ionic orders is the Corinthian, with its rich capital of crowded conventionalized acanthus leaves, surmounted by highly decorated volutes. The invention of this capital is attributed to Callimachus, who is said to have caught the idea from a basket covered by a tile placed over an acanthus root, at the grave of a young lady. The growing leaves had surrounded the basket as they grew, but had been turned gracefully over at the top by the tile.

V. Temples. A Greek temple was built as a dwelling-place and treasury of a god, and not as a place for the assembling of people. The favor of the gods was propitiated by gifts, and if these possessed any great value they were carefully preserved in vaults, usually behind the statue of the god, in the inner room of the temple. The Parthenon at Athens may be considered typical of the temples of Greece, though they might be either Doric or Ionic and differ widely in details of structure and or-

namentation. Besides those we have mentioned, the temple of Zeus at Agrigentum in Sicily, the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the temple of Zeus at Olympia, the temple of Nike Apteros (the Wingless Victory, or Athena) on the Acropolis at Athens, and the temple of Artemis at Ephesus are among the most famous and in the best state of preservation. The last mentioned was probably the most magnificent ever erected by the Greeks.

VI. Theaters. As we shall learn, the theaters were among the most popular places of amusement in the cities of the Greeks, and usually were built on the side of a hill, in order to take advantage of the slope in the arrangement of seats. These were in tiers in a rising semicircle around the depressed *orchestra,* or stage, upon which the actors appeared. Remains of stone theaters exist at Athens, Syracuse and other places.

VII. Dwellings. Domestic architecture must have been simple, and, as the houses were built principally of sun-dried brick, few and very scanty remains have been found. The buildings were small and low, rarely more than two stories, and were built with rooms surrounding one or more central courts. Light was admitted through the walls and the roof by means of openings which were not glazed. The apartments of the women were separated from those of the men.

VIII. Sculpture. One of the earliest specimens of sculpture is the "Lion Gate" at My-

cenae, which bears figures carved in stone and is generally attributed to the Pelasgians. Originally the art of sculpture was taught by the gods to man, but it was continually improved upon by the recipients and reached its greatest perfection in the fifth century before Christ. Greatest of the exponents of this finest of the arts, and unexcelled in sublimity of design and perfection of execution, was Phidias, friend of Pericles. He was but twenty-six when he began his career, and he followed it industriously until imprisoned by the enemies of Pericles on the charge of impiety in having introduced portraits of Pericles and himself on the shield of Athena. Previously he had cleared himself of the charge of theft by showing that none of the gold given him to coat the great statue of Athena had been stolen by him, but his spirit was broken by the renewed attacks, and he died in prison in 432 B. C. His first great work was a colossal bronze statue made from metal brought from the field of Marathon and placed facing the Propylaea, on the Acropolis. The giant statue of *Athena* in the Parthenon was his greatest triumph, though his statue *Zeus,* made for the temple of Olympia, an ivory and gold creation sixty feet in height, has been more famous. So sacred was this statue in the minds of the Greeks that it was screened from sight except at the time of their great festivals. The work of Phidias was greatest, however, in the influence it exerted over later sculptors, and some of

the most famous and beautiful work the world has ever seen was executed by professed disciples of his art.

Contemporary with Phidias was Myron, who worked in bronze and made figures of gods, heroes and animals with marked fidelity to nature. The *Discobolus,* or Discus Thrower, in Rome is a copy in marble of one of his masterpieces.

About a hundred years after Phidias lived Praxiteles, also a native of Athens, whose favorite subjects were graceful youthful figures executed with marvelous delicacy and a strict conformity to nature. The nude *Aphrodite,* placed in her temple at Cnidus, was one of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, an object of pilgrimages from distant lands and so highly valued by the inhabitants of that city that they refused enormous sums for it. It is supposed that in the *Venus de Medici,* now in Florence, we have a copy of the *Aphrodite,* long believed to have been executed by Cleomenes. A marble *Hermes* holding the infant Dionysus was unearthed at Olympia in 1877, and is considered one of the finest examples of the genius of Praxiteles. In the Capitoline Museum at Rome is a graceful faun in marble, the work of the same sculptor, and of considerable interest to us in that it suggested to Nathaniel Hawthorne his charming romance, *The Marble Faun.*

At the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes was placed a gigantic bronze statue of the Sun,

which is known as the *Colossus of Rhodes* and is regarded as one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. It was one hundred twenty feet high and required twelve years of labor on the part of Chares, the sculptor. It was a short-lived creation, however, for sixty-six years after its erection it was demolished by an earthquake, in 224 B. C.

The marble group known as the *Laocoön,* which represents the father and his two sons struggling with serpents, and which now is considered one of the greatest treasures of the Vatican, is supposed to be the work of the sculptors of Rhodes and to have been executed just before the beginning of the Christian era.

IX. PAINTING. The only specimens of Greek paintings now in existence are mural decorations, a few interesting portraits and remarkable decorations on antique vases, yet these are sufficient to show that the art was highly advanced in ancient Greece. Cimon of Cleonae, regarded as one of the earliest artists, living about 600 B. C., is said to have invented perspective in drawing and to have discovered the art of foreshortening. Polygnotus, born about 500 B. C., devoted himself to picturing in crude but noble form such supposedly historic subjects as the capture of Troy, the visits of Odysseus to Hades, etc. Some of his pictures were placed at Delphi; many were at Athens.

The two chief representatives of the Ionic school of painting were the rivals, Zeuxis and Parrhasius. The former, who painted a fa-

mous picture of Helen for the temple of Hera, was born in Southern Italy, but painted in Greece in the latter part of the fifth century B. C. The latter excelled in depicting character in the poise of figure and expression of features, especially in aspects of terror and rage. However, it is said that the two once entered a contest in which Zeuxis painted a boy holding a bunch of grapes, so true to nature that the birds flew down and pecked at them. "You have won," said Parrhasius, but Zeuxis angrily destroyed his picture, saying, "If the boy had appeared lifelike, the birds would have been afraid to touch the grapes. But now," he continued, "uncover your picture that I may see it." "The veil is the picture," replied Parrhasius. "You have assuredly beaten me," admitted Zeuxis, "for while my grapes deceived the birds, your veil deceived an artist."

Apelles, who has been called "the Raphael of antiquity," was the only painter to whom Alexander the Great would sit for his portrait. His most celebrated painting represented Aphrodite rising from the sea foam, and was placed in a temple on the island of Cos.

Greek vases of beautiful shapes and highly ornamented have been found in large numbers. The older examples have glazed figures in black on the natural color of the clay, while the later Athenian vases, which are the most beautiful and of the finest execution, have a black background with the figures in clay color or tinted in varied colors. The outlines of the figures

are in hard, continuous lines, but details and shades are represented by fine dotted lines. The freedom of execution and the individuality of the potter are both conspicuous in Greek vases, not only in the shapes he gave his wares, but in the originality and wide range of subjects chosen for his decorations. The drawings on the vases are of mythological and religious subjects, incidents from the history of the heroic age, and are in some cases wonderfully lifelike in posture, although the drawing may be harsh and crude. Hundreds of these vases may be seen in the great museums of Europe and the United States.

X. Music. The Greeks believed music to have been the gift of their god Apollo, who is said to have invented the lyre, while Athena presented the flute and Pan the *syrinx,* or shepherd's pipe. We have few examples of Greek music, but there are numerous discussions by the theorists which serve to show that, while they had a labored and artificial system that was rigidly followed, they did not reach the stage of advancement in that art which they accomplished in others. Compass was limited, and chords were unknown, but they had a keen sense of pitch and delicate rhythm.

In early times the epic poems were sung to the accompaniment of the *cithara,* a weak-toned, harp-like instrument. The plays were sung in part, and thus seem the prototypes of our operas rather than of dramas. The choirs sang in unison, except as the voices of men and

boys differed by an octave. Notwithstanding its apparent weakness, music was a part of the daily life of the Greeks, and its influence upon them was so considerable as to be an important thing to remember in studying their characteristics.

XI. Games and Festivals. There were really no ethical considerations involved in the religion of the Greeks, whose only real worship consisted in oblations or sacrifices to the gods to appease their wrath or to secure favor from them. The Greeks were frank pagans, their priests were not expected to give any attention to public morals or worship, and whatever ethical standards existed came from their philosophers instead of from their priests.

Yet they had great religious festivals, in which the men indulged in athletic exercises and in games in honor of those gods who were supposed to give their special sanction to the sports, and even at times intervened to aid their favorites among the contestants. There were seven at least of these great festivals that deserve particular notice, namely: the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian Games, the Dionysia, the Panathenaea and the Eleusinia.

1. *The Olympic Games.* In the midst of a small plain of Elis in the Peloponnesus was a grove, a magnificent temple and other buildings sacred to Zeus. Here every four years was held the most important of all the Greek festivals, a series of athletic contests lasting

OLYMPIC GAMES

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL THE GREEK FESTIVALS, DURING WHICH PEACE WAS PROCLAIMED IN ALL GREECE.

for five days. During the month in which the festival was held peace was proclaimed everywhere and contestants might pass unharmed to and from Olympia, even though there was war and enmity existing between the different states.

The festival opened with sacrifices to Zeus, and then followed contests in running, leaping, wrestling, throwing quoits and throwing the javelin, chariot-racing, etc. From time to time the games varied, but there was an increasing tendency to greater freedom and complexity. The contests were open to all adult males of pure Hellenic descent who had not incurred disgrace, and the victors were received at their homes with the highest honors. The only prize was a wreath of leaves from the sacred olive tree, said to have been planted by Hercules himself; but after the sixth century B. C. the victors were allowed to erect statues of themselves at Olympia. At about the same time it became customary for poets and other writers, orators and artists to attend these games and exhibit their accomplishments before the great gathering of spectators.

So important was this festival considered that the period of four years between was called an Olympiad, and events were located in history by the number of the Olympiad in which they occurred, beginning in 776 B. C. The last Olympiad ended in A. D. 394, when the games were abolished by Theodosius the Great. The Olympic Games were the only ones in

which the Spartans took part, and the only ones in which there were no competitors in intellectual rivalry. It is interesting to note the modern revival of the games in the form of international athletic contests.

2. *Isthmian Games.* It is said that the Isthmian Games were established on the Isthmus of Corinth as far back as the thirteenth century B. C., though they lapsed at least once, and were reëstablished by Theseus in honor of Poseidon. At these games, which were in the hands of the Corinthians, the Athenians were permitted to occupy seats of honor. The games were held in the spring of the second and fourth years of each Olympiad, and consisted of the customary athletic events and also contests in music and poetry, in the last of which women were allowed to compete. The only prize was a simple wreath of pine leaves, or of parsley, yet contestants appeared from nearly all parts of Greece, and enormous crowds assembled.

3. *The Pythian Games.* Next in importance to the Olympic were the Pythian Games, which were held in August of the third year of every Olympiad on a plain near Delphi, in honor of Apollo. Besides the customary athletic contests were the more important trials in musical composition, especially for the flute, celebrating the slaughter of the Python by Apollo. The crown of the victor was from the sacred bay tree in the Vale of Tempe in Thessaly.

4. *The Nemean Games.* In the valley of Nemea in Argolis, where Hercules was sup-

posed to have slain the Nemean lion, games were held at the beginning of the second and fourth year of each Olympiad. They differed from the other Games principally in that the chief prize, a crown of parsley or wild celery, was offered for the best composition on the cithara.

5. *Dionysia.* Each year from time immemorial four festivals in honor of Dionysus, the god of wine, were held, the most important being the one in the country in the late autumn, and the Great Dionysia, held in the city for six days in the spring. In the rural celebration there were sacrifices of goats, phallic processions and dancing to entertain the country folk. The Great Dionysia was a lyric festival, followed by dramatic performances. Dithyrambs were composed in honor of the god, such, for instance, as the following by the poet Pindar, as translated by H. N. Coleridge:

Down to our dance, gods!
Come down from Olympus—
Hither descend!
Glory o'er Athens and joyance bestowing,
O light, as ye wont, in the forum o'erflowing,
Where the crowds, and the chorus, and sacrifice blend!
Lo, they come! Now the violet-coronals bring,
And pure honey dew-drops
Fresh gathered in spring.

See me advancing
Under Jove's guidance
Singing divine!
"'Tis the ivy-clad Boy."—God Bromius we name him;
With a cry and a shout Eriboas we claim him!

O! begotten of mother of old Cadmus' line
In the mighty embrace of omnipotent sire—
I come from afar off
To lead thy bright quire!

For the new palm-bud
Caught glance from the prophet
Of Nemea's strand;
When the nectarous plants felt the spring-tide sweet-smelling,
What time the young hours oped the ports of their dwelling!
Now the violet blooms are chance-flung on the land,
And the rose and the rose leaf are wreath'd in the hair,
And voices and pipings
Ring loud in the air!

After the songs had been sung, three days were given over to the performance of the latest tragedies and comedies in the great Theater of Dionysus, of which we have spoken above.

6. *The Panathenaea.* The Great Panathenaea, celebrated at Athens for six days early in August of the third year of every Olympiad, was the most important of the Athenian festivals. In many respects it resembled the other festivals we have described, but it culminated in a great procession on the birthday of Athena. Priests accompanied by the sacrificial animals adorned with garlands, victors in the contests, young men on horseback and in armor, women, foot soldiers, cavalry, dignitaries from other states, and finally a rush of citizens in general formed the vast throng which marched through the gayly-decorated streets to

the Erechtheum, where gifts for the goddess were deposited with dignified ceremonies. The frieze of the Parthenon, to which allusion was made above, represents this procession.

7. *Eleusinia.* The center of the Eleusinia was the city of Eleusis, about twelve miles northwest of Athens. According to the belief of the Greeks, Demeter, goddess of the harvest, once permitted her daughter Cora (Persephone) to wander in the fields gathering flowers. While she was engaged in this happy pastime she was seen by Hades, who obtained permission of Zeus to abduct the young lady and carry her to his infernal abode. The anxious mother began to search for Cora, and was informed by Hermes, the sun god, that Zeus had interfered to procure the loss of her daughter. Thereupon Demeter, changing herself to the form of an old woman, began upon what proved to be a long series of wanderings without finding any trace of her child.

At last she reached the city of Eleusis and was sitting weary and disconsolate by a well when the daughter of the King discovered her and conducted her to the Queen, by whom Demeter was made nurse to the youngest daughter of the King. Demeter wished to make the child immortal, and to this end put him in the fire every night. One night its mother saw the child on the fire and cried out in terror. Demeter declared herself a goddess, and in partial punishment for the mother's lack of faith she insisted that a temple be erected in

her honor. When the Eleusinians had built the temple, Demeter entered it and abode there for a year, during which time she permitted no crops to mature anywhere.

When the god Zeus became aware of what was transpiring, and that the human race was about to die of starvation, he sent Hermes to recover Cora and return her to the arms of her mother. No sooner had the maiden returned to earth than crops were produced in abundance, the human race was saved from destruction, and Demeter returned again to Olympus to dwell among the gods. When she left Eleusis, she communicated to her priests the rites and ceremonies that were to accompany her worship in the temple. Such was the origin of the famous Eleusinian Mysteries, to which we shall frequently make reference.

The Great Eleusinia lasted twelve days, in August or September, when the harvests had all been gathered. It was a popular meeting, to which all except barbarians and murderers were admitted. Before being permitted to participate in the Greater Eleusinian Mysteries, the neophyte must have taken part in the Lesser Eleusinia, which was held in the spring, at which time he prepared himself by purification, fasting, atonement and sacrifices. A year from the next autumn he was ready to be initiated into those secrets which the goddess had communicated, and which were concealed with religious fervor by all the Greeks who knew them. The great procession was held on the

sixth day, when toward evening, starting from the Eleusinium in Athens, a vast multitude of the initiated and uninitiated, all wearing garlands, marched along the "Sacred Road" for about four hours, until after dark they reached Eleusis. It was a gay and festive occasion, and the march was accompanied by dancing and music, jesting and laughter and mummeries of all sorts. When the great procession had reached the court of the large building erected by Pericles for the celebration of these mysteries, all were overawed by the flickering and uncertain light of the torches and the gruesome and mysterious end of the wild march. All night long the representations and mystic ceremonies continued, and whatever they may have been in detail, their evident purpose seems to have been to keep alive the story of Cora, and thereby to confirm in the minds of the Greeks a faith in the continuance of life and a system of rewards and punishments after death.

XII. Social Customs. 1. *Dress.* The dress of the Greeks consisted of little more than a covering for the body and was composed of two garments only, which were practically the same for both sexes, except that females used more cloth, permitting greater length and more ample folds. The under garment, called the *chiton,* was, for males, an oblong piece of woolen or linen cloth from five to seven feet in width and twice as long. This, folded in the middle, was put on over the left shoulder, fast-

ened on the right by a brooch or by sewing in such a manner as to give the arms more or less freedom, as the occupation of the wearer demanded. Sometimes sleeves were inserted, but it was not customary. About the waist was a girdle which gathered the chiton in folds to fall thence to the knees or, in the case of the Athenians, a little lower.

The *himation,* or outer garment, was also an oblong piece of cloth, worn as a cloak or shawl. One end was drawn from behind over the left shoulder, the remainder being passed across the back, under the right arm, and then the free end was thrown across the breast, over the left shoulder, and down the back. Thus the himation could be made to cover the body from chin to ankle. A mantle called *chlamys* sometimes was worn out of doors. Women in the house wore the chiton only, but when out of doors respectable and dignified ladies always wrapped themselves closely in the himation so as to conceal the entire body and leave only the eyes and nose visible. White was the standard color, but the himation might be blue, violet, red, purple, rose, or whatever color the wearer affected, and borders of rich gold were not unusual. The chlamys of the poor was the natural color of the wool; the rich wore black; the nobles, scarlet; the highest military officers, purple. Simple as the costume was, it lent itself to the most artistic drapery, and in donning it the wearers studied the arrangement of every fold. Greek drapery is still a standard

for painters and sculptors who wish graceful lines and artistic effects.

The poor went barefooted, even in the coldest weather, but the footwear of the more well-to-do varied from simple sandals to slippers and boots with tops reaching half way up the thighs, though the last were worn only by horsemen.

2. *Armor and Weapons.* In the heroic age the Greeks fought with bronze lances, spears and javelins, and occasionally with bow and arrows. Later, a heavy spear more than twenty feet in length became the principal weapon, extremely useful in the solid ranks in which the soldiers were massed. The small arms consisted of strong swords, battle axes and clubs. A helmet of leather or metal, and a coat of mail or leather, covered with metal scales, protected the head and body, while the legs were covered from knee to ankle by greaves. On the left arm was carried a great heavy shield, so long frequently as to cover the body from head to foot. The light soldiery used smaller shields and did not wear heavy mail.

3. *Woman in the Household.* The woman shared with her husband the responsibility and cares of the family. Indoors she was supreme, controlling the slaves, assigning their tasks, attending to the early training of her children and frequently spending her own time at the loom. When alone, husband and wife dined together, but she did not appear to help entertain his guests. At the time of her be-

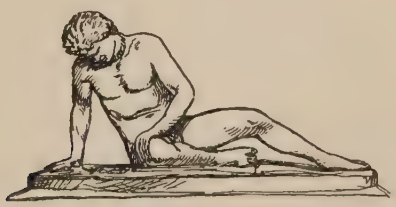
trothal her dowry was settled, and this alone became hers at her husband's death, for by the law of descent she could not inherit her husband's property.

4. *Food and Meals.* Soon after rising, the Greeks ate a simple breakfast, consisting most frequently of bread dipped in wine; in the middle of the day they partook of a simple luncheon; and about six o'clock in the afternoon were served with the principal meal of the day, which might consist of soup, meat and vegetables, with barley cakes and wine. Soup was eaten with a spoon, knives and forks were unknown, and when the meal was finished the fingers were wiped carefully on pieces of bread. The head of the family, supporting himself on his left elbow, reclined on a couch placed at right angles to the table, but the wife and children sat on benches near him.

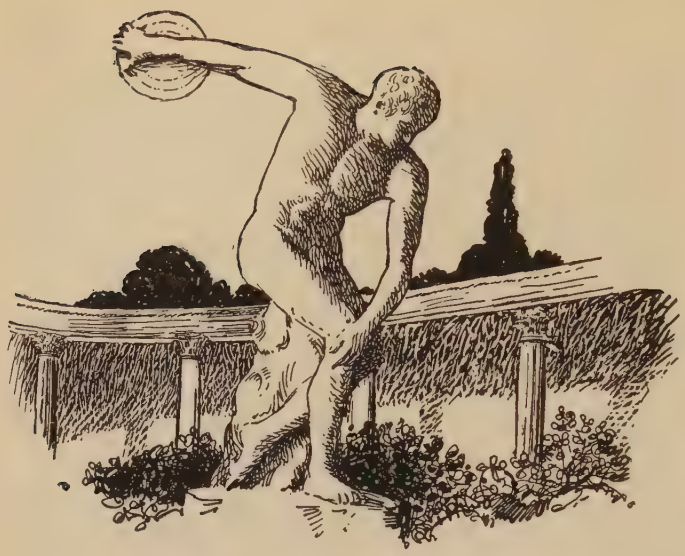
5. *Burial.* The bodies of the dead were buried in coffins, or were cremated and the ashes collected and buried in urns. At the moment of death, an *obolus,* a small silver coin worth about three cents, and a honey-cake were placed in the mouth of the deceased, the former to pay the fee of Charon, the boatman who ferried the soul across the Styx, and the latter as a sop to Cerberus, the three-headed dog whom every passing soul must meet. Burial followed the day after death, and the funeral ended in a feast usually given at the house of the nearest relative.

6. *Industry and Commerce.* In Sparta to work was a disgrace; in Athens a man without the means of support was, if idle, severely punished, and excellence in any trade or profession was repaid by high honors and even by support at the public expense. If children were not instructed in some trade they were freed from any responsibility in the support of their parents. At least, such was the earlier custom, but by the time of Pericles all menial tasks were performed by slaves, and trade and commerce were in the hands of aliens, while the native Athenians indulged to the utmost their natural taste for art, literature and the professional vocations.

In commercial enterprises the islands were foremost, and the Ionians were the leaders, to be followed by the Dorians when the latter saw the successes of their rivals. At successive epochs Athens, Rhodes and Delos were the centers of foreign commerce, which consisted in exporting wine, oil, pottery and metal wares and in the importation of wheat, lumber, slaves and the raw materials for factories.



THE DYING GAUL



CHAPTER III

MYTHOLOGY AND RELIGION

MYTHS. A myth is a story whose origin is forgotten, that deals with the acts of gods or beings regarded as divine, and that relates as historical, events wholly or in part fictitious but that explains some belief of a people, some practice that is common among them, or that accounts for some natural phenomenon. The common myths of a people are so associated with its early religious rites and beliefs that they are considered a part of its primitive religion. Thus, when we speak of the mythology of the ancient Greeks, we mean the body of myths that in reality constituted their religion.

The mythologies of early nations have been studied for years by many scholars, but the subject is not yet exhausted, and many things remain to be explained. Numerous classifications of myths have been attempted, but none has yet been made that is in all respects satisfactory. The following groups, however, are generally recognized: *Culture myths,* in which is related the story of the gift to man, by a god, man, or other hero, of some of the arts of life; *nature myths,* in which the origin or character of natural phenomena is accounted for; *theogonic myths,* which account for the origin of gods; and *aetiological myths,* which are concerned with the cause or origin of customs, rites and ceremonials.

II. Theogonic Myths. Savage and uncivilized man sees in everything that moves and acts a life similar to his own. He hears voices in thunder, wind and rain, in the swaying trees and the waving flowers, and traces these voices to the spirits that inhabit the air, the water and all living things. Some of these phenomena are kindly disposed to him, and others affect him unpleasantly; some are dangerous even to life itself, while others are benign and beneficial.

These spirits become the gods, and from them are derived abstract conceptions which in themselves are gods. Among all primitive peoples we find gods of war, of battle, of death; water gods, wind gods and gods of the thunder and the lightning; gods of agriculture and gods

of the chase; gods of the home, the fireside and of family relations.

The natural result of these conceptions is a feeling of responsibility to the gods and a conviction that by offerings they might be placated, and protection and service obtained, while a neglect of this elementary worship might bring disaster, punishment and even destruction.

The likeness of the theogonic myths from all parts of the globe is extraordinary, and cannot be accounted for by the universal distribution of one set of myths. Independent myths must have originated separately at different epochs and in widely separated places. In accounting for the origin of man and the universe there is an equally remarkable resemblance of notions, however much they may differ in detail. From a vast chaotic waste of fluid, the earth is constructed either by a word or by superhuman physical labor on the part of whatever creative agency the people have evolved. Man is created as we find him or has come to his present state through successive steps in evolutionary transmigration. Different gods contribute different things for man's comfort, health or progress, as they themselves are successively created by the great original creative spirit. Some of the systems are extremely simple and crude, others refined and amplified into a wonderfully elaborate complex which ultimately becomes so multifarious in its application that it falls of its own weight.

III. GREEK AND ROMAN GODS. The mythology of Greece and Rome has tinged the whole literature of Southern Europe, England, Canada and the United States, and no individual can pretend to literary culture without more than a passing knowledge of the galaxy of gods that ruled the destinies of the Greeks and their theogonic disciples, the Romans. So nearly alike are the two mythologies that often the only material difference is in the names of the gods, and a general description of the one would answer for the other. As many of the gods are better known to us under their Latin names, we give the latter in parentheses.

On the frontiers of Thessaly and Macedonia lie the Olympus Mountains, not reaching ten thousand feet in height and commonplace enough except for the traditions that surround them. On the summit of Olympus was the mythical palace of Zeus, and there abode the twelve Olympian gods, though sometimes others were mentioned. The questioning Greeks were not long satisfied with locating their gods in so earthly a place, and gave to them more ethereal mansions somewhere in the clouds, above the earth, but still retained for the locality the sacred name Olympus. White was the color sacred to the Olympian gods; their temples faced east, to greet the rising sun, and the sacrifices of food and drink, which were offered by the votaries, were consumed by them in a meal of sacrament.

Differentiated from the Olympians were the

Chthonian gods, the rulers of the underworld, whose sacred color was black or a blood red, to whom sacrifices of a propitiatory and mystic nature were made. We have seen an illustration of this form of worship in the Eleusinian Mysteries described in the preceding chapter. Amidst gloomy surroundings and at night this worship of dead heroes and their spirits was carried on, and in it are to be seen the more deeply-religious feelings of the race, as their lighter moods were illustrated in the worship of the Olympian gods.

Nevertheless, the lines between the two groups cannot always be sharply drawn, as several of the Olympian gods had Chthonian characteristics, under which they were worshiped.

IV. Zeus (Jupiter) and Hera (Juno). The personification of the powers of the sky and air, wielder of the lightnings and the thunderbolts, sender of showers and rains, Zeus ruled supreme among the Greek pantheon. In his relations with mankind he protected suppliants and punished perjurers; through dreams, songs of birds, rustling of leaves, casting of lots and in other more complex ways he answered questions proposed to him and foretold the success or failure of plans. He was the presiding genius of all assemblies, the patron of leagues and the final court of appeal in all vexed questions.

The legends of his birth are numerous, and from Crete the most definite one comes. Here

he was believed to have been born of Cronus and Rhea (Cybele), the great mother of the gods, and when his jealous father sought his death his mother concealed him in a cave, where he was suckled by a goat while the attendants of Rhea danced and clashed cymbals to drown his cries from the ears of Cronus.

This legend shows a dynasty of gods prior to Zeus, of which Uranus (Heaven) was the first supreme ruler, whose wife was Gaea (Earth). They had six sons and six daughters, the Titans, and when Uranus in a fit of anger cast the Titans into Tartarus Rhea persuaded them to rebel, Uranus was dethroned and Cronus, one of the Titans, ascended the throne. He had three sons, Poseidon, Hades and Zeus, and three daughters, Hera, Hestia and Demeter. Having heard it prophesied that he should be dethroned by one of his children, he swallowed them successively until Zeus was born and concealed as we have just related, the mother substituting a stone wrapped in swaddling clothes for the savage Cronus to swallow. When Zeus reached manhood he compelled his father to disgorge the children he had swallowed, and with them began ten years of warfare with Cronus and the Titans, in the course of which Zeus liberated the Cyclopes, who thereafter became his servants and forged his thunderbolts and armor. At the end of the war the Titans were permanently confined in Tartarus, and Zeus became supreme. The myths concerning Zeus are largely made up of

his amours with other gods and with mortals, though Hera is always considered his legitimate wife.

The worship of Zeus was widely distributed, though it centered in Olympia, where the great Games were celebrated in his honor. In some instances in primitive times, human sacrifices were a part of the rites, which were usually celebrated in open places on mountain tops. When the boy had been killed, the priest tasted the sacrifice and then fled into the wilderness, where he was supposed to dwell nine years in the form of a wolf. While Zeus was usually in his kindly and benevolent aspect, he had harsh and cruel traits and often gave aid to evil as well as good designs.

Zeus is represented in art as bearded and of majestic appearance, bearing his *aegis,* or miraculous shield, upon his arm and brandishing his thunderbolts. The great golden statue made by Phidias for the temple at Olympia was the criterion of antiquity, as in modern times we form our conception of the great god from the marble *Zeus Otricoli* in the Vatican.

Hera, whose emblems were a scepter and a veil and whose sacred bird was the peacock, had a cult of her own, with Argos as the center of her worship. Men prayed to her for rain; and the fruitful sequence of sun and rain, which made the plants grow and blossom, was symbolic of the pleasant relation of Hera and Zeus, while storms represented their quarrels. Her attendants were the Horae (Hours) who

caused the changes of the seasons, and Iris, the beautiful goddess of the rainbow. Dignified, majestic and serene, she was the chaste, uncorruptible wife of the king of heaven, a model for earthly matrons. As Juno among the Romans, she was even more important.

V. Poseidon (Neptune). Poseidon was brother to Zeus, and one whom the latter rescued from the maw of Cronus. He lived in a magnificent palace in the depths of the sea, where he kept the horses which, hitched to a splendid chariot, he drove over the sea, whose waves were stilled at his approach. He was god of the sea and the waters, of heavy storms and earthquakes; he was a tamer of horses and the patron of races.

The loves of Poseidon were quite as numerous and catholic as those of his brother Zeus, and his hatreds were as violent. His wife, Amphitrite, was accustomed to help him in harnessing his brazen-hoofed horses and was joined with him in many of his acts, but not frequently worshiped with him. Poseidon helped the Trojans build the walls of Troy, but when they failed to honor him sufficiently he pursued them with relentless vigor. At the founding of Athens there was a violent dispute between Poseidon and Athena as to whose name should be given to the new city. The gods were called into council and decided that the honor should go to the one who gave the greatest gift to man. Poseidon created the horse, which, wonderful as the animal was, was

decided to be inferior to the olive-tree that was created by Athena.

The worship of Poseidon was confined largely to the coast, though there were some inland temples, and at Athens he was worshiped in the Erechtheum. The Isthmian Games were held in his honor, and at his shrine in Mycale the Ionians of twelve cities held great festivals. The artists have given to Poseidon much the same characteristics as those of Zeus, though he is less benign and dignified.

His peculiar weapon is the trident, and the horse and the dolphin are his symbols. Few sculptures of him are preserved, but there are two fine statues, one in Athens and another in the Lateran, supposed to be from the famous bronze statue executed by Lysippus and placed on the Isthmus.

VI. Hades (Pluto) and Persephone, or Cora (Proserpine). The poetic conception of Hades was that of the grim, implacable ruler of the nether world, the invisible enemy of all life, terrible, unappeasable even by prayer and sacrifice. From the gloomy confines of his horrid palace none ever escaped. Another belief regarded him as the giver of the products of the earth—the minerals, the grains and the fruit; in this capacity he was known as Pluto, god of wealth, and thus entered into the mysteries of Eleusis and was occasionally worshiped elsewhere.

Son of Cronus and brother to Zeus, he was relegated to his dominions below the earth at

the fall of the Titans and after he had received the cap of invisibility, which was his chief attribute in art.

At one time he burst from the earth, seized and carried away Persephone, the daughter of Demeter, as we have seen in the account of the Eleusinian Mysteries. In the lower regions Persephone reigned as his wife, but each year she returned to earth in the spring time to remain with her mother till the beginning of winter.

Hades is generally represented as of terrible aspect, carrying in his hand the key of the infernal regions and attended by the savage three-headed dog Cerberus, who guarded the entrance to his master's kingdom of horrors.

VII. HEPHAESTUS (VULCAN). The deformed Hephaestus was the god of fire and of the arts in which fire is used. With the aid of the Cyclopes he fashioned the armor of the gods and heroes, the aegis of Zeus, the arms of Achilles, the scepter of Agamemnon, the arrows of Apollo and Artemis, the breastplate of Heracles, the necklace of Harmonia, and other famous masterpieces of ingenuity.

He was the ugly son of Zeus and Hera, and his deformity was with him from birth, or as another account has it, in one of the quarrels between Zeus and Hera, Hephaestus interfered for his mother, and Zeus in a mad rage seized his son by the heel and flung him over the battlements, laming him for life. He was returned to Heaven by Dionysus, after a long residence

on earth, and acted as mediator between his parents in their frequent disputes. Sometimes he is associated with the charming Aphrodite, goddess of beauty, whose infidelity with Ares is related in the *Odyssey*.

He had a forge on Olympus and smithies in various parts of Greece, and the volcanic outpourings from Aetna were the smoke of his workshops.

There was no extensive worship of Hephaestus, but his name is one of the most frequent in the myths.

VIII. Apollon (Apollo) and Artemis (Diana). Apollo was in importance and generality of worship second only to Zeus. He was the god for healing of disease, for purification from all kinds of moral defilement; he protected flocks and herds; he saved grain from mildew and field mice; but he could send pestilence and kill with swift arrows. He was the god of light, the "bright one," the "brilliant one," Phoebus, the god of poetry and song, the personification of manly beauty. Apollo and his sister Artemis were twin children of Zeus and Leto (Latona), born on the island of Delos, which until that time had floated about, but then became stationary, a refuge for Leto, who had been driven from other havens by the bitter wrath of the jealous Hera.

The legends connected with Apollo are almost without number. For a year he served as herdsman to Admetus, a Thessalian king, aided in procuring for him as wife Alcestis,

daughter of Pelias, and promised to continue the King's life if another would die in his stead. Alcestis volunteered to die, but was prevented by the gods. When Niobe, sister of Pelops and wife of Amphion, King of Thebes, boasted of the beauty of her many children and placed herself above Leto, Apollo killed her sons with his arrows as Artemis slew the daughters; the weeping Niobe was at her request changed by the gods into stone. Together with Poseidon, Apollo assisted Laomedon in building Ilium, but the master refused to pay them, and in revenge the god sent a plague which aided in the destruction of the treacherous King. Far to the north of Greece lived the Hyperboreans, who had made gifts and sacrifices to Apollo, and in return their land was made one everlasting day in a perpetual spring, and into it sorrow and old age never entered.

His most famous oracle was located at Delphi, in the Homeric poems called Pytho, a wild, mountainous region on the slope of Mount Parnassus. The oracle was read at first in the rustling of the laurel leaves, but later through the priestess, or Pythia, a woman over fifty, who, having drunk from the sacred spring which flowed near by, and having chewed some of the leaves of the laurel, sat upon a tripod over a crevice in the rocks from which issued intoxicating vapors. Under the influence of these she uttered her prophecies, and her words were turned into verse by poet priests attached to the temple. No one was too wealthy or too

powerful to consult Apollo here, and many and rich were the gifts presented at his shrine. Here the Pythian Games were held, and here the Alcmaeonidae built the famous temple that restored them to public favor. The oracle continued to be of importance until long after Roman dominion was established over the country. On the island of Delos were rich temples which served as a center for the Ionian worshipers, and here an annual festival to Apollo was celebrated for many years.

Artemis, the chaste and beautiful sister of the sun god, was worshiped independently and in conjunction with Apollo and Leto. She was the patron of the chase, of all wild animals, especially of the deer and its young, of growing children, of girls as they approached maturity, and of women at the time of childbirth. But she was the goddess who brought women to death with her painless arrows. To placate her in this unfriendly attitude, there were bloody sacrifices made, in which some of the victims were human.

Both Apollo and Artemis and the legends connected with their names were favorite subjects for artists, and innumerable specimens are even now in existence. Artemis is usually represented as a huntress clothed in a tunic, carrying bow and arrows and sometimes with her hand resting on a deer. Apollo is sometimes represented as a beautiful nude youth, strong and manly; again he is a musician, clothed and playing on a lyre. The *Apollo*

VENUS DE MILO

STATUE OF SECOND CENTURY B. C., FOUND IN 1820, NOW IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS. NOTED AS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURES IN THE WORLD.

Belvidere, a copy of the Greek original, is one of the most famous statues of the Vatican, and is considered the perfect type of manly beauty.

IX. HERMES (MERCURY). This, a son of Zeus and Maia, was the sly, tricky and thievish messenger of the gods, the conductor of the souls of the departed to the gates of Hades. On the day of his birth he stole fifty cattle from Apollo and from the shell of a tortoise invented the lyre, an instrument so pleasing Apollo that he pardoned the theft of the cattle. He was god of the roads and of wayfarers and of land boundaries; the god of barter and exchange, as well as the patron of thieves and robbers; the god of dreams, gymnastics and eloquence.

The center of his worship was his reputed birthplace, Cyllene in Arcadia. In art he is represented with wings on his feet and on his head a close-fitting hat. In his hand he carries his herald's wand, the caduceus, which consists of a straight stick with two serpents coiled about it and a pair of wings at its top.

X. ARES (MARS) AND APHRODITE (VENUS). Ares was the son of Zeus and Hera and as quarrelsome as his parents, always searching for battle and bloodshed. In many legends his wife is Aphrodite, who, however, was so connected with Hephaestus and others in her love-affairs that Ares was held in contempt by the other gods. The temple to him on the slope of the Areopagus in Athens was the center of his cult, but neither as an object of worship nor as a subject of myth was he of first importance.

Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus and Dione, was at first considered the goddess of love, beauty and of marriage, but later she was regarded solely as the goddess of sensual love. Her Greek name means "born of the foam," and in one myth she is represented as springing full grown from the waves of the sea. She is identical with Ishtar, Ashtoreth and Astarte, whom we met in Oriental countries, and it is believed that her worship, which centered in Cyprus and Cytherea, must have been introduced from the East. The sparrow and the swan; the rose, the poppy, the myrtle and the lime tree are all sacred to her. In art she is the highest type of feminine beauty. Usually her statues are undraped, and the most celebrated is the *Venus de Milo,* in the Louvre at Paris, supposed to date from the first or second century B. C.

XI. Dionysus (Bacchus). Dionysus was the object of a worship, widely distributed through Europe, which considered him the god of fruitfulness, especially of the vine. He represented the intoxicating properties of wine, and his worship often degenerated into wild, drunken revels; but he was the god of wine in its beneficent and social aspects, as well, and thence he became the promoter of civilization, a lover of peace and a giver of laws.

The myths concerning him are numerous and varied. According to the one which perhaps is best known, Zeus at one time fell in love with Semele, a mortal, who returned his af-

fection. The jealous Hera persuaded the god-lover to appear before Semele in all his splendor, and his mortal mistress was blasted by the fire of his presence. However, Zeus succeeded in saving the unborn infant and sewing it up in his thigh, whence in due time Dionysus was born, intrusted to the care of Hermes and carried to the nymphs of Nysa, who brought him up among them. At the head of a band of nymphs and satyrs he carried his discovery of wine to different peoples, introduced his worship, and met with many adventures which became favorite subjects for classic writers in all countries.

The Attic form of worship was described under *Dionysia,* but there was another phase of Dionysiac worship that was led by women at the time of the winter solstice every other year. During the cold weather Dionysus lay dead, and must be roused that he might again bring the growth of spring and summer and the fruitfulness of autumn. The celebrants were the Maenads, who wandered through the mountains clothed in fawn skins, and terminated their rites in a wild orgy in which kids and even children were torn to pieces and eaten, emblems of the body of the god. It was in Thebes and Delphi that this orgiastic worship reached its height, but even the women of Athens were tainted with it, and in time the festivals of Dionysiac cult degenerated into occasions for unbridled intoxication and gross immorality. In the Eleusinian Mysteries he

appeared as Iacchus, and in another mystic cult of the sixth century B. C. as Orpheus.

In art Dionysus was represented at first as youth or boy, nude or wearing a fawn skin, but in later times he appeared as a bearded man, fully draped. He carried a rod, ending in a pine cone or wreathed in ivy, and the *cantharus,* a large two-handled drinking cup. Often a panther accompanied him, and the bull and the goat were emblems of his power.

XII. Athena (Minerva). Pallas Athena, the virgin goddess of the Athenians, was worshiped everywhere in Greece as the goddess of wisdom, the warlike protector of cities, at times the possessor and wielder of the aegis of Zeus, the profound strategist and heroic defender of her subjects. Statues, known as *palladia* and said to have fallen from heaven, made the towns where they were sacredly guarded impregnable against all forms of attack.

She was the favorite daughter of Zeus, not born as mortals are. Zeus loved Metis (Wisdom) and when she became pregnant by him, he swallowed her. In the fullness of time, to relieve his pains, Zeus required that his head be split open by an ax in the hands of Hephaestus, and from the wound Athena sprang forth full grown, completely armed.

Athens, the center of her worship, was the scene of the Panathenaea, as we have said above. In the lower city was kept the Palladium, and on the Acropolis were the magni-

From Marble Statue, National Museum, Athens

PALLAS ATHENA (MINERVA)

ficent temples and the colossal statue described above.

In her different capacities she is represented with different emblems. As a battle-goddess she carries spear and shield and wears the aegis, a breast ornament or protection, shaggy, scaly, and adorned with golden tassels, bordered with serpents and carrying on its face the Gorgon's head, which, wreathed in its snaky hair held in its staring eyes a glance that turned men into stone. In other forms Athena carried a spindle or a pomegranate, and sacred to her were the owl, the snake and the olive.

XIII. MINOR DEITIES. *Hestia* (Vesta), the virgin sister of Zeus, might well be classed as one of the major deities, for she was the goddess of the home, and domestic affairs were regulated by her. The sacred fire from which other altars were lighted burned continually on hers, and into every Greek colony were carried its glowing coals.

Demeter (Ceres), of whom we have several times spoken, is usually counted one of the twelve Olympic deities. She was the giver of bountiful harvests, presided over sowing, reaping and the harvest festivals. Her symbols were ears of grain, the pomegranate, and a car drawn by winged serpents. Her relation to the Eleusinian Mysteries has been described.

Pan, son of Hermes, presided over the woods and fields, the shepherds and their flocks, and it was he who led the frolicsome *Dryads,* wood nymphs, whose lives were bound up with those

of the trees they inhabited. Pan resembled the *Satyrs,* who were deities of wood and fields and are represented as covered with bristly hair, with feet like those of goats, and with short horns on their shaggy heads.

Nereus, a sea god, had fifty daughters, the *Nereids,* who rode sea horses in attendance on Poseidon.

Triton, son of Poseidon, raised or calmed the sea waves by blasts upon a conch shell.

Proteus, a subordinate of Triton, could change his shape as he chose.

The *Harpies* were filthy monsters with bodies of vultures and faces of women, who fed upon their prey with ravenous appetites.

The *Sirens,* three in number, lived off the coast of Italy and by their sweet songs lured sailors to destruction.

Scylla was at one time a beautiful maiden, but was changed by the enchantress *Circe* into a fierce and snaky monster who dwelt in a cave high on a cliff, whence she was accustomed to stretch her six long necks and with each head snatch a sailor from every passing ship. *Charybdis* was a wild whirlpool, which played each day in horrible uproar and drove mariners into the clutch of Scylla. The two were the guardians of the Strait of Messina.

Atlas, having fought against Zeus in the war of the Titans, was compelled to stand at the western end of the earth and hold up the concave heaven with his hands.

Naiads, daughters of Zeus, were water

nymphs who presided over lakes, rivers, brooks and fountains.

The *Graces* were beautiful maidens, refined and gentle, who presided over the dance and other polite accomplishments and social festivities, though they appear most frequently as assistants in the worship of other gods.

The *Muses* were daughters of Zeus, who dwelt on Parnassus because of the jealousy of Hera for their mother *Mnemosyne* (Memory). They were nine in number, and each presided over some especial art or science, thus: *Calliope* was the muse of epic poetry; *Euterpe,* of lyric poetry; *Erato,* of love poetry; *Polyhymnia,* of sacred poetry; *Melpomene,* of tragedy; *Thalia,* of comedy; *Terpsichore,* of dance and song; *Clio,* of history; *Urania,* of astronomy.

The *Fates,* daughters of *Themis* (Law), were three in number: *Clotho* spun the thread of life for each person; *Lachesis* determined how long it should be; *Atropos,* with her sharp shears, cut it off at the appointed time.

The *Erinyes* (Furies), called also the *Eumenides,* were three appalling female deities, whose hideous faces were shadowed by their writhing hair, every thread of which was a serpent. They tortured by their stings the wicked whose crimes had not been detected.

Nemesis was another goddess of vengeance, who pursued the proud and insolent and punished them as directed by the gods.

XIV. Domestic Phase of Religion. We have thus far seen the religious sense of the

Greeks manifesting itself in a belief in numerous gods, each having its own function in the life of the state, city or community. In spite of the paganism of this remarkable people, we must not fail to remember that individually each Greek was deeply religious in the sense that he felt his own weakness and his complete dependence on powers superior to himself. In the absence of anything like a divine revelation, the Greek intellect personified the powers he saw about him and formed an elaborate polytheistic scheme. As we have intimated, this religion did not affect ethics or morals, although through her philosophers Greece elaborated very complete systems of both.

In his daily life the Greek felt the gods everywhere around him, and he regulated every event of his life in accordance with what he conceived to be their wishes. Before the door of every home was the conical stone sacred to Apollo, and in the central court was the altar to Zeus. At the hearthside, the center of all family life, Hestia, the goddess of the home, was worshiped, while in the kitchen, store rooms, bedrooms and each apartment of the house was located some memorial to its appropriate divinity.

It is interesting to notice that each Greek dealt with the gods personally and that no great priestly order ever was established. In some of the larger temples there were priests and priestesses who preserved the relics, gave out the oracles and performed other sacerdotal

duties, but they were local in their influence and were usually elected to the position they held, although there were instances of hereditary office, and in not a few cases the right to officiate was a matter of purchase.

At its best, however, the Greek system was not wholly satisfactory to those who believed in it; there was a spirit of restlessness and uncertainty that made them frequently look to the gods of other nations and in time led many of them to accept quickly and with ardor the Christian religion.

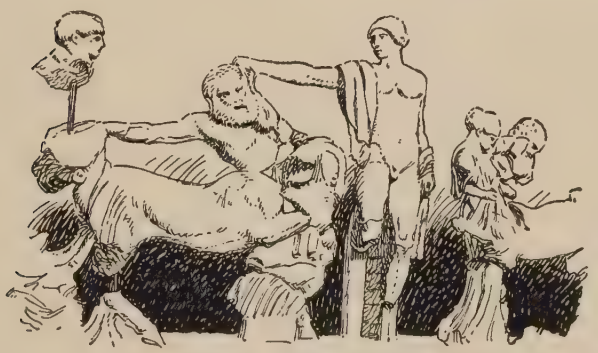
XV. Heaven and Hell. The Greeks conceived heaven to be the abode of the gods, who admitted to share it with them none but the demigods and divine heroes, of whom we shall hear more in a succeeding chapter. However, after death the souls of the departed were supposed to enter Elysium, a place located somewhere on earth, where they dwelt in a condition of happiness comparable to that of those who enter the heaven of the Christians. According to one conception, Elysium was located in the Isles of the Blessed, to which the dead were carried by the gods without any separation of soul from body, and where they dwelt in blissful peace. In many instances entrance into Elysium was procured not because of good deeds or righteous behavior, but because of the kindly interposition of one of the gods. In a later view, and one which the Romans held, entrance was procured solely by a pious and moral life, and the place itself was located

in a nether world, into which only the spirit or shade of the individual might enter.

We have seen that Hades was the god of the lower world. In time his name came to be applied to his entire domain, which, according to popular belief, was located far in the depths of the earth. This home of the dead was a vast and gloomy region whose gates were always open to receive the spirits of the departed and from which there was no escape, for none could pass the ferocious three-headed dog Cerberus. Although the shades which inhabited this melancholy realm wandered about joylessly over meadows clothed with asphodel, there was no other punishment prescribed, for they were the shades of the negative people, those who did not deserve the happiness of Elysium or the tortures of Tartarus. Another phase of belief located Hades in the far west, the land of sunset and night. Four dark and impassable rivers formed its boundaries, chief of which was the Styx, and it was over this forbidding torrent that Charon rowed the dead, receiving as his pay the obolus which had been placed in the mouth of the corpse.

The very wicked were after death consigned to Tartarus, a place as far below Hades as the earth is below heaven. Huge iron gates guarded the entrance, and it was into this horrid gulf that Zeus cast Cronus and the Titans when they rebelled against his authority. The punishments which are mentioned in the myths were ingenious and terribly severe. Tityus,

bound, lay helpless before the vultures who continually tore and ate his liver, which was as continually renewed; Sisyphus was condemned to roll up a high hill a huge rock which always rolled back upon him, threatening his destruction; Tantalus was cursed with an undying thirst and stood immersed in water to his chin, but as he stooped to drink, the water receded from his parched lips; Ixion, with outstretched arms and legs, was bound by living serpents to the spokes of a huge wheel which a high wind blew for ever round and round. These punishments showed the revengeful nature of the gods, and while in later times the Greeks considered Tartarus the place of punishment for all the wicked, they did not think that of necessity these particular tortures were meted out to other sufferers.



FRAGMENTS FROM OLYMPIAN TEMPLES

CHAPTER IV

THE MOST NOTED MYTHS

PROMETHEUS AND HIS GIFT. Most ancient of all the gods was Chaos, typifying the confused, disorderly mass of world material before creation. He interposed to separate the elements and fix the fiery, lighter parts into the heavens, the heavy, solid parts into the earth, floating upon and buoyed up by the still heavier waters. When order had taken the place of chaos, to Prometheus and Epimetheus was given the task of peopling the earth with living things. One by one were evolved the various animals, upon each of

which Epimetheus bestowed its characteristic gifts until all were complete and adapted to sustain themselves. Then, as a crowning act, Prometheus stooped and, gathering clay from the earth, fashioned it into the image of the gods and called it man. By this time Epimetheus had exhausted his gifts, and nothing peculiar remained for man. In despair he turned to his brother, who thought long and deeply and at last decided to invoke the aid of Athena. At her suggestion and with her aid, Prometheus scaled the walls of heaven and from the chariot of the sun stole fire and brought it to the earth as the final gift to man. By its aid he was enabled to establish his power over every other animal, and the earth and water, besides.

Later, angered by the action of Prometheus in his theft of fire, Zeus ordered the thief chained by Hephaestus to the rocks of Mount Caucasus, where vultures preyed eternally upon his liver.

II. Pandora. When Zeus discovered that man was in possession of fire, he was frantic in his anger and summoned a council of the gods, at which it was decided to make a creature to torment man. From clay was modeled an image, to which Aphrodite gave beauty and each of the other gods in turn some attractive gift until their very number suggested the name *Pandora.* Thus equipped, the first woman was sent to earth to torment man, who until this time knew nothing of misfortunes and had

neither trials nor woes. At the house of Epimetheus, Pandora discovered a box in which the Titan had confined a multitude of plagues and punishments which he did not wish to liberate to prey upon his creatures. Pandora's curiosity was excessive and, though cautioned not to open the box, she one day lifted the lid and out flew all the diseases, ills and misfortunes that attend on man's career, Hope alone remaining. Another version of the story insists that Pandora was created as a blessing to man, but that having accidentally opened a box, she thereby allowed to escape all the blessings man had previously enjoyed, except only Hope, which she was able to retain for man by quickly lowering the cover.

III. Different Ages. The first age that followed the creation of man was known as the Golden Age, for in it was neither sickness nor pain, war nor robbery, injustice nor cruelty. Man lived in truth and righteousness with all his neighbors and in a perpetual spring that produced without his labor all that was needed to keep him comfortable and contented.

Then came the Silver Age, in which the seasons were differentiated, extremes of heat and cold were known, and man had to labor for the means of subsistence. To protect himself from the inclemency of the weather he must make clothing and seek shelter, as Dryden translates Ovid:

> Those houses, then, were caves or homely sheds,
> With twining osiers fenced, and moss their beds.

In the Age of Bronze and the Age of Iron, which followed the Silver Age, the world was transformed, and man fell from his high estate. War and bloodshed came, father was arrayed against son and brother against brother. The gods were forgotten, and cruelty and crime were established where kindness and innocence had dwelt. Truth ceased to exist among the sons of men, and falsehood and deceit took its place. It was a corrupt world that saw the end of the Age of Iron.

IV. Deucalion and the Flood. Zeus, from his throne on Olympus, observed the tragic condition of the earth and again summoned the gods to council. Along the Milky Way, beside which stood the magnificent palaces of the gods, they came to the meeting. After Zeus had told the assembled gods of the wickedness of mankind and their ingratitude to their benefactors, he seized a thunderbolt and at once would have destroyed the whole earth and all its inhabitants in order to create a better race. The gods, however, intervened, fearing that if Zeus started the conflagration, even the heavens would be destroyed in the consuming heat, and Zeus was persuaded to change his plan. Accordingly, Boreas, the north wind, who scatters the clouds and brings the sunshine, was chained, while Notus, the south wind, who brings the rain, covered the earth with a dense pall of clouds and poured forth water in torrents. Poseidon upheaved the river beds, broke down the shores of the ocean and turned their

floods over the land until everything that man had created was swept away, animal life destroyed, and everything submerged except Mount Parnassus alone, which projected above the waves.

On the top of this mountain Deucalion, a just and pious man, with his wife Pyrrha, faithful always to the gods, had taken refuge, and alone of all mankind survived. Knowing what perfect lives this pair had led, Zeus called upon Poseidon to sound a retreat for the waters, and at length all receded to their natural position, leaving the earth a silent, dismal waste. Deucalion and his wife, not knowing what to do, consulted an oracle and were told to veil their faces, unbind their garments and "cast behind the remnants of your mother." At first they objected to such a sacrilegious act, but on thinking the matter over Deucalion decided that the bones of his mother were the rocks of the earth, and in this spirit they obeyed the oracle. No one was ever more surprised than they when the stones which they had thrown behind them softened and gradually put on human shape, those thrown by Deucalion becoming men and those by Pyrrha women. From such a source did the present race of mankind originate.

V. Apollo and Daphne. It is related that at one time Apollo saw Eros at play with the weapons by which the god had recently slain the hideous serpent Python, and harshly reproved the little child. Angered by the rebuke

© *Ewing Galloway*

APOLLO BELVEDERE

CAST FROM GREEK STATUE, FOURTH CENTURY, B. C. DISCOVERED AT ANTIUM, SIXTEENTH CENTURY, A. D. VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME.

and the boastful tone in which it was given, Eros exclaimed, "With your arrows you may be able to kill the Python, but mine will certainly make you suffer." No sooner had he spoken than, standing on a rock of Mount Parnassus, he shot his sharp-pointed golden arrow of love into the heart of Apollo, and then with the blunt, leaden-tipped arrow that repels love he struck Daphne, the daughter of the river-god Peneus. Instantly Apollo fell violently in love with her and saw all her beauties intensified, but she scorned him as completely as she did her other suitors, even after she learned that he was a god and the favorite son of Zeus. Afraid of his attentions, Daphne fled from him, but he followed her as the hound pursues the deer and, after a long chase, overtook and caught her, only to find her changing in his arms to a beautiful tree that remained wholly unresponsive to his endearments. Thus she remained eternally in the life of the laurel tree, from which were made the wreaths that were given to victorious competitors in the Greek games and worn by the Roman conquerors in their triumphal marches.

VI. Artemis and Actaeon. The chaste Artemis was in the habit of bathing daily with her nymphs in a glassy pool within a cave at the end of a charming valley. One day Actaeon, son of the king Cadmus, was hunting in this valley and, chancing to stray away from his companions, his destiny led him to this very spot where Artemis was in the midst of her

toilet. Although her nymphs crowded about her, Artemis could not wholly conceal herself from the admiring gaze of the young man. She reached for her arrows to slay him, but they were beyond her reach. Blushing furiously, she dashed a handful of water in his inquisitive face, saying, "Boast now, if you can, of having seen a goddess unclothed."

Immediately, before the eyes of the wrathful goddess and her nymphs began a change that did not stop until he became a huge stag with branching antlers, but more timorous than are the deer generally. Just then the horns of the huntsmen sounded, and Actaeon's own hounds gave chase to their fleeing master; nor was Artemis satisfied until he had been torn limb from limb.

VII. Phaeton. The dazzling sun god, Phoebus Apollo, lived in the East, whence every morning, when Night passed out of the Western gates, he drove his fiery horses and golden, jewel-bedecked chariot across the heavens. On earth he had an acknowledged son by the nymph Clymene, Phaeton, his name. One day at school the youth was taunted by his mates and ran home, loudly demanding proof that he was in reality of heavenly descent. His mother referred him to Apollo, and the young man went to the glittering palace of the god, and again, in the presence of all the Hours, Days, Weeks and Months, demanded proof of his paternity. Phoebus was pleased with his boy, and promised to grant any request Phae-

ton should make and thereby set at rest any doubts on his own part or that of his mates. Clymene's son made a request that was startling enough: "For one day let me drive the chariot of the sun."

Then was Phoebus dismayed, and with all his eloquence urged his son to make some other demand, pointing out the dangers that would be incurred by such a course. But Phaeton was persistent; in the end his father yielded, and the daring youth prepared for his mad act, under repeated cautionings and minute directions from the alarmed Phoebus. The start was made under favorable conditions, but the horses soon recognized the weakness and inexperience of the hands that were guiding them and dashed headlong from the proper course. Phaeton, alarmed at what he saw below him, lost his self-control and dropped the reins. The maddened horses sped on unrestrained, now high in the heavens, now low toward the earth; the heavens were set on fire and the earth was in a conflagration; springs and rivers were dried up, forests consumed and great cities laid waste. You may see the marks today in the great deserts of Africa and in the color of her sun-burned inhabitants. Even the gods were aroused, and feared for their own destruction.

Zeus interfered when at last the destruction of the universe seemed imminent, and launched a thunderbolt at the terrified youth, a zigzag bolt that struck Phaeton and hurled him from

his chariot, to fall a blazing comet into the river Eridanus.

Cygnus, the most intimate friend of Phaeton, searched untiringly in the waters for relics of his friend, and so irritated the gods by his grief that they changed him into the swan which floats pensively about on the water, every now and then thrusting its head beneath the surface to find further tokens of its unfortunate companion.

Ovid calls attention to a tomb erected by the Naiads, on which was this inscription:

> Driver of Phoebus's chariot, Phaeton,
> Struck by Jove's thunder, rests beneath this stone.
> He could not rule his father's car of fire,
> Yet was it much so nobly to aspire.

VIII. Midas. On one occasion some peasants brought to King Midas the drunken Silenus, foster-father and tutor to Dionysus. After treating Silenus in the most hospitable manner, Midas returned the old man to his pupil, who, as a reward, promised to grant any wish the King might make. Like many another foolish mortal, he was cursed with the granting of his prayer, for thereafter everything he touched turned to gold.

When he found himself bereft of family and in immediate danger of death by thirst and starvation, Midas turned to Dionysus for relief, and the lenient god removed the curse by requiring the King to bathe in the river Pactolus, which thereafter ran over sands of gold.

Not having learned wisdom by this experience, Midas questioned the judgment of Apollo in music, and thenceforth wore the ears of an ass for his pains. For a long time the King managed to conceal his deformity from every one except his hairdresser, but the latter so burned to tell the secret that he fled to the waterside and whispered the news into a hole he had dug in the rich soil. He filled the hole with dirt, but no such precaution was sufficient, for a rank growth of weeds soon covered the spot, and thereafter when the wind blew across them the smiling Greeks heard the whisper, "Midas has ass's ears! Midas has ass's ears!"

It was Gordias, the father of Midas, who tied the famous Gordian knot, that none could untie except him who should be the ruler of all Asia. It fell to Alexander the Great to solve the knot, for he cut it in two with his sword.

IX. Pygmalion. Pygmalion was a sculptor-god who had a great contempt for womankind and showed it by making an ivory statue that excelled all living women in beauty. But the artist was caught by the perfection of his own work, and fell madly in love with his ivory creation. In time, Aphrodite was moved to compassion by his tears and sighs, infused life into the veins of the statue, and Pygmalion found a loving wife ready at hand. Paphos was an important city named for the child born of this union, a city sacred to Aphrodite.

X. Hyacinthus. Apollo had among his favorites a beautiful youth named Hyacinthus,

who accompanied the god everywhere until he incurred the enmity of Zephyrus, the West Wind. In a game of quoits Apollo made a mighty throw, but Zephyrus diverted the discus and caused it to kill Hyacinthus by a blow on the temple. Apollo was inconsolable over the accident, but made the name of Hyacinthus to be remembered always when he caused flowers to spring from the drops of blood that fell from the head of the dying boy.

XI. Halcyone. Ceyx, King of Thessaly, was the son of Heosphorus, the Day-star, and Halcyone, his affectionate wife, was the daughter of Aeolus, god of the winds. Having lost his brother, Ceyx became convinced that the gods were against him, and he made up his mind to consult the oracle of Apollo in Ionia. Halcyone was alarmed at the long journey, feared every disaster for her husband, and when she could not dissuade him from going, begged to be taken with him. But Ceyx dreaded the dangers for his wife and refused his permission, although she prophesied every evil and fell fainting as he left. Then his own spirit failed, but his boat was on its way, and he contented himself with watching till vision failed the sad handwavings of his faithful wife, who had recovered consciousness. The voyage was brief and disastrous. A sudden storm came up, lightning shattered the mast, and the winds completed the wreck, leaving Ceyx alone clinging to a plank, from which he in time was wrenched by an overwhelming wave. Then

Heosphorus, the Day-star, shrouded its face in clouds.

Halcyone waited the appointed time, but no Ceyx returned to dispel her gloom, until at last Hera so pitied the sorrowing wife that she sent her faithful messenger, Iris, to the dark, cobwebby cave of gentle Somnus, god of sleep, soother of careworn hearts, and ordered the latter to send Halcyone a vision by night that she might know her husband's fate. The drowsy god, rousing himself, dispatched one of his numerous sons, Morpheus, god of dreams and expert in counterfeiting human forms, to appear to the despairing wife in the very likeness of Ceyx, pale, naked, with seawater streaming from his face and beard. Moaning in her sleep, the afflicted wife stretched out her arms to clasp the shade, but it dissolved into air, and she awoke to a consciousness of her loss. Her grief was inconsolable; she rent her hair, tore her garments and threw herself upon the floor, crying out that as Ceyx was surely dead she would no longer be separated from him.

Morning came and she found her way to the sea shore at the very spot whence her husband had sailed, and there, floating in the water, was the body of her loved one. She leapt into the air, intending to fall to her death in the sea, but the pitying gods spared her, and she found herself flying as a bird to her lord and, when she tried to kiss him, he raised his head and was himself transformed into a bird to mate

again with her. Every winter they build their nest upon the water, and for seven halcyon days the waves are stilled, for Aeolus guards the winds that his grandchildren may grow in peace. Halcyone and Ceyx are the birds alluded to by Milton in the line:

> While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

XII. Arachne. Stories of competition and rivalry between gods and human beings are common enough, and the myth of Athena and Arachne will illustrate them. A remarkable weaver and embroiderer was the mortal Arachne, a beautiful maiden who loved her art more than anything else. So wonderful was her skill that gods and men envied her and praised her so generously that she lost her self-possession and began to believe herself more skillful than even the goddess who had taught her. Athena, goddess of weaving, heard of Arachne's vaunting ambition and appeared before her in the guise of an old woman, who warned the maiden of the danger of her presumption. Nevertheless, the conceited miss issued a challenge to the goddess, and the two entered into a competition that produced on both sides the most wonderful cloths, the most delicately beautiful embroideries and the most picturesque tapestries ever seen on earth.

While Athena could not but admire the work of Arachne, she recognized the impiety of the act and punished the mortal by breaking her loom and touching her forehead with her wand.

The effect of this was to show Arachne how impious and proud she had been, and the young lady, grieving over the spectacle she had made, went out and hanged herself. When Athena saw the body of the maiden suspended by the rope, she was filled with pity and transformed the maiden into a spider, in which form she still spins her fragile and beautiful web, but a hideous spider for all time.

XIII. DAEDALUS, ICARUS AND PERDIX. Daedalus was a skilled artificer who incurred the enmity of Minos, King of Crete, and was imprisoned in a tower, from which, however, he managed to escape, but was unable to make his way out at any of the seaports. Almost in despair, he thought of flying, and designed wings for himself and his son Icarus. After trying the mechanism himself and finding that he could control it, he taught his boy to fly, and the two set out joyfully through the air. The boy's courage grew and in the buoyant spirit of youth he attempted higher and higher flights in spite of excited warnings from his father, who called again and again that the wings were fastened on with wax. At last in a fatal moment of exultation, the lad approached too near the sun, whose fiery rays melted the wax and unhappy Icarus fell to his death in the sea.

Daedalus arrived safely in Sicily and hung up his wings in the temple of Apollo as a gift to the god. Like many great inventors, he was inordinately jealous, and when Perdix, his pupil and nephew, invented the carpenter's

compass and the saw, the old artificer threw the lad from the top of a high tower, but not to his death, for Athena was just then passing and changed Perdix into a partridge, which still is known to science by the name of the youthful inventor.

XIV. Monsters. Greek mythology abounds in monsters, which show as vividly, perhaps, as any other one thing the fertile imagination of that ancient people. Besides giants and pygmies, there were many other beings whose unnatural forms struck terror into the hearts of the ignorant and were conceived to plague and torment mankind. Some combined in themselves the parts of different animals; others were in body part man and part beast.

Besides those giants which merely were enlarged human beings and mingled with them, there were others of superhuman type, like *Tityrus,* who covered nine acres when he lay outstretched; *Enceladus,* who was scarcely held captive when the whole of Mount Aetna was laid upon him; *Briareus,* who brandished a hundred arms, and *Typhon,* who breathed out destroying blasts of fire.

The *Pygmies* were little people who lived near the source of the Nile, and every year when the cranes migrated to their country fought terrible battles to protect their fields from the foraging birds. When Hercules penetrated their country, they made preparations to subdue him as men would besiege a city, but he gathered up a handful of the dwarfs, each

about thirteen inches high, and laughingly carried them away with him.

The *Sphinx* had the body of a lion and the head of a woman and lay crouched on a great stone by the wayside. To every traveler she propounded, under penalty of death for a failure to solve it, this riddle, as Pryor phrases it:

> Tell me, what animal is that
> Which has four feet at morning bright,
> Has two at noon and three at night?

Oedipus freed the road to Thebes from this monster, and the grateful citizens made him king, when he told the sphinx that the answer was *Man,* because in childhood he creeps, in manhood he walks erect and in old age hobbles with a cane. The mortified monster then committed suicide by throwing herself from her favorite perch on the rock.

The *Chimaera* had a three-part body, lion in front, goat in the middle and dragon behind; one of its three heads was like a lion's, another like a goat's and the third like a serpent's, and from the mouth of each he breathed a poisonous, consuming breath. *Pegasus* was a beautiful horse, with wings like a bird, and its home was near the famous spring of Peirene. Given to Bellerophon by Athena, the marvelous beast enabled his master to escape the perils set in his path by treacherous friends, to conquer the *Chimaera* and win the kingdom of Lycia. Hippocrene, the famous fountain of the Muses, was called into existence by a kick from the

hoof of Pegasus, who thereby let loose the swarm of allusions to poets and Pegasus that still appear in our literature.

A *Centaur* had the body of a horse and the head and arms of a man, and was said to be a child of Ixion and a cloud. These creatures lived in the mountains of Thessaly and, unlike most of the mythical monsters, they had many good traits. In fact, Chiron, greatest of the centaurs, was a master of the art of hunting, and famous for his knowledge of medicine, music and prophecy. The gods employed him as tutor to their sons, and it was he who gave instruction to Asclepius, the son of Apollo. So wise in medicine did Chiron make his pupil that he even restored the dead to life, thereby incurring the implacable enmity of the gods, who killed him by a stroke of lightning; but relenting, when they considered his wisdom, they received Asclepius (Aesculapius), and made him god of medicine. Besides this, his masterstroke in tutelage, Chiron gave instruction to the most distinguished of the Greek heroes, with whom we shall become better acquainted in the next chapter. Chiron is now Sagittarius, a constellation in the heavens, where Zeus placed him at his death.

Nevertheless, there were ill-famed centaurs, chief among whom was *Eurytion,* who at a marriage feast became intoxicated, took liberties with the bride, and instigated the other centaurs who had been invited to join in terrific combat with the Lapithae, which gave a great

opportunity for poets and sculptors of antiquity to use their imagination.

The *Gryphon,* or *Griffin,* lived in India and flourished among the Arimaspians of Scythia, a one-eyed people. With the bodies of lions, heads and wings of eagles, backs covered with feathers, and legs terminating in claws so large that men made drinking cups of them, the creatures were sufficiently formidable to deter most people from seeking the gold of which their nests were built and the agates that were their eggs. Nevertheless, there were enough hardy fortune seekers to keep the griffins active in defending their possessions.

The *Gorgons* were hideous females, with huge tusks like those of boars, with hairs that were living snakes, and with long claws of brass. *Medusa,* greatest of the Gorgons, was once a beautiful woman, but when she daringly asserted that her charms were superior to those of Athena, the angry goddess transformed her into a gorgon, so frightful in appearance that every person who beheld her was immediately turned into stone. One of the achievements of Perseus was the slaughter of Medusa, which he accomplished by the aid of the helmet of Pluto, which rendered him invisible, the winged shoes of Hermes, and the gleaming shield of the goddess Athena. Guided by the Graeae to her cavern among the stony relics of her terrible power and looking only in Athena's mirror-like shield, Perseus struck off the head of Medusa and bore it away to Athena, who

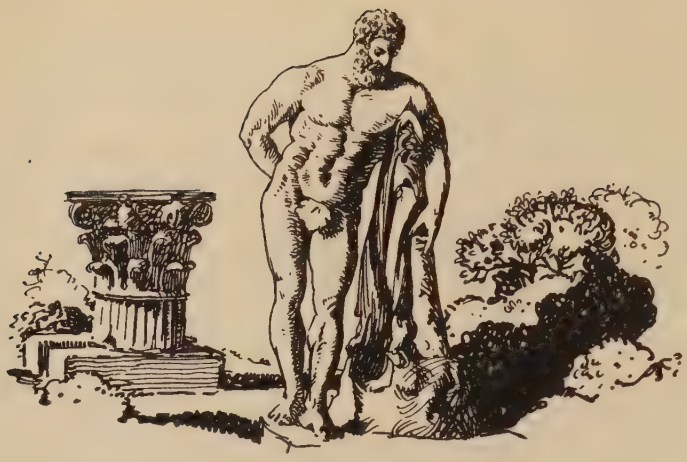
fixed it in her aegis, but as he flew across Africa drops of blood fell upon the sands, and there sprang up all the reptiles that infest that forbidden region.

The *Graeae* mentioned above were three horrid, misshapen sisters, born with gray hair, with only one eye and one tooth to use among them. It was while this eye was being transferred from one to another of the hags that Perseus secured it and refused to return it until he had been guided to Medusa's cave by the Graeae, who were her guardians.

The *Minotaur* had the head of a bull and the body of a man, and possessed all the wildness and ferocity of that beast. He was kept by Minos, King of Crete, in the center of an intricate labyrinth, designed by Daedalus, and every year Athens was compelled to send to be devoured by him a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens. Theseus, of whom we shall hear more, undertook to slay the Minotaur, but could not have succeeded had not Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, fallen in love with the hero and given him a sword and a thread-like clew by which he traversed the labyrinth. On the way back to Athens Theseus shamefully abandoned Ariadne as she slept on the island of Naxos. While weeping in her treacherous abandonment, she was seen by Aphrodite, who in sympathy sent Dionysus to console her. The gay young god made Ariadne his wife, gave her a golden crown and at her death placed her among the constellations.

Of *Cerberus* we have already heard, but still we might mention that he is regarded as the son of Typhaon and Echidna, and that early writers represented him as with fifty or a hundred heads, and later ones with the tail of a serpent and with serpents around his neck. We meet him frequently in literature.

"AMAZON"—BY PHIDIAS



CHAPTER V

GREEK DEMIGODS AND HEROES

INTRODUCTION. Besides the gods themselves, there were in the Grecian mythology a host of demigods and human heroes of god-like qualities to whom there are not only an infinity of allusions in the literature of Greece, but whose names find their way frequently into the writings of most modern nations. Moreover, it is the deeds of these mythical personages with which so many of the Greek authors fill their writings. With many of these heroes we shall become familiar as we study the classics, but perhaps a clearer understanding of all will be obtained if we give at this time some little account of the principal ones, as we have given space to those myths to which allusion is most frequently made.

In all probability there were in the distant years human originals for these deified heroes, but around their names clustered such miraculous events and such tales of superhuman accomplishment that nothing of historical value remains except the dim reflection of other times and other manners. From a literary point of view, however, these tales are of the greatest importance, and a knowledge of them is an essential of modern culture. If the twelve labors of Hercules have been replaced by the marvels of recent engineering, the phrase still lingers on the modern tongue at the completion of the herculean task of severing the Isthmus of Panama, and as flight across the ocean has been accomplished we hear many a wise Daedalus giving counsel to the daring imitators of Icarus.

II. JASON: THE ARGONAUTS. 1. *The Golden Fleece.* Athamas, King of Thessaly, had two children, a boy and a girl, but in spite of the attractiveness of Nephele, his wife, and the beautiful children, he grew indifferent to them and finally took to himself another mate. Fearing that Athamas might do some injury to her little family, Nephele implored the assistance of Hermes, who gave her a ram with a golden fleece. When upon its back she placed the two children, the marvelous ram sprang into the air and started directly for Asia with his little charges. As he was crossing what is now the Strait of Dardanelles, Helle, the girl, fell from his back and was drowned in the strait called

Hellespont by the Greeks. The boy Phrixus, however, clung to his bounding seat and was finally landed safely in the kingdom Colchis, which lies to the east of the Black Sea. Aeetes, King of Colchis, received Phrixus kindly, and when the latter had sacrificed the ram to Zeus, the boy presented the Golden Fleece to Aeetes, who deposited it in a holy grove and set to guard it a fierce and sleepless dragon.

2. *Jason.* Now near to Thessaly was another kingdom, over which ruled the old and decrepit King Aeson, who, seeing that death was approaching, yielded the reins of government to his brother Pelias on condition that when Jason, son of Aeson, became of age the uncle should resign in his favor. Pelias, scheming to retain the throne, suggested to Jason that it would be a wonderful achievement to go to Colchis and obtain the Golden Fleece, which in reality belonged to their family, as they were related to Nephele. Jason was caught by the idea of the adventure and engaged Argus to build a gigantic ship which would contain fifty men. In time this wonderful feat was accomplished and the vessel, named *Argo* in honor of its builder, was ready to sail.

3. *The Argonauts.* Jason invited the bold youths of Greece to join with him in this hazardous undertaking, and in a short time he had pledged to him about fifty adventurous men, a number of whom afterward became the most renowned heroes and demigods of Greece —Heracles, Theseus, Nestor, Castor and Poly-

deuces, and Orpheus among them. For their physician they had the renowned Asclepius, and their pilot was the famous Tiphys.

4. *The Voyage.* No more adventurous voyage was ever undertaken. Soon after they left the shores of Thessaly they touched at the island of Lemnos, peopled then only by women who had murdered their husbands, and here they lived two years and produced the race called Minyae. After visiting several other countries, they were driven by a storm to Solmydessus. King Phineus of Solmydessus gave them advice as to their future course. In order to reach the Euxine, or Black Sea, they must pass through a narrow strait guarded by the Symplegades, or clashing islands, which floated on the surface and at intervals rushed together and crushed to atoms anything between them. Following the advice of Phineus, when they had approached the Symplegades they let loose a dove, which flew between the islands and escaped with the loss of its tail feathers only. Catching the islands at their rebound, the Argonauts rowed through only to hear the islands crash at their very stern.

5. *Jason in Colchis.* Soon after this they reached Colchis, and Jason made his demand upon Aeetes, who promised to give up the Golden Fleece providing Jason would yoke to the plow two wild oxen with brazen feet and breath of fire, plow with them a tract of ground and sow the teeth of the dragon which Cadmus had slain.

Medea, the beautiful daughter of Aeetes, had fallen in love with Jason, and she furnished to him charms by which he could accomplish the difficult task.

The time was set for the performance, and as Jason stepped into the arena he saw the hills covered with a multitude of spectators. Though the breath of the brazen bulls burned up the herbage with a roaring like a furnace, Jason fearlessly advanced alone to meet them, patted their necks, and skillfully yoked them to the plow. The Argonauts were delighted, and believed that their hero had safely passed the dangers; but he was at the beginning only, for no sooner had he plowed the ground and sowed the teeth of the dragon than from each tooth sprang a crop of armed men who rushed upon Jason and threatened his instant death. The hearts of the Argonauts sank in their breasts, but Jason remembered the magic stone which Medea had given him and threw it in the midst of the warriors, who immediately fell upon one another and fought among themselves until the last was killed.

Then amid rejoicings among the Argonauts, Jason sprinkled upon the dragon which guarded the Golden Fleece a few drops of a magic potion with which Medea had thoughtfully provided him, and the weary monster fell into a profound slumber, during which Jason obtained the Fleece.

6. *The Return of the Argonauts.* Fearing some treachery on the part of Aeetes, the Argo-

From Engraving by Flaxman

JASON AND MEDEA CAPTURING THE GOLDEN FLEECE

nauts fled with their prize; and Jason, after a secret marriage, took with him the faithful Medea, who showed her devotion by seizing her brother Absyrtus, tearing him limb from limb, and throwing the mangled remains behind her to delay her father's pursuit. Zeus was angered by the murder and drove the *Argo* to Circe, who refused to absolve Jason and his wife from the sin.

It was an adventurous voyage homeward, but Thetis, mistress of Peleus, one of the Argonauts, guided the vessel safely between Scylla and Charybdis, while Orpheus outsang the sirens and carried the *Argo* unharmed past them. Further disasters met them, but ultimately they reached Thessaly, in Greece. Jason and Medea were absolved, and the Golden Fleece was received with great joy by Pelias.

7. *Medea.* When Jason was established at home, he found time among the rejoicings of the people to regret that the extreme age of his father Aeson prevented him from joining in the festivities, so Jason begged Medea to take from his own life some years and add them to the life of his father. The faithful wife declared it unnecessary to shorten the life of Jason, and spent many days and long nights searching for certain herbs which, by the aid of Hecate, she transformed into a magic potion that would renew youth. Upon a couch of magic boughs she laid the old King and brought over him a sleep as sound as death. While he was in this condition, she carefully cut the

arteries of his throat, caught the blood that flowed therefrom, and injected into the wound her magic liquor, at the same time pouring the blood back into the mouth of Aeson. The result was truly marvelous, for Aeson rose from the couch once more in the prime of manhood.

8. *The Fate of Pelias.* The daughters of Pelias, envious of the renewed youth of Aeson, proposed that Medea should restore their father also in the same manner. She willingly consented, but suggested a different method, and to prove its virtue filled a caldron with a magic fluid and thrust into it the dismembered carcass of an old sheep which she had killed. When fire had set the caldron boiling, the cover was lifted and a beautiful lamb jumped out and frisked joyfully away. The daughters of Pelias were convinced by this, and consented to the murder of their father, but the caldron into which his remains were placed contained nothing but water, and before they had discovered the treachery of Medea she was safely in her chariot and being drawn far away by her serpent steeds.

9. *Jason Unfaithful.* In time Jason grew tired of his sorceress wife, and made ready to marry Glauce, or Creusa, the King's daughter. Enraged at the ingratitude of her husband, Medea sent Glauce a poisoned robe and crown, which caused the death of both Creusa and the King of Corinth. Not satisfied with this revenge, she killed the children which she had borne to Jason, and fled in her chariot to

Athens. Here her life crossed that of Theseus, as we shall see later on.

III. Meleager, the Calydonian Hunt, and Atalanta. 1. *Meleager.* When Meleager, one of the Argonauts, was born, the Fates predicted that he would live only as long as a fagot then burning on the hearth should last. Althaea, his mother, snatched the brand from the fire and concealed it for many years in a chest. Her husband, Oeneus, the father of Meleager, was King of Calydon, and in a forgetful moment he had failed to pay due honor to Artemis, who in revenge sent a ferocious boar to devastate his fields. When Meleager had returned from his expedition with Jason, he undertook to rid his father of the terrible beast, and engaged to join with him many of the Argonautic heroes we have mentioned, as well as Telamon, Pirithous, and others.

2. *Atalanta.* In cool neglect of modern proprieties, the heroes were accompanied to the hunt by martial Atalanta, daughter of the King of Arcadia, armed with a strong bow and an ivory quiver full of arrows. This exquisitely-boyish maiden had been told that marriage would be her ruin, and so she threw herself into the pleasures of the chase. With unrestrained ardor she plunged into the excitements of the expedition, but brought with her the seeds of disagreements and disaster. Meleager fell violently in love with her.

3. *The Hunt.* When the heroes, with Atalanta among them, came near the boar's hiding

place, they stretched strong nets from tree to tree and set loose the dogs that had been brought to trail the wild animal. The boar waited for no siege, but rushed out upon his enemies, some of whom were quickly overpowered and destroyed. The exploits of the men and the accidents that befell them were exciting enough, and even the gods lent aid and sympathy to individuals. Artemis permitted the spear thrown by Jason to touch, but not to wound, the boar; Nestor, then a youth, was driven to safety in a tree; Telamon tripped and fell on a root, and lost his opportunity to strike; the lance of Theseus was turned aside by the limb of a tree; a dart from Jason missed its mark and killed a dog instead of the boar. Atalanta drew first blood with one of her arrows, and Meleager shouted with joy. The jealous Ancaeus, infuriated that a woman should excel him, rushed into the fray, defying boar and gods alike, and the savage animal dealt a wound that might have proved fatal, but Meleager, following him, drove his spear into the side of the boar and after repeated blows killed him, removed head and rough hide and presented them to Atalanta, an act which brought strife among his followers.

4. *The Fate of Meleager.* The anger at Meleager was most shown by two brothers of his mother, and so obstreperous did they become that the victor destroyed them both with his sword.

When the party returned to celebrate their

victory they were met by Althaea, who learned of the death of her brothers at the hand of her son, and in despair threw the brand that represented the life of Meleager into the flames. As the branch burned away, Meleager expired in the agony of an inward flame which no one could understand or extinguish. Althaea killed herself in the madness of her regret, and Meleager's sisters wept so brokenheartedly over his fate that Artemis changed them into birds.

5. *Hippomenes.* Atalanta, proud of her speed and athletic prowess, continued to refuse to marry, although she did yield to such an extent as to say that she would marry the youth who could beat her in a footrace, but only with the proviso that those whom she defeated should be doomed to death. Notwithstanding the penalty, many suitors tried and failed, as was decided by the appointed judge. However, by watching the graceful girl so frequently, the youthful judge himself fell in love with her and sought the aid of Aphrodite to win the prize. From her sacred garden in the island of Cyprus, the goddess brought three golden apples from a tree with golden branches and golden leaves. These apples were given surreptitiously to Hippomenes, and in the race which he ran with Atalanta he dropped them so adroitly that the covetous maiden paused a moment to pick them up, just long enough to give the race to him. However, Atalanta seems to have been easily consoled by her lover, for

both of them forgot their indebtedness to Aphrodite and failed to offer sacrifice to her. Thereupon, she caused them to be transformed into a lion and a lioness, respectively, and they are always represented thus in the train of Rhea, the goddess who acted as the instrument of vengeance for Aphrodite.

6. *Classics Pertaining to the Argonautic Expedition.* For the reader who wishes to make a study of the classics broader than is possible by means of this work, it may be helpful to name the books upon which all must rely. There are but two of first importance relating to this epoch, namely, *The Argonautica,* by Apollonius Rhodius, and the tragic drama, *Medea,* by Euripides. An interesting account of the Argonautic Expedition may be read in the modern book *The Life and Death of Jason,* by William Morris, who is not only a master of the classics, but has himself a creative and poetic genius that enables him to reshape and combine his materials until he produces a unified whole that partakes of the spirit of the ancient writers.

IV. Perseus. Zeus fell in love with Danae, whose father shut her up in a high tower to protect her from the amorous god, but he was too wily for the mortal parent and visited the virgin as a shower of gold. Perhaps it was not so much a desire to preserve his daughter's virtue that had caused Acrisius to imprison Danae in the brazen tower as it was fear of the oracle which had declared that the son of

From Statue by Canova, Vatican, Rome

PERSEUS

Danae should be the means of death to Acrisius, and so when Perseus was born, the crafty King put mother and child in a chest and set them adrift.

The cask landed at Seriphus, was found by fishermen, and mother and son were taken to King Polydectes, by whom they were treated with kindness until Perseus had grown to manhood. In the meantime, Polydectes had fallen in love with Danae, and thinking that the absence of Perseus might advance his suit, he sent the youthful hero on the quest of Medusa, the success of which we have related. It was on the return from this quest that the victorious demigod met Atlas, the giant King of the West, and with the Gorgon's head turned his huge bulk into the permanent support of the heavens.

It was on this same flight that Perseus found the coast towns of King Cepheus sadly ravaged by a prodigious sea-monster that had been sent by the sea nymphs in revenge upon his Queen, Cassiopeia, who had boasted herself more beautiful than they. Moreover, the unhappy father had bound his most lovely daughter, Andromeda, upon a rock by the sea shore as a sacrifice to the monster. By a terrific combat in which he killed this monster, Perseus gained his bride, the charming maiden Andromeda; but not without violent opposition, for at the wedding feast, regardless of the demands of hospitality, he was forced to fight Phineus, who had been affianced to Androm-

eda, and all his friends. Moreover, he would have been slain himself had he not again remembered the head of Medusa and raised it among his foes, all of whom were instantly petrified.

Returned to Seriphus, he rescued his mother, turned Polydectes to stone, escaped to his home in Argos, liberated his father from the toils of a usurper and restored him to his throne. However long-deferred, fate makes its way at last, and one day while Acrisius was watching his son pitch a game of quoits, a discus thrown by Perseus struck his father in the head, and he died by the hand of the son of Danae.

Perseus and Andromeda ruled wisely for many years, and when death claimed them they found their place in the heavens near together in the constellation of Cassiopeia.

V. Theseus. This great Attic hero was the son of Aegeus, King of Athens, but was brought up at his mother's home in Troezen until he was well grown. At the time Aegeus left his son he placed his sword and sandals under a huge stone and told the mother to leave them there until the son was grown strong enough to remove them, at which time Theseus was to come to Athens. When the time arrived that Theseus could lift the stone with ease, he took the sword and sandals and proceeded across the robber-infested country rather than to go the safe road by sea, because he burned with ambition to rival the heroic deeds of Hercules.

His way was full of adventures. On the first day he killed Periphetes, a son of Vulcan, whose iron club had long been the terror of travelers. Nearly every day saw the death of some petty tyrant and the destruction of marauders who had made travel unsafe. In one exploit he made the tyrant Procrustes take a dose of his own medicine. This gentleman had an iron bedstead in which he fitted all travelers who fell into his hands. If their limbs were too long for the bed, he chopped them off; if too short, he stretched them to the proper length.

Finally Theseus reached Athens and, having been recognized by Aegeus, he was declared heir to the throne to the exclusion of the sons of Pallas. Before this was done, however, he narrowly escaped death from a cup of poison which Medea, who was then the wife of Aegeus, had prepared for him, as she knew that her son Medos would be disinherited if Theseus triumphed. Detected in this villainy, Medea fled into Asia, carrying her little son, from whom the country of Media takes its name. The next exploit of Theseus was to slaughter the wild bull which had long laid waste the plains of Marathon, and this was followed by the second exploit which we have already described when speaking of the Minotaur.

It had been agreed that when Theseus returned from his expedition to Crete, he should raise a white sail as a signal to his father that he was safe and well. The excited warrior,

however, forgot his duty, and the father, seeing no white signal, threw himself into the sea. This made Theseus king of Athens.

The Amazons were a race of warlike women who often appear in Greek mythology. It was their practice to slaughter all the male children which appeared as a result of their temporary connection with man and to cut off the right breasts of all the female children so that they might more accurately use the bow. Soon after the expedition of Heracles against them and before they had recovered from its effects, Theseus subjugated them and hurried off with their Queen, Antiope, or as some call her, Hippolyta; but not without reprisals, for the enraged Amazons followed him into the very streets of Athens, and his last battle with them was fought there.

Pirithous invaded Marathon and drove off some of the herds of the Athenians, only to be followed by Theseus. When the two men met, however, there was no conflict, for each recognized at once the manly qualities of the other, and an undying friendship sprang into existence. Theseus had already tired of Antiope and carried out with Pirithous a successful plot to capture Helen, then a mere child, who afterward became the cause of the Trojan War. In return Theseus aided his friend by descending into Erebus to seize the wife of the monarch of those infernal regions. Hades detected them and placed them helpless on an enchanted rock near his palace, from which ultimately

Theseus was relieved by Heracles, but the unfortunate Pirithous was left alone in his misery.

The next marital adventure of Theseus followed the death of Antiope, and this time it was Phaedra, the daughter of Minos, that attracted his fancy. She, however, preferred the youthful graces of Hippolytus, son of Theseus by his Amazon wife. The chaste youth rejected all her advances, and in revenge she slandered him to Theseus, who asked Poseidon to punish him. The latter sent a sea monster, who rose before Hippolytus as he was driving his chariot and so frightened the horses that they ran away and dashed the driver to death. Aesculapius (Asclepius) restored the boy to life and thereby incurred the enmity of the gods, as we have seen before; but the goddess Artemis, at whose instigation Aesculapius worked, transferred Hippolytus to Italy and saved him from his father and step-mother.

After innumerable adventures, which we have not space even to mention, Theseus lost the regard of his people and retired to the court of Lycomedes, where he was treacherously slain by the King, and it was not until a much later age that his remains were discovered by the Athenian general Cimon and deposited with much honor in the Theseum at Athens.

VI. Hercules (Heracles).* 1. *Birth and Childhood.* Alcmene, granddaughter of Per-

*Heracles is the proper Greek form and Hercules is the Latin form. The former word has been used heretofore in this section, but hereafter the latter will be employed, because it has become more familiar in English literature.

seus and daughter of Electryon, King of Mycena, was the wife of Amphitryon of Thebes in Boeotia. In one of his amatory moments Zeus fell in love with Alcmene and appeared to her in the form of her husband. She gave birth to twins, one of whom was Iphicles, the human son of Amphitryon; the other, Hercules, son of Zeus, demigod and greatest of all the legendary heroes of Greece. About the latter cluster innumerable myths, variously connected, confused in time and told in many forms. It is not our province to disentangle the tales or to attempt a scientific treatment of them. It is sufficient to say that these legends may be put into three groups, centering about Thebes, Argos and Mount Oeta, near Thermopylae, and corresponding to the birth, middle life and death of Hercules. In what we have to say we will be governed by the later treatment of these stories and the function which they have in literature.

From infancy to death, Hercules was the object of the intense hatred of Hera, the jealous, often insulted and much abused wife of Zeus. While Hercules and Iphicles were yet in their cradle, the jealous Hera sent two immense serpents to destroy the babes, but Hercules with superhuman strength strangled them both. Prior to this, the queen of Heaven had delayed the birth of Hercules for one day in order that Eurystheus might be born on the day which the oracle had said would produce the ruler of the house of Perseus, and thus Hercules was de-

prived of his empire. We must not forget to mention, however, that while Hercules always felt the enmity of Hera, he was protected not only by Zeus, but also by Athena.

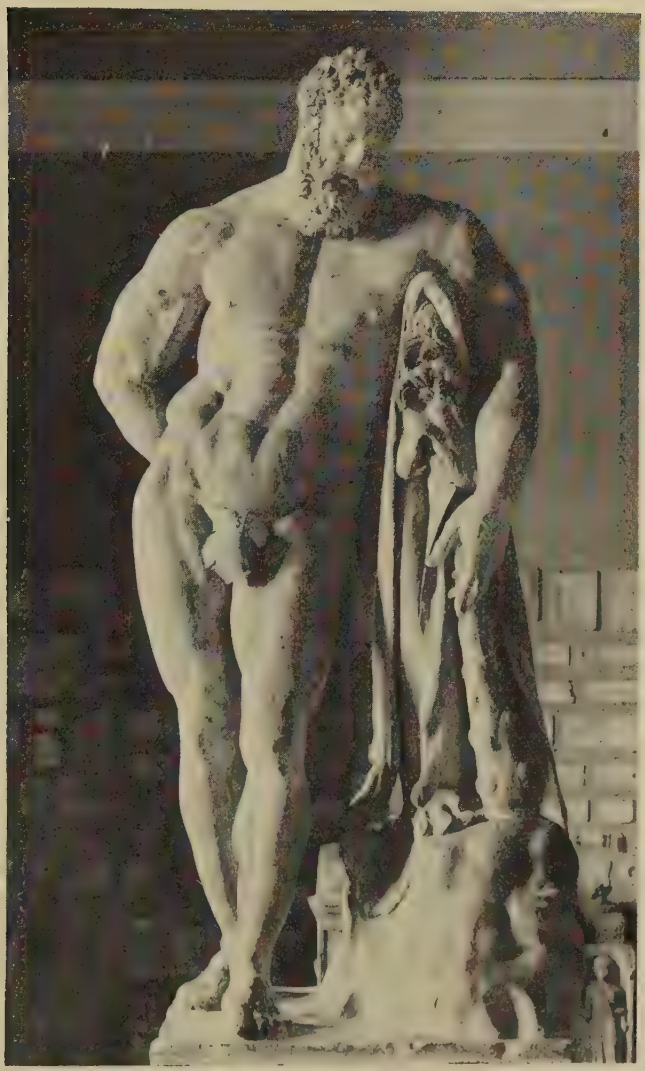
2. *Youth.* Hercules received the best instruction that could be provided in music, wrestling, archery and the other arts and sciences which were the accomplishments of a learned and military leader. One day, however, he happened to kill Linus, his tutor on the lyre, and as a punishment Hercules was sent by Amphitryon to tend his cattle. While engaged in this occupation, he killed a huge lion that from its lair in Mount Cithaeron had been doing great damage to all the flocks of the neighborhood. On the way home from his banishment, he met envoys from Erginus who were going to Thebes to demand their tribute of one hundred oxen. Maddened at the thought of this tribute, the doughty young man cut off the ears and noses of the envoys and sent them back to their master. Erginus immediately made war, but was defeated and killed by Hercules, to whom as a reward was given in marriage Megara, daughter of the King of Thebes.

Not long after this Hercules consulted the oracle at Delphi and was told that for twelve years he must serve Eurystheus, his elder by one day, and perform all the commands that were laid upon him by the head of the house of Perseus. These commands constituted what are known in literature as the Twelve Labors of Hercules.

3. *The Twelve Labors.* First. The valley of Nemea was infested by a terrible lion, which took its toll not only from the herds but also from the human beings in the valley. Under the command of Eurystheus, Hercules fought the lion with bow and arrows, and being unable to kill the ravening beast in that manner he finally strangled it with his bare hands and carried the skin back in triumph to Eurystheus, who was so alarmed by its size and appearance of ferocity that he ordered Hercules thereafter to deliver his spoils outside the gates of the city. From this time on, Hercules wore the skin of the Nemean lion as armor.

Second. The country of Argos was ravaged by the Hydra, a monster that had nine heads, one of which was immortal. Its home was in a miasmatic swamp near the well of Amymone, a spring flowing from three outlets which had been created by the trident of Poseidon. As Hercules in his deadly combat struck off one head of the Hydra two others instantly appeared in its place, until he conceived the effective scheme of burning the heads. Lastly, by the aid of Iolous, his friend and servant, he succeeded in cutting off the immortal head and burying it under a rock, and the Lernean Hydra was dead.

Third. As a third Labor he caught and tamed the Arcadian stag, favorite of Artemis, which wore golden horns and brazen hoofs, and which, until Hercules followed it, had never been overtaken in the chase.



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THE FARNESE HERCULES

Statue in National Museum, Naples

Fourth. He brought alive to Eurystheus a huge wild boar which for a long time had terrorized the neighborhood of Erymantheus.

Fifth. Augeas, King of Elis, fed three thousand head of oxen in his stables, which for many a year had not been cleaned. When the task of cleansing these stables in a single day fell upon Hercules, he bargained with Augeas to do it for one-tenth of the oxen. By turning the waters of the rivers Alpheus and Peneus through the accumulated mass of filth, Hercules cleansed the stables, but Augeas refused to pay the price; whereupon Hercules killed the King and took all the cattle. Political reformers still speak of Augean corruption.

Sixth. Near Lake Stymphalus in Arcadia were strange carnivorous birds, with wings, beaks and claws of brass. Hercules restored the calm of that region by killing some of the birds and driving off the others.

Seventh. Poseidon had given to Minos, King of Crete, a wonderful bull to be used as a sacrifice, but the King was so delighted with its beauty that he refused to kill it. Poseidon then caused the magnificent creature to run mad, after which it terrorized the whole island. Hercules caught the bull and carried it alive to Eurystheus, who promptly set it at liberty. This was the Marathonian bull, of which we read in the story of Theseus.

Eighth. Hercules caught and subdued those savage man-eating mares that belonged to Diomedes, a king of Thrace.

Ninth. Eurystheus had a daughter named Admeta, who coveted the magic girdle worn by the Queen of the Amazons. Accompanied by a number of volunteers, Hercules visited the country of the women-warriors, met with a kind reception, and would have peaceably secured the girdle had not Hera, taking the form of an Amazon, persuaded the others that Hercules was bent on carrying off their Queen. The angry females fell upon Hercules and his companions, and a fierce battle ensued. Thinking that the Queen had proved treacherous, Hercules slew her and, seizing her girdle, conducted his men safely home.

Tenth. Lying in the West, under the rays of the setting sun, was the red island Erytheia, where dwelt Geryon, a monster with three bodies, who owned oxen guarded by the giant Eurytion and his two-headed dog. On his journey thither Hercules split in twain a great mountain and left one half on each side of himself, thereby forming the Strait of Gibraltar with its twin guardian mountains, the Pillars of Hercules. The Greek hero had little difficulty in killing the giant and his dog or in bringing the oxen safely home.

Eleventh. The goddess of the Earth gave to Hera on her wedding day some exquisite golden apples, which the queen of Heaven placed in a beautiful garden and left them in charge of the daughters of Hesperus, god of the Evening Star. No one knew where this garden of the Hesperides was located, except Atlas only,

who supported the heavens upon his shoulders. To him in his far western home Hercules went, and after some persuasion took upon his own shoulders the burden of the heavens while Atlas secured the apples and brought them to the heavy-laden warrior. At least such is one account of the Labor; in another, Hercules himself found the garden, slew the dragon which helped the sisters guard the place, and himself secured the golden apples. This myth may have arisen from the oranges of Spain, which some wandering Greek may have seen.

Twelfth. The last Labor, the one which freed Hercules from his servitude to Eurystheus, was the bringing to earth of the dog Cerberus. He accomplished this with the permission of Hades, but only on condition that he should not injure the dog and should return him in due time. Hercules picked up the monster and bore him to Eurystheus, who was so much alarmed that he ordered Hercules to carry his prize away immediately. The hero obeyed and dropped the dog upon the ground, through which he immediately sank to his home in the infernal regions.

4. *Other Adventures.* In the progress of his Twelve Labors, Hercules met with innumerable minor adventures, some of which are as well-known and as frequently referred to as the greater deeds themselves. The writers of antiquity seem to have taken pleasure in inventing weird tales and attaching them to some one of the tasks, especially those which, like the

tenth and eleventh, involved long journeys over land and sea. Thus he is represented as sailing to the western home of Geryon in a bowl presented him by the Sun, and on his return encountering the giant robber Cacus, who stole some of the cattle and hid them in a cave after dragging them thither by the tail in order to deceive Hercules by their footprints; of course the stratagem, at first successful, was defeated, Cacus slain, and the cattle recovered.

Antaeus, a mighty giant and wrestler, was invincible so long as he touched his mother, the Earth. On his journey to the garden of the Hesperides, Hercules met Antaeus and was compelled, as were all other travelers, to wrestle for his life with the giant. Again and again Hercules threw him, but every time Antaeus arose with renewed strength until Hercules, suspecting the source of his antagonist's strength, lifted him into the air and strangled him while his feet were off the ground.

At one time or another during the Labors, he freed Prometheus from captivity; rescued Theseus from Hades; wrestled with Nereus, the Old Man of the Sea; and escaped from King Busiris, who sought to offer him as a sacrifice.

5. *Hesione.* After securing his freedom from Eurystheus, Hercules engaged in the expedition of the Argonauts, and led a foray against Troy. The occasion of the latter was this: Laomedon was troubled by a monster to

whom he was compelled to offer his daughter Hesione, but Hercules offered to release the beautiful girl from the rock where she was chained and to slay the monster, providing Laomedon would surrender to the hero the horses which Zeus had given the King. When Hercules had accomplished the feat, Laomedon refused the price, whereupon Hercules slew him and gave Hesione to Telamon.

6. *Servitude to Omphale.* In a fit of madness, to which Hercules seemed subject at intervals, he killed his friend Iphitus, and as punishment for the crime was forced to serve Omphale, a Lydian queen, for three years, and give his earnings to Eurytus, the father of Iphitus. Here he wore the dress of a woman and engaged in all sorts of feminine occupations, such as spinning wool and acting as handmaiden to the Queen, who wore his lion's skin.

7. *Deianira.* After his period of slavery to Omphale had terminated, Hercules entered upon the last epoch of his life.

The river-god Achelous was the oldest of the three thousand sons of Oceanus and Tethys and a suitor for the hand of Deianira, daughter of Oeneus of Calydon. Hercules fell in love with the same damsel and defeated the river-god in a bitter combat, after which he seized Deianira and carried her away. On the road homeward he met at the ford of the Evenus the centaur Nessus, who offered to carry Deianira across, while Hercules waded. On the way

Nessus offered violence to the maiden, but Hercules, hearing her cries, shot an arrow which had been dipped in the poison of the Lernean Hydra, and it found its mark in the body of the fleeing centaur. The dying Nessus, feigning repentance, told Deianira to take and preserve some of his blood, as it would be a potent charm for retaining the love of her husband. The unsuspecting wife gathered up the blood and kept it for a time of necessity.

8. *The Shirt of Nessus.* In a subsequent war against Eurytus, Hercules slew his enemy and carried off his daughter, Iole, to Euboea, where he erected an altar to Zeus. Then, in order that he might dedicate it with appropriate ceremonies, he sent home for a white garment. By this time Deianira had become jealous of Iole and, hoping to regain the affection of her husband by means of the centaur's charm, she dipped in the blood of Nessus a robe or shirt and sent it to Hercules. Unsuspicious, Hercules put on the robe, and immediately the blood of Nessus, thoroughly permeated with the poison of the Hydra, began its terrible corrosion. In awful agony Hercules tried in vain to tear the shirt from his body, succeeding only in detaching small pieces, which brought with them great masses of flesh. Maddened beyond endurance by the excruciating pain, he seized by the heels Lichas, who had brought him the garment, and threw him into the sea. Hercules was finally persuaded to embark, and was taken back to his home in a

frenzied condition. Deianira, having heard of the terrible effects of her innocent love philter, hung herself.

9. *The Death of Hercules.* With every hope gone and suffering untold agony from the clinging, poisoned garment, Hercules, who had really loved Deianira, climbed to the summit of Mount Oeta and there erected a huge funeral pyre from the trees which grew about. Presenting his bow and arrows to Philoctetes and ascending the pyre, he lay down with his head resting on his club and his lion skin drawn over his body. Only after strict commands from the weary hero did Philoctetes apply the torch. The flames rose quickly and invested the whole mass, on the summit of which lay Hercules, with a countenance as clear and serene as when he presided at a festal board. Zeus and all the other gods saw the ascending smoke and grieved at what was happening, but the great god assured the others that only the mortal part which Hercules had derived from his mother could possibly be consumed, and when the fire had done its work the immortal part should be received into heaven. Accordingly, Zeus surrounded the burning pyre with a dense cloud in which, while lightnings gleamed and thunder played its terrific accompaniment, the divine Hercules was carried to heaven, and as he took his place among the gods Atlas felt the added weight. It is said that even Hera recognized his worth and became reconciled to him, and that later he mar-

ried Hebe, his half-sister, goddess of youth and cupbearer to the gods before the birth of Ganymede.

VII. Castor and Pollux* (the Dioscuri). Leda was the beautiful wife of Tyndareus, King of Sparta, and like many another charming woman, she caught the eye of Zeus, who appeared to her in the form of a swan. She gave birth to two eggs, from each of which were hatched a boy and a girl, Castor and Clytemnestra, mortal children of Tyndareus, and Pollux and Helen, immortal children of Zeus. The two boys became fast friends, and their names are always associated. During the expedition of the Argonauts, Pollux slew Amycus, and became famous as a boxer and wrestler. During the singing of Orpheus which quelled the storm that threatened to overwhelm the *Argo* on her return voyage, stars appeared on the heads of Castor and Pollux, and lambent flames played about them. From this incident they came to be considered the twin deities of sailors, and the pale luminous spheres that sometimes appear on the points of the masts of vessels are called by their names.

When Theseus carried off Helen, the youthful brothers pursued him and succeeded in rescuing their sister, and thus preserved her for her greater part as the cause of the Trojan War. Castor's special skill lay in the taming

*The Greek form is Polydeuces.

and managing of horses. Still later, they seized the intended brides of Lynceus and Idas, and in the war that followed Castor was slain, but Pollux amply revenged him by killing both of the men they had robbed. The grief of Pollux was inconsolable, and he begged Zeus to give to the dead Castor his own immortality, while he took the place of his brother. Moved by his urgent entreaties, Zeus did consent to allow the two to share the immortality of the one, so that they spend their days alternately in Hades and in heaven. It is also said that Zeus placed them in the sky as the constellation Gemini (the twins).

VIII. Orpheus. One account of Orpheus makes him the son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, and states that his father presented him with the lyre and taught him to play upon it with such sweetness and skill that nothing could withstand the charm of his music. Savage beasts were softened by the sweet strains and crowded about him, the trees brought their sheltering branches to screen him from the sun, and even the rocks moved in harmony with his measures. We have seen the effects of his singing while he was with the Argonauts.

He married Eurydice, a lovely nymph, but the smoking torch of Hymen, who had been invited to the wedding, portended woe to the young couple. The honeymoon was not yet over when, as Eurydice was wandering in the meadows, she was seen by the shepherd, Aristaeus, who was enamored of her and began

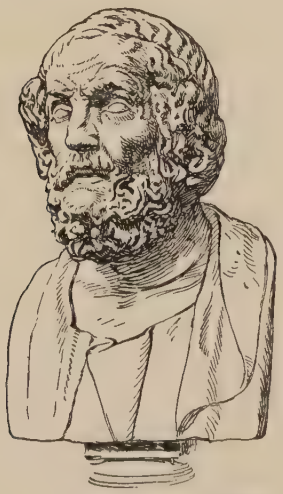
to make advances. While fleeing from his unwelcome attentions, Eurydice stepped upon a snake, was bitten, and died almost instantly.

Orpheus was insane with grief, and sang and sang in the vain hope of restoring her to life. Despairing of this, he determined to seek her in the dismal realm of Hades. His music gave him entrance, and as he sang his grief and his desires, Ixion's wheel stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, Sisyphus rested upon his rolling stone, the daughters of Danaus ceased to draw water with a sieve, and for the first and only time tears gathered in the eyes of the Furies.

Even the stony heart of Hades was melted, and he promised to allow Eurydice to follow Orpheus to earth, provided he did not look backward until after they had passed the brazen gates. They started on their gloomy journey, and so silent was everything that in a heedless moment Orpheus looked back to see if his wife was really following. The backward glance was fatal, for Orpheus caught only a glimpse of flying garments and heard merely the faintest whisper of a spoken farewell.

He returned in despair to Thrace and wandered about in misery, singing his plaintive songs to all who would listen. The Thracian maidens tempted him in vain until his neglect drove love from their hearts and instilled hatred in its place. They assaulted the grieving widower with arrows and stones, but none

could touch him until the furious women drowned his music with their outcries. Then blood began to flow from wounds they made and further maddened the enraged females, who seized his body, tore it limb from limb, and threw the ghastly remains into the River Hebrus, down which the poet's head and lyre floated, continuing their sweet songs in which the leafy banks joined as a plaintive chorus. The Muses sadly collected his remains and buried them with honor on Mount Olympus, while Zeus set the lyre of Orpheus as a constellation in the sky.



HOMER

CHAPTER VI

THE TROJAN WAR

TROY AND THE TROJANS. Antiquarians have in recent years decided upon the exact location of ancient Troy in the northwestern part of Mysia, in Asia Minor. The remains of no fewer than nine different cities, superimposed one upon another, were discovered, and it is supposed that the sixth from the present represents the Troy of Homer and Vergil. It is conceded now that there is some foundation in fact for the numerous legends of the great war between the Greeks and Trojans, but our purpose is to consider only the mythical and literary aspects of it.

In the Greek legends the first king of this country was Teucer, so the Trojans are frequently called Teucri, or Teucrians. As his

daughter married a neighboring chieftain named Dardanus, the Trojans are also called Dardanidae. They probably belonged to a Pelasgian race, and may have been Thracian colonists. Tros, the grandson of Dardanus, had a son Ilus, who founded the city of Ilium (Troja, or Troy), the largest of the settlements of that district. Ilus was followed by Laomedon, and he was succeeded by his son, Priam.

II. Paris and the Golden Apple. The second son of Priam and Hecuba was Paris, who was exposed on Mount Ida, but a charitable shepherd found the infant and brought him up successfully, until he became a strong and beautiful youth, a powerful defender of the shepherds and their herds. At length he discovered his origin, presented himself to Priam, was acknowledged by his father and married to Oenone.

About this time the marriage of Peleus and Thetis was celebrated by a great festival, to which all the gods were invited but Eris (Discord). That goddess, resenting the insult, achieved her revenge by throwing among the guests a golden apple inscribed, "To the Fairest." Even Athena forgot her wisdom and claimed the prize against Hera and Aphrodite, both of whom coveted the distinction of beauty more than the apple, valuable as that was. Zeus declined to judge among them, but referred them to the beautiful Paris for a decision.

All three of the goddesses appeared before

the youthful judge, and each tried to bribe him. Hera offered power and riches, Athena promised glory and renown in war, and Aphrodite agreed to give him the fairest of mortal women for a wife. Paris accepted the bribe of Aphrodite, but in deciding for her he earned the bitter and unrelenting enmity of both Hera and Athena.

III. Paris and Helen. The fairest of all women was Helen, then the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. She had been sought by many, but had rejected all, one after another, but left them so much her friends that when she accepted Menelaus all bound themselves by a solemn oath to defend her from injury or to avenge her if it became necessary.

Helen was living happily with her husband when Aphrodite, in paying her debt to Paris, led him to Greece and to the court of Menelaus, who received him in the spirit of most cordial hospitality. At the sight of the fair Helen, Paris forgot Oenone and all the obligations of hospitality, paid ardent court to Helen and induced her to elope to Troy with him and carry away the valuable treasures of Menelaus. This treacherous act caused the Trojan War, the description of which and of events that grew out of it form the subject of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* the great Homeric epics, and of the *Aeneid,* the great epic of the Latin poet Vergil.

IV. Preparation and Delays. The grief-stricken and angry Menelaus called upon the

From Painting by Deutsch

PARIS AND HELEN

THE ELOPEMENT OF PARIS, SON OF PRIAM, KING OF TROY, WITH HELEN, WIFE OF MENELAUS, KING OF SPARTA, WAS THE TREACHEROUS AND FATEFUL ACT WHICH BROUGHT ON THE TROJAN WAR.

Greek chieftains and all the rejected suitors of Helen to aid him in the recovery of his wife, and began preparations for the greatest expedition the Greeks had yet attempted.

Few of the chiefs declined, but Ulysses was too happy with his young wife, Penelope, to wish to go, and when Palamedes came with a special invitation from Menelaus, the recreant hero feigned madness, yolked together a horse and an ox, and proceeded to sow salt in the ground he plowed. The astute Palamedes, however, placed Telemachus, the infant son of Ulysses, in the furrow his father was plowing. The loving parent turned his ill-assorted team to one side and disclosed his sanity, after which he was easily persuaded to join the expedition and become its warm supporter.

Among the few reluctant chiefs was Achilles, son of Peleus and Thetis, at whose wedding the Apple of Discord was thrown. The fond mother, herself an immortal nymph, had learned through an oracle that if Achilles went to the war he would perish there, and so she sent him to the court of King Lycomedes and induced him to disguise himself as a maiden among the daughters of the King. Ulysses went after him in the disguise of a merchant and detected him, though in woman's clothes, because he showed more interest in weapons than in silks and jewels. There was little difficulty in persuading the young warrior to leave his effeminate occupations and join his companions in arms.

Agamemnon, King of Mycenae and brother of Menelaus, was chosen leader, and few commanders have had so illustrious a following. There were Achilles, most skillful in the use of arms; Ajax, of gigantic frame and undimmed courage, but dull of intellect; Ulysses, sagacious and active; Nestor, now the oldest of the chiefs and wise adviser in difficult situations; and a host of other brave warriors.

Two years were consumed in preparation for this great enterprise, and even after the army was gathered to its fleet in the port of Aulis in Boeotia, further delays attended it.

V. Iphigenia. Just as the fleet was about to sail, Agamemnon was hunting and killed a stag that was sacred to Artemis. Such sacrilege met its penalty from the goddess in the shape of a pestilence that laid the warriors low and a calm that prevented the ships from sailing. Moreover, the soothsayer, Calchas, informed Agamemnon that the anger of Artemis could be appeased only by the sacrifice of the lovely Iphigenia, daughter of the Greek chief and his wife, Clytemnestra, who, it will be remembered, was the sister of Helen, Castor and Pollux. Agamemnon tried in every way to avoid the awful deed, but finally was driven to give his consent, and under the impression that she was to be married to Achilles, the trustful girl was led to the altar and perished there.

Thus says one legend, but a second informs us that at the last moment Artemis relented, substituted a hind in place of the maiden, and

in a cloud of smoke carried her away to become a priestess in the temple in Tauris.

VI. The First Encounter. Favored now by gentle winds, the fleet set sail and without serious misadventure reached the coast of Troy. The Trojans knew of the approach of the enemy, were well-prepared to meet them, and in fact were no mean antagonists. It is true that Priam was an old man, but he had ruled wisely and had the hearty support of his united race as well as many strong allies among the surrounding peoples. He could not justify the wicked act of Paris, but he determined to make a valiant defense of his country, though in his heart was a presentiment that the result would be disastrous to him and his.

In his son, Hector, one of the noblest characters of pagan times, he placed the greatest reliance, and certainly Hector did all that man could do. He had not long been married to the noble Andromache, a suitable mate for the heroic Trojan, and they had one son, the infant Astyanax.

Next to Hector in valor and skill was Aeneas, son of Anchises and Aphrodite, hero of Vergil's epic, the *Aeneid*. Deiphobus, another son of Priam and Hecuba, was little less valiant as a leader; Glaucus, a prince of Lycia and grandson to Bellerophon, was one of the strongest allies, a brave man, and a fluent speaker; and Sarpedon, who was the son of Zeus and Laodamia, daughter of Bellerophon, was another of the courageous allies whose honors

the poets loved to recall. Besides these native chiefs and devoted allies, there were many more whose deeds were so valiant and whose leadership so wise and skillful that they earned the respect and admiration of all their enemies.

VII. Laodamia. The first Greek to leap ashore from the boats was Protesilaus, and he was instantly struck dead by Hector, thus fulfilling the words of the oracle that the first Greek to touch Trojan strand should die. Protesilaus had left behind him in Greece a wife, Laodamia, daughter of Acastus, a pathetic figure in the Greek myths. When she learned that her husband had been killed, she besought the gods to restore him to her for three hours, so that once more she might converse with him. The gods recognized the sincerity and purity of her devotion, and sent Hermes to bring Protesilaus back to earth. Laodamia spent the three hours in happiness with him, but when the summons came for him to return to the nether world, she expired in his arms and made the last journey with him. The sorrowing nymphs planted around their graves a circle of elm trees that grew till from their tops Troy could be seen, when they withered to the ground, only to grow again and again in the same manner.

VIII. The Quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon. For nine years the war continued without any decisive results. The Greeks obtained a hold upon the coast, subdued many of the provinces and laid siege to Troy, but they

could make no impression upon its walls. Moreover, dissensions arose among the Greeks, and it seemed for a time that they must abandon the siege and acknowledge the expedition a failure.

It is at this point in the war that the *Iliad* begins its story with the words:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing!
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.
—*Pope's Translation.*

Among the Trojan captives from neighboring towns were two beautiful maidens, Chryseis and Briseis, the former a daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo. According to custom, the most beautiful captives were given as spoils to the most deserving warriors, and thus Chryseis fell to Agamemnon and Briseis to Achilles. When Chryses heard of the fate of his daughter, he hurried to Agamemnon to ransom her, and when he was dismissed with insult besought the intervention of Apollo, who responded by a pestilence that left the people of the camp perishing in heaps.

At a council called to deliberate on the unhappy condition, Achilles charged Agamemnon with being the cause of the disease, and Calchas told them that only by giving up Chryseis could the wrath of the god be satisfied. The King was obliged to relinquish his prize,

but in sullen anger he compensated himself by taking Briseis, the prize of Achilles. This roused the wrath of Homer's hero, and he withdrew from the war with all his followers, Myrmidons, Hellenes and Achaeans.

The Trojans seized the opportunity, and drove the Greeks from their camps to their ships.

IX. The Gods Take Part. While the gods knew that if the Greeks persevered and did not voluntarily abandon the enterprise they would ultimately succeed, yet there was just uncertainty enough to make the contest interesting to them. Hera and Athena were, as we have said, hostile to the Trojans, while Aphrodite favored them, and engaged Ares, always her admirer, to fight upon their side. Poseidon, on the other hand, was a friend to the Greeks, and Apollo was neutral, or sometimes with one and again with the other. In general, Zeus was impartial, though at times he was seen to favor the aged Priam.

Thetis, the mother of Achilles, was so resentful of the injury done to Achilles that she hastened to Zeus and implored him to punish the Greeks and allow the Trojans to win, and it was because of his consent that the Greeks were driven to the refuge of their ships.

After a council, Ulysses, Ajax and Phoenix carried from Agamemnon a penitent message and a promise to make restitution, but Achilles responded with a firm declaration that he should return without delay to Greece. Mean-

time, the Greeks had constructed a rampart around their ships, but Zeus again interfered, the Trojans broke through the ramparts and prepared the torches to set fire to the ships of the terrified invaders.

Poseidon then took part and appeared in the form of Calchas, the seer, and encouraged the Greeks, led by Ajax, to beat back the Trojans. In the course of the combat, Ajax, after performing wonderful feats of valor, met Hector and shouted defiance at him. In reply, the doughty Trojan hurled his lance with so deadly an aim that it struck full upon the center of Ajax's breast, but just where a double guard of belts made it harmless. Ajax, picking up a huge stone, threw it at Hector who, struck in the neck, fell helpless on the field, from which his grieving followers promptly bore him.

While Poseidon was thus assisting the Greeks, Zeus was neglectful of the battle and enjoying once more the oft-scorned charms of Hera. This renewal of his early fondness had been occasioned by a sudden increase in the beauty and charm of his wife, who, to aid the cause of her Trojan friends, had borrowed the magic girdle of Aphrodite, which invariably made its wearer irresistible. However, just at this time, Zeus happened to look down, and seeing the dire misfortunes of the Greeks and finding Hector apparently dead from pain and bruises, dismissed Hera in anger and ordered her to send Iris and Apollo to him. When they arrived, Iris was dispatched in-

stantly to command Poseidon to cease his favors, and Apollo was sent to heal the wounds and give new courage to Hector. In a few moments the great warrior was back upon the field, and Poseidon sulkily withdrew to his palace under the sea.

X. Patroclus. Achilles, still sullen and angry in his tent, looked across the field and saw the aged Nestor bringing some wan and faded hero to the camp. Anxious to know who it was that could thus enlist the attendance of the aged councilor, Achilles called his companion and dearest friend, Patroclus, to his side and asked him to get the information. Patroclus hastened to obey, and Nestor informed him that the wounded man was Machaon, the son of Aesculapius and chief surgeon to the Greeks; but when he would have returned, Nestor detained him, reminded him that he was older than Achilles, had been cautioned by his father to counsel and guide the inexperience of the youthful Achilles, and assured him that his friend was not now acting properly, and that such conduct would dim the glory of his stainless record. Moreover, the sage advised him to tell Achilles of the terrible position in which the Greeks found themselves and that it was the duty of every man to aid their cause; if Achilles himself would not come, then he should send every one of his followers; if he would not consent to that, he should be urged to lend to Patroclus his famous armor, so that the Trojans, seeing it, might think

Achilles was again in the field, and the Greeks, tired as they were, might fight with renewed energy once again.

Patroclus returned to the tent of Achilles and delivered the message of Nestor with such effect that the sulky warrior agreed to lend his armor to Patroclus and allow him to lead the Myrmidons back to the field. Joyously Patroclus put on the glittering armor, mounted the warlike chariot of his friend, and led forth the Myrmidons to battle, not, however, until after he had been cautioned by Achilles to content himself with repelling the enemy and to refrain entirely from pursuing in case they should fly.

As Patroclus with the fresh allies rushed upon the field the astonished Trojans gave up their attempts to fire the ships, and the Greeks, regaining their courage, began to fight more fiercely than ever. Patroclus was everywhere, and the other Greek heroes performed prodigies of valor which can only be learned by reading the *Iliad*. Early in the combat Patroclus met Sarpedon, son of Zeus, and after a hard struggle pierced him through the breast with his spear. In the savage combat which followed around the body, Sarpedon was stripped of his armor, but Zeus dispatched Apollo to take his body from the Greeks and commit it to the care of the twin brothers, Death and Sleep, who carried it for decent burial to the warrior's birthplace.

So far everything had favored Patroclus, but as he careered over the field, his chariot

came face to face with that of Hector. Patroclus cast a great stone at Hector, but missed his aim and knocked the charioteer from the car. The two leaders instantly leaped out and began the fight on foot. We shall never know who was the greater warrior, for just at this inopportune moment Apollo appeared and took the helmet from the head of Patroclus, while an obscure Trojan wounded him in the back. In his weakened condition it was an easy matter for Hector to thrust him through with his spear and seize the radiant armor of Achilles. Retiring a short distance, he changed his own armor for that which he had just taken and returned to the furious battle that raged around the naked corpse of Patroclus. Never were two forces more evenly matched, and Zeus covered the scene of battle with a huge cloud through which no one could see. Ajax prayed for light that he might, if defeated, at least perish in the face of day. Zeus heard the prayer, dispersed the clouds, and permitted Ajax to send a message to Achilles, telling the latter of the death of his friend. Meanwhile, the Greeks recovered the body of Patroclus and, closely pursued by the Trojans, regained their ships.

XI. Achilles Again in Armor. Antilochus, the swift and skillful friend of Achilles, brought the message from Ajax and must have groaned at the effect it produced, for the grief of Achilles was beyond measure, and he would at once have fought Hector had not his mother,

Thetis, heard his cries in her home under the waves and come to remind him that he had no armor and was in no condition to fight, and to assure him that, if he would but wait till morning, Hephaestus would make him another suit that would excel the one he had lost.

At the dawning of day, Achilles found at his feet a splendid shield beautifully adorned, but, more important, formed of five metal plates, two of which were brass, two of tin, and one of gold; a helmet crested with gold, and corselet and greaves of such splendid workmanship that they were impenetrable to any weapon. Hephaestus had laid aside all other work and made the entire armor in the single night. To Achilles it brought the first glint of pleasure since the death of Patroclus.

Donning the armor, Achilles hastened into the camp, called the chiefs together in council, declared himself again at peace with Agamemnon and urged his friends to take the field again. His chief received his words fittingly, and peace was once more restored to the Greek forces.

XII. The Trojans in Flight. We have not space to describe in detail the deeds of Achilles, inspired as he was with an irresistible desire for vengeance. Apollo cautioned Hector to keep out of reach, but the other Trojans who met the raging Greek fled in dismay and fell before the fatal lance. Aeneas unwillingly undertook the combat, and hurled his great spear with such force that it pierced two

of the plates of the shield of Hephaestus, but was stopped by the third. Achilles shattered the shield of Aeneas, but gave no wound. Though manifestly inferior in strength and skill, Aeneas seized a stone so huge that two men of modern times could scarcely move it and prepared to strike his last blow, but Poseidon, who had been watching the contest, spread darkness over the scene, and while it lasted transported Aeneas over the heads of the struggling foes and deposited him safely in the rear. When light again appeared, Achilles, recognizing the work of a god in the disappearance of his adversary, turned his attention to other champions.

Priam, looking down from the walls of Troy, saw the plight of his men and gave orders to open the gates for the fleeing Trojans, requiring his aids to close them in the face of the pursuing Greeks. Achilles, however, followed so closely on their heels that the gates must have remained open had not Apollo interfered and distracted the attention of the maddened Greek.

XIII. The Death of Hector. When the gates had been closed, Priam was appalled to behold Hector still standing outside the walls. Nothing the old King could do or say could induce Hector to seek safety, nor had the words of his mother, Hecuba, any greater effect. He had led the Trojans to the day's battle, many lives had been sacrificed, and he felt their burden on his shoulders. Yet he recognized his

duty to the living, and might have consented to come in had not Achilles at that moment appeared in terrible aspect, his armor flashing lightning as he moved. Hector's heart sank and he fled, pursued thrice around the city in ever-widening circles by the avenging Greek. Apollo, however, was sustaining the strength of his protégé, and all might yet have gone well had not Athena interfered and presented herself to Hector in the form of his bravest brother, Deiphobus, offering to assist him. Hector stopped, balanced his spear, and struck the shield of Achilles, but the spear bounded back harmless. Turning to his brother for another spear, Hector was alarmed to find no one near him, and then he knew that Athena had deceived him. Hopeless though he was, he drew his sword and rushed to the combat. Achilles, safe behind his shield, waited calmly until Hector came within reach, then with steady hand, he struck his weapon through that spot where the armor leaves the neck uncovered. Knowing that he had received his death wound, Hector fervently begged that his body might be given to his friends for decent burial, but Achilles refused with bitter denunciations. Ferocious still, he stripped the dying warrior of his armor, with cords fastened him by the heels to the rear of his chariot and, lashing his steeds into fury, dragged the body back and forth before the city under the eyes of the grief-stricken parents.

Priam would have cast himself from the

wall had he not been forcibly restrained, and Hecuba's distress was as violent. The noise of their mourning reached Andromache, who clasped the little Astyanax to her bosom and endeavored to throw herself from the walls.

XIV. The Funeral of Hector. The Greeks burned the body of Patroclus with due solemnity, and conducted the funeral rites with proper ceremonial. Achilles neither slept nor feasted. Before the body was burned, he had cut a lock of hair from his head and placed it in the dead hand of his friend. Then after the burial, he again fastened the corpse of Hector to his chariot and dragged it three times around the tomb of Patroclus.

In the meantime, Zeus had become interested, and sent Thetis to prevail upon Achilles to surrender his prize, and Iris to Priam to suggest that he ransom the body of his son. The old King was only too happy to gather his choicest treasures, and guided by Hermes, to go to the tent of Achilles with his plea. As the gray-haired old man knelt and kissed the hand that had slain his son, Achilles said:

> The gods ordain the lot
> Of man to suffer. Beside Jove's threshold stand
> Two casks of gifts for men—one cask contains
> The evil, one the good, and he to whom
> The Thunderer gives them mingled, sometimes falls
> Into misfortune, and sometimes is crowned
> With blessings. But the man to whom he gives
> The evil only, stands a mark exposed
> To wrong—alike unloved by gods and men.
>
> —*Bryant's Translation.*

Through all the shocking treatment that the body of Hector had received Apollo had preserved it unharmed and inviolate, so that when the leader approached the city, and the friends of the Trojan prince followed, Andromache, her little son and all Ilium saw the face of their hero in the glory of its manhood.

Achilles had granted a truce of eleven days, and for nine of these the people gathered wood and built with it a great pile, suitable for the obsequies. On the tenth day they placed the body of Hector on the summit of the pyre and Troy surrounding it saw the torch applied and the body consumed. Then having quenched the cinders with wine, they collected the remains and placed them in a golden urn, buried it and raised above it a colossal heap of stones.

XV. MEMNON. The *Iliad* ends with the death of Hector, and an account of the remaining events of the siege must be sought in other sources.

Fresh allies came to the Trojans, and the siege went on with varying fortune. "Rosy fingered" Eos (Aurora), goddess of the dawn, loved the mortal Tithonus and begged immortality for her husband in order that he might remain with her through eternity, but she neglected to ask for perpetual youth, and as she saw him grow old she shut him up in her palace, where still his feeble voice disturbed her until finally she changed him into a grasshopper. This would not have affected the Trojan War had Aurora not produced a son, Memnon,

King of Ethiopia, and had he not at this juncture come with his forces to the aid of his uncle Priam.

Impatient for the fray, Memnon sallied out the day after his arrival, and at the first onset put the Greeks to flight, but Achilles appeared, a long battle was fought, Memnon fell at the hand of the redoubtable Greek, and the Trojans were driven behind their walls. Eos, seeing what had befallen her son, sent his brothers, the Winds, to carry his body to a place of safety where, as the body was burned, Zeus turned the cinders into birds which fought and fell into the flame, but every year return to renew his obsequies. The tears of Eos may be seen every morning in the dewdrops.

On the Nile near Thebes are two immense statues known as the Colossi and supposed to be of Amenhotep III, but the Greeks named them statues of Memnon, and believed that every morning at sunrise one gave forth a musical note, a wail for the king who fell in the defense of Troy.

XVI. Penthesilea. Among those who came to the assistance of Priam were the Amazons, led by their valorous Queen Penthesilea, daughter of Ares. The cries of these female warriors were quite as disheartening to the Greeks as anything they had met, and it was not until the Queen had killed many of her foes that she met Achilles and was slain by him.

When the Greek saw the beautiful form of his victim and remembered her courageous

acts, he wept without restraint, but Thersites, a low bystander, found to his dismay that Achilles was not wholly unmanned, for when he laughed insultingly at the Greek, that warrior killed him as he stood. Diomedes, who witnessed the tragedy and feared further quarrels among the Greeks, seized the body of the Amazon and cast it into the Scamander, which flows by Troy.

XVII. The Death of Achilles. During the truce between the two armies, Achilles had chanced to see Polyxena, a daughter of Priam, and so infatuated was he by her beauty that he sought to induce the Greeks to grant peace to the Trojans. While Achilles was in the sacred temple of Apollo negotiating the marriage, and wholly unsuspicious of danger, Paris, still treacherous, and prompted by the envious god, shot a poisoned arrow into the back of the heel and severed the tendon of Achilles. This was the only vulnerable part of the warrior, as at his birth his mother, Thetis, had held him by the heels and dipped him in the Styx, whose protective waters failed to touch the spots her fingers covered.

Ajax and Ulysses, prompt to act, secured the body of the hero and carried it to the camp of the Greeks, where the grieving Thetis selected a number of chiefs to award his armor to the most deserving. The council, deciding that wisdom was of greater consequence than mere valor, gave the armor to Ulysses, while Ajax, the only rival claimant, killed himself in his

disappointment. It is related that from his blood, as it fell into the ground, grew a beautiful flower marked on its petals with the first two letters of his name.

Of the great Achilles, gentle and kind to his friends, obedient and respectful to the gods, fierce in battle, unrelenting in anger and revenge, many accounts are given by the Greek writers, but while the various tales differ materially in many points, all unite to do him honor.

XVIII. The Fate of Paris. It will be remembered that Hercules, before he ascended his funeral pyre, gave his arrows to his faithful friend, Philoctetes. The Greeks were informed by oracles that only by the aid of these arrows could Troy be taken, and Philoctetes was away in Lemnos. True, he had joined the expedition against Troy, but early in the struggle he had hurt his foot with one of those same poisoned arrows, and the smell of the wound was so offensive that the Greeks had carried him to the island to recover. Still in the tenth year of the war he was suffering, but Diomedes went to Lemnos and induced Philoctetes to rejoin the army, where Machaon cured the wound. Another form of the story, given by Sophocles, is to the effect that the wound was a festering snakebite, and that he was brought from Lemnos by Ulysses and Neoptolemus.

One of the first victims of the fatal arrows was Paris, whose wicked love for Helen was the cause of all the terrible loss of life. In

THE WOODEN HORSE

THE STRATAGEM OF THE "WILY ULYSSES" TO OBTAIN ENTRANCE WITHIN THE WALLS OF TROY.

acute suffering caused by the poisoned shaft, he remembered his deserted wife, Oenone, and sent to her to come and heal him. The nymph was still unforgiving, and refused her aid until it was too late, but when she learned that Paris was dead, her remorse was so great that she hung herself.

XIX. The Palladium. One by one the defenses of Ilium were falling, but the Trojans still held, strongly guarded in their citadel, the Palladium, a sacred image of Athena which had fallen from heaven as a gift from Zeus to the founder of Ilium. So long as this remained with the Trojans, no enemy could capture their stronghold. The Greeks knew of this, and accordingly Diomedes and Ulysses, disguising themselves as Trojans, entered the city, stole the Palladium, and bore it in safety to their camp. Subsequently it was taken to Greece; or by other accounts, it was secured by Aeneas, taken to Italy and placed in the temple of Vesta at Rome.

XX. The Wooden Horse. The obstinate Trojans, undismayed by their misfortunes, still refused to surrender, and it seemed impossible to take the city by force. Ulysses, who at the death of Achilles had become the leader of the Greeks, proposed to resort to a stratagem, and his followers readily assented. Accordingly, a huge, hollow wooden horse, capable of containing a hundred men, was built, and into it crept its full quota of Greeks. The remainder of the army, having burned their camps and

defenses, sailed away out of sight, leaving the massive structure alone and undefended. What could it mean? The Trojans, seeing the horse and the retreating ships, sallied forth to inspect, accompanied by Laocoön, a priest of Poseidon, and his three sons. The great horse was enough to arouse the curiosity of any one, and the people, relieved at last from the strain of the long siege, wandered at will through the deserted camps and speculated freely concerning the huge wooden statue.

Laocoön alone of the Trojans warned his companions frenziedly against having anything to do with the wooden horse. He knew enough to be afraid of the Greeks, even when they came bearing gifts, and in his excitement he cast his spear against the sides of the horse, which answered with a hollow reverberation like a groan. This suspicious circumstance might have convinced the Trojans, but just then, Sinon, a Greek, appeared and claimed that he had been left behind by the malicious Ulysses. The horse, he said, was a propitiatory offering to Athena, and it was built of such an enormous size because Calchas, the prophet, had told the Greeks that if their statue was taken into Troy, no power could subdue the city. Convinced by the apparent sincerity of Sinon, the Trojans laughed at Laocoön and began to drag the horse to the walls of the city.

Just then something occurred which confirmed the superstitious Trojans in their project. Laocoön had, by his marriage and by his

activity in opposing the removal of the horse, incurred the enmity of Apollo, who now sent over the sea two enormous serpents which, as they landed, scattered the terrified Trojans in all directions. With erect necks and bloody crests, eyes burning with blood and fire, with hissing mouths and quivering tongues, they writhed around the sons of Laocoön and breathed their pestilential breath into the youthful faces. The father, as he attempted to rescue them, was caught in the poisonous coils, and in the presence of the great multitude was strangled with his boys. The famous statue in the Vatican at Rome commemorates this incident.

After such a dispensation from the gods, the Trojans felt no hesitation in tearing down their walls and dragging the great image with its living freight up to the very citadel.

XXI. The Fall of Troy. Great had been the rejoicings in Troy that night, and all the city slumbered deeply or lay in drunken stupor, when Sinon, who had been allowed to come into the city, released the Greeks from the body of the horse, and they opened the gates to the rest of the army, who had strolled quietly up under the cover of darkness. Though some of the Trojans struggled bravely in their last hours, the occupation of the city was comparatively easy. The old King, aroused by the noise, armed himself and would have rushed into the fray but that Hecuba and his daughters implored him to take refuge at the altar

of Zeus. While standing by the sacred altar, Priam saw his youngest son, Polites, stagger into the house and die at his feet. Close behind came Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus), the son of Achilles, and Priam, indignant at the death of his son and the profanation of the sacred shrine, threw his feeble spear against the pursuer and was immediately slain by the furious Greek.

Hecuba and her daughter Cassandra were taken captives to Greece. The latter had a terrible history. Beloved by Apollo, she appeared to consent to his advances and he endowed her with the gift of prophecy, but when she had received the power she refused the god, who in revenge ordained that none of her prophecies should gain credence. Accordingly, through the siege she had foretold continually the events which were to transpire, but no one believed anything she said. Now at the fall of Troy she was torn from the altar and ravished by the lesser Ajax, who, however, paid dearly for the sin. Another daughter of Hecuba, Polyxena, who, it will be remembered, was the innocent cause of the death of Achilles, was, the Greeks believed, demanded by the ghost of that warrior, and accordingly she was sacrificed on his tomb.

XXII. Menelaus and Helen. The guilty Helen had shown some repentance for her acts, and had secretly aided the Greeks on several occasions, especially when Ulysses and Diomedes had entered the city in disguise. She

recognized Ulysses, but said nothing to her Trojan friends, and even assisted the two men in obtaining the Palladium.

Accordingly, after the war she was reconciled to her husband, and they were among the first to leave the shores of Troy. The gods, however, were displeased, and the reunited pair were driven about the Mediterranean and upon the shores of various countries, so that it was long before they saw their native Sparta, but once there they resumed their royal dignity and lived in peace. Their daughter Hermione married Neoptolemus.

XXIII. AGAMEMNON AND CLYTEMNESTRA. Although the Trojan War had ceased and Ilium was destroyed, the consequences of those events were by no means ended. Agamemnon received Cassandra among his spoils and proceeded with her to Greece. During his absence, his wife, Clytemnestra, had solaced herself with her paramour, Aegisthus, and the two now conspired to rid themselves of the returning husband. At a banquet given in his honor, Aegisthus murdered Agamemnon, and Clytemnestra disposed of Cassandra. For seven years the guilty couple reigned over Mycenae. Then the Furies fell upon them. At the time Agamemnon was killed, his guilty wife wished to slay also his son Orestes, because she feared revenge when he grew up. His sister, Electra, however, spirited him away, and he was brought up at the home of his uncle Strophius, in Phocis. Pylades, the son of Strophius, be-

came deeply attached to his cousin, and the warm friendship that always existed between them has become as proverbial as that of David and Absalom. Electra continually reminded Orestes after his return from Phocis that it would be his duty to revenge the death of his father. When he had reached manhood the oracle at Delphi confirmed him in his purpose.

Pretending to be a messenger from Strophius bearing the ashes of himself, he entered Argos in disguise, visited his father's tomb, made sacrifices upon it, and then killed with his vengeful sword both Aegisthus and his guilty wife.

So shocking a thing as the murder of one's own mother could not escape the vengeful fury of the Eumenides, who drove him in madness from land to land. Everywhere he went in his mad career Pylades accompanied him and tenderly guarded him. After a long period of time the oracles sent him to Tauris, whence he was to bring a palladium. It was the custom of the people in Tauris to sacrifice to Athena all strangers who approached the palladium, and both Orestes and his friend were bound and placed upon the altar. It so happened, however, that Iphigenia, one of the daughters of Clytemnestra, was priestess in the temple and, recognizing her brother, she released him and Pylades, took the palladium, and the three reached Mycenae in safety. The Furies, however, still pursued Orestes, and it was not until some time afterward that Athena at Athens

released him from them, when even then half of the council called to consider his case voted to continue the punishment. We shall meet repeatedly in the classics with Agamemnon and his family.

XXIV. Classics Pertaining to the Trojan War. It must have been noticed that some of the heroes of the Trojan War were among the Argonauts, but that more of them were descendants of those mighty men. In a sense, then, the tales that cluster around the great war and the return of the heroes therefrom belong to the second generation of men. The great classics which bear upon this period are the following:

1. The poetic treatment of the gathering of the heroes to recover the bride of Menelaus is found in *Iphigenia in Aulis,* a tragedy by Euripides.

2. The main incident of the war, the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, is the basis of Homer's *Iliad.* The *Rhesus,* a tragedy sometimes ascribed to Euripides, treats dramatically a small portion of the *Iliad.*

3. The events subsequent to the death of Achilles were the inspiration of Sophocles in his two dramas, *Ajax* and *Philoctetes.*

4. Euripides seized upon the fall of Troy as the chief motive in his *Hecuba* and *The Daughters of Troy.*

XXV. Classics Pertaining to the Return from Troy. The favorite subject of the Greek classic poets, if we may judge by the number

of masterpieces extant, is the return of the heroes from the siege of Troy.

1. Aeschylus connects with the return of Agamemnon his great tragic trilogy, *Agamemnon, Libation-Bearers* and *The Eumenides.* The *Electra* of Sophocles and *Electra, Orestes* and *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides are concerned with the same event.

2. The return of Menelaus is related in the *Helen* of Euripides.

3. The *Odyssey* gives the adventurous wanderings of Ulysses.

4. *Andromache,* by Euripides, deals with the fate of the Trojan captives.

It is well to remember that the great Latin epic written in a later age, the *Aeneid* of Vergil, relates the story of Aeneas during his wanderings after the same siege.

THE LAOCOÖN

CHAPTER VII

ULYSSES

FAMILY AND CHARACTER. Ulysses (Odysseus) was the son of Laertes and Anticleia, King and Queen of Ithaca. Laertes took part in the Calydonian Hunt, as we have seen, and was one of the Argonauts. While Ulysses was in the Trojan War, his father lived in retirement, but at the return of the former, Athena restored youth to the aged man. By some writers Ulysses was said to be the son of Sisyphus and Anticleia.

Penelope, daughter of Icarius, a Spartan prince, was a beautiful maiden whose character and conduct were above reproach. When Ulysses met and wooed her, Icarius begged her not to leave him, and even after she was married tried to detain her, but she quietly

dropped a veil over her face and followed her husband. Icarius made no further effort to keep his daughter, but sadly erected a statue to Modesty on the spot where she had so pathetically bid him farewell.

We have seen how reluctant Ulysses was to leave his wife and boy Telemachus, at the breaking out of the Trojan War. While Ulysses was absent, Penelope was besieged by many suitors, whose attentions, however flattering, were anything but agreeable to her. Even when no news came from her husband in the years of his wanderings, she remained true to him and declined to accept the hand of any of them on the ground that she was weaving a robe for Laertes, the father of Ulysses, and could answer none of them until that task was accomplished. Meanwhile, she carefully undid each night what she had woven during the day, and thus postponed her decision.

Ulysses, himself, was considered by Homer as an acute man, wise in the ways of the world, and apt in avoiding danger and in devising schemes to escape from peril when he faced it. He had the wisdom of the gods and was a marvel of hope and courage in times of danger and adversity. Some later writers represent him as cunning, false and mean, and declare that Penelope was far from loyal to her husband in dealing with her suitors during the twenty years of his absence.

II. Ulysses Leaves Troy. We have already told of the activities of Ulysses during the Tro-

jan War, and now undertake some account of his wanderings after Ilium had fallen. Homer's great romantic epic, the *Odyssey,* is the tale of those years.

Gathering his men into his boats, Ulysses set sail for home, but very soon encountered a storm which drove him upon the shores of Thrace, where he landed among the Ciconians, whom he plundered successfully, though he lost six of his brave companions in the foray.

III. The Lotus-eaters. After leaving Thrace, they encountered a still fiercer storm from the north that drove them before it for nine days, until they reached the coasts of Libya and the land of the Lotophagi (Lotus-eaters). Finding no people where the ships landed for water, Ulysses sent three of his men to discover who and what the inhabitants were. The scouts reached a village, and were hospitably received and given some of the native lotus-plant. No sooner had the warriors eaten of the magic food than they lost all desire to return home, forgot relatives and friends, and wished only to remain at ease in the lovely land they had found. As Tennyson says:

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each others' whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;

To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.

When his messengers did not return, Ulysses went in search of them, and found them so sunk in the joys of their lazy existence that he could not persuade them to go with him. Not to be foiled by such a condition, the chief carried off his men by force and tied them under the thwarts of his ships until all were safely out of reach.

IV. Polyphemus. The Cyclopes, of whom previously we have made mention, dwelt in caves on an island of which they alone held possession. When Ulysses at his next stop reached their home, he took one ship and landed to search for supplies.

Bearing a jar of wine as a present, he and his men wandered about until they discovered a huge cave furnished with oil, meat and other provisions a shepherd's home might contain, but in such enormous quantities that he knew the cave must be the home of a giant. While they were busy examining the provender, the Cyclops, Polyphemus by name, returned, bearing near half a forest of firewood on his back. Having driven his herds into the cave, he rolled before the entrance a rock heavier than twenty men could stir, and began to prepare his supper.

Just then he turned his huge round eye about and espied Ulysses and his companions. To the surly inquiries of Polyphemus, Ulysses said that his name was Noman, that he and his companions were Greeks returning from the siege of Troy, and that they craved protection from the giant in the name of the gods. As a reply Polyphemus reached out, seized two of the Greeks, hurled them against the side of the cave and devoured their bodies with relish. It was useless for the Greeks to try to kill the giant, for then they would remain helplessly immured in the cave.

The next morning two more of the Greeks were killed and eaten, after which Polyphemus drove out his flocks and sealed the cave with the great rock. While he was gone that day, Ulysses discovered a strong wooden bar on the floor, which, having sharpened, he hid in the straw on the floor of the cavern. That night Polyphemus supped on two more of the Greeks, and left remaining only four others besides their leader.

While the giant was resting after his meal, Ulysses induced him to drink again and again of the heady Greek wine, until Polyphemus in his delight at a new sensation promised Ulysses that he should be the last Greek to be devoured.

Finally, the giant lay down in a drunken stupor, and Ulysses and his companions, seizing the sharpened beam, set it burning in the fire and then, thrusting it into the single eye of

Polyphemus, turned it around until sight was wholly extinguished.

The maddened giant thundered about the cave trying to find his persecutors, but they were too nimble for the blind and tortured being. The Cyclopes living near the cavern came running at the sound of the uproar, and in their resounding voices asked what was the matter. "Noman is killing me, Noman is killing me," shouted Polyphemus. "If no man is killing you," replied his friends, "it must be Zeus, and you will have to bear it alone." So saying, they left him to his fate.

The next morning his pain was somewhat assuaged, and once more he rolled away the stone, and called to his sheep to leave, not, however, without standing astride the exit and carefully feeling the backs and sides of each animal as it passed out. But the wily Ulysses had foreseen this, and had lashed abreast, in sets of three, fifteen of the strongest sheep, and to the belly of the middle one of each trio clung a frightened Greek. In this way all reached the open air in safety.

When they had regained their boats and put to sea, Ulysses could not refrain from shouting a boastful defiance to the giant, who caught up an immense rock and threw it in the direction of the sound. It was only by the narrowest chance that Ulysses and his companions escaped being submerged by the waves tossed up by the stone when it fell into the water just behind their boat. When Ulysses attempted to

shout again, his men restrained him until they were at a safe distance.

V. The Island of Aeolus. Arrived at the Island of Aeolus, the Greeks landed and were hospitably entertained by that god, and then, after their pleasant rest was over, he presented to Ulysses a bag in which were safely secured all the winds except those that would waft him speedily home. After many days of favoring breezes, some of his restless sailors bethought themselves of the bag given to their master, and, believing that it contained gold or jewels, they opened it and let loose such contrary winds that they were speedily driven back to the island. Aeolus was so incensed at their action that he refused to aid them further, and they were compelled to row the entire distance.

VI. The Laestrygonians. Lured by the fine harbor which they saw on the shores of the Laestrygonians, all the ships except that of Ulysses pulled in and anchored in the calm bay. No sooner were the boats at rest than the inhabitants attacked them, sunk the boats with stones thrown from the cliffs, and massacred the sailors as they swam ashore. Ulysses, safe outside the harbor, could do nothing to revenge his men, and so went sadly on in his single boat until he reached the Aeaean island.

VII. Circe. The Aeaean isle was the home of the enchantress Circe, who had a beautiful palace in its center. Seeing this from a promontory which he had climbed, Ulysses sent one-half of his men, under the leadership of Eury-

lochus, to see if they could obtain provisions, while he with the rest remained to guard the boat. As the emissaries neared the palace, they found themselves surrounded by lions, tigers and numbers of other wild animals, all quite tame, who followed the men about with beseeching eyes. These beasts were men that had been transformed by the sorceress, although the Greeks had no suspicion of the fact. Lured by the sounds of sweet music, the men of Ulysses entered the palace, stated their errand, and were told they would be given everything they needed, but first were invited to feast themselves. No sooner was the gay banquet finished than Circe gave them a magic cup by which, as they drank, they were instantly turned into groveling swine. Eurylochus, however, having become suspicious, had remained behind, so was able to carry the news to Ulysses.

The hero was undismayed by the catastrophe, and though opposed by Eurylochus, set out alone to redeem his men. On the way he met Hermes, who warned him of the danger of Circe and gave him a certain herb, moly, by the use of which it was possible to control her. Circe entertained Ulysses as she had the other Greeks, but when she offered the deadly cup, the Greek rushed fiercely upon her and thrust the sprig of moly in her face, and so subdued her at once. Yielding to the demands of Ulysses, she restored the men-swine to proper form, summoned the remainder from the boat and entertained them all lavishly.

Ulysses, however, became slothful under the wiles of the enchantress, and for a whole year remained there, feasting in her charming society. At last his men brought him back to his senses, and he determined to break his entanglements. When Circe found that she could no longer detain the man for whom she had conceived such an admiration, she aided him in his departure and told him how to avoid the various perils that would beset him. She then sent him to Hades to consult the blind seer, Teiresias, about the return to Ithaca, and Ulysses was informed that Poseidon was incensed at the death of his son Polyphemus, but that the Greek might expect to reach home safely if he did no harm to the herds of the sun-god Helios (Hyperion), which roved the pastures of Thrinacia.

In accordance with her advice, he escaped the Sirens by filling the ears of his sailors with wax and causing himself to be bound securely to a mast, so that when the seductive strains of their music reached his ears, he could not tear himself free. By the advice of Circe, too, he steered safely between Scylla and Charybdis, but not, however, without losing one of his men to each of the heads of the monster Scylla.

VIII. Thrinacia. His experience at Thrinacia was even more terrible. It was his intention to pass there without stopping, but provisions and water were exhausted, and he was forced to land for fresh supplies. Before doing so, however, he bound each of his men by

a solemn oath not to touch one of the sacred animals, and the men kept their promises through the period of their intended visit. But when they were about to sail a tempest sprang up, and they were storm-bound for a month. Their supplies were again exhausted, and they lived for a time upon fish and sea food, but tiring of this, a few of the sailors began to prey upon the herds of Helios. As nothing happened, they grew bolder, and soon all were eating merrily of the god's fat flocks. When they set sail again, they met their punishment, for in a furious storm their mast was struck by lightning, the boat destroyed and everybody but Ulysses drowned in the raging waters. By skillful management the Greek seized upon the mast and floating wreckage, constructed a raft, and in time was washed upon the shores of the island Ogygia.

IX. Calypso. In this island home lived Calypso, the beautiful daughter of Atlas, who received Ulysses kindly and treated him so charmingly that he remained with her seven years. Then Ulysses remembered Penelope, and grew restless for his home. Calypso promised him immortality if he would marry her and remain at Ogygia, but the Greek hero was sated with her charms, and declined. At last he appealed to his special guardian, Athena, and she induced Zeus to send Hermes to command the release of Ulysses. Unwillingly the enamored Calypso consented and gave him the materials to construct a boat.

X. The Phaeacians. For many days Ulysses voyaged safely in his rude boat, until at last he attracted the attention of Poseidon, who sent a storm that wrecked his clumsy structure and left him again a sport of the waves. This time a compassionate sea nymph saw him, assumed the form of a cormorant, and perching upon a piece of wreckage gave him a magic girdle which enabled him to swim safely to land, through waters smoothed into calmness by Athena. Here in Scheria, the country of the Phaeacians, at the mouth of a little stream, he dragged his weary body from the water and kissed the soil beneath him before preparing to make a shelter of leaves for the night.

The Phaeacians were a mystic people, allied closely to the gods, among whom they appeared frequently in times of festivities in heaven. Originally they dwelt near the Cyclopes, but, having been greatly annoyed by the one-eyed race, they moved to Scheria, where they dwelt in peace and happiness or whence they sailed in boats that moved like swift birds without the need of sails or oars and that required no pilot to guide them in their courses. Alcinous, a son of Nausithous, the first king of Scheria (Corfu?), was on the throne at the time Ulysses arrived, and his daughter, Nausicaa, was just coming into beautiful womanhood.

On the morning after Ulysses landed, Nausicaa repaired with her maidens to the shore to wash some of the family clothes, and happened to select the spot near which Ulysses was

sleeping under the leaves. After the washing was finished, the maidens engaged in a game of ball and by their screams and laughter awakened the Greek, who hesitated to appear before them, battered and nude as he was. Still he was in dire need, and concealing himself as much as possible he called to the players. The handmaids ran in affright, but Nausicaa remained, was deeply affected by the story he told, found garments to cover his nakedness and modestly conducted him along by-ways nearly to the palace, leaving him at last in a lonely spot, that vicious tongues might not sully her fame by telling of her kindness to a stranger.

Ulysses waited a proper time and then set out for the palace, and as he did so Athena, who had considerately arranged the meeting with Nausicaa, appeared and guided him on the way. Never had the wandering Greek seen anything so wonderful or so marvelously rich as this glorious palace of Alcinous. We must not attempt a description of its magic splendors nor of the beauty and richness of its gardens. Even the pen of Homer failed him.

Athena concealed Ulysses in a cloud and conducted him into the presence of the King and his council at the very moment when they were discussing his arrival. At the proper moment the shield of invisibility was removed, and Ulysses pleaded his cause to ears prejudiced in his favor. At first he told only of his voyage

from the isle of Calypso, but that so prejudiced them in his favor that they promised him safe conduct to Ithaca. Then public games were celebrated in his honor, and when Ulysses, taunted by the contestants, threw a heavier quoit than any used to a distance farther than any of them could throw, they admired him vastly. Later, when the bards sang of the fall of Troy, Ulysses wept, and the astonished King questioned him so feelingly that he disclosed his identity and told all his wanderings since he had left Ilium.

The enthusiasm of the Phaeacians for their guest was now boundless, and when he was ready to depart they loaded him down with riches, provided him with a swift vessel and an escort, and before long the voyagers were off the coast of Ithaca. Ulysses was at the time asleep, so the friendly mariners landed him quietly and left him in deep slumber beside his chest of treasures. But the Phaeacians were seen by Poseidon as they reached home and, divining what had happened, the revengeful god changed their ship into a great stone at the mouth of their harbor.

XI. Telemachus. In the twenty years that had now elapsed, Telemachus had grown to manhood under the tutelage of Mentor, a wise old man whom Ulysses had left in charge during his absence and whose name is still symbolic of the wise counselor of youth. Telemachus had done what he could to drive away his mother's obnoxious suitors, but his youth and

inexperience prevented him from accomplishing much. Some time before Ulysses landed, Athena, using the form of Mentor, persuaded the young man to go in search of his father and she accompanied him everywhere, advising, directing and controlling his course. Archbishop Fénelon, the famous French writer and theologian, wrote the *Adventures of Telemachus,* in which he traces the expedition and gives many of the conversations between Athena-Mentor and her sprightly pupil.

Athena then urged her protégé to return to Ithaca, and he did so in safety. Fearing some conspiracy against him, he went at once to Eumaeus, an old and trusted swineherd, to make inquiries.

XII. Father and Son. When Ulysses awoke from his long sleep he did not recognize the place, so greatly had it changed during his absence, but while he was still in wonderment, Athena, appearing as a young shepherd, told him where he was, related much that had happened during his absence and especially of the hundred or more suitors who were making miserable the life of Penelope. Ulysses cried out for vengeance, but the goddess counseled prudence and, to enable the warrior to secure a proper revenge, changed him into a ragged old beggar, dirty and repulsive in appearance, and as such led him to the hut of Eumaeus, the swineherd and trusted servant mentioned above.

Thus when Telemachus entered the cot of

Eumaeus, he saw an old man by the fireside, pitied him, and promised him assistance, while the swineherd warned his young master to be very cautious, as there were many plots formed against him. Eumaeus went to the palace and quietly told Penelope that her son had returned, but of course said nothing of Ulysses. Athena now interfered and changed Ulysses back into the handsome, manly form that was his own.

Telemachus, astonished at the transformation, thought he beheld a god, but Ulysses gave his son an affectionate greeting, Athena explained the disguise, and all took counsel on the best manner of punishing the hundred suitors.

XIII. The Plot Against the Suitors. Penelope was at bay at last, and had announced that at a banquet to be given the same night she would give a trial of skill to her suitors, and would marry the one who excelled in the contest. The plotters decided that Telemachus should announce his return, and attend the banquet, as if nothing had happened. Ulysses was to resume his disguise and, as a beggar, traveler and story-teller, seek admission. That he would be allowed to enter was certain, for it was quite customary for story-tellers to entertain at a feast, and no new one was refused an opportunity to show his powers. Telemachus was to treat his father with no more than the kindness that he would show at all times to such a guest, and was not to interfere, no

matter how his father was treated, until the latter indicated that he needed assistance.

Everything proceeded according to plan. Telemachus was received with pretended joy, but badly-concealed hatred, and Ulysses was allowed to go in and attempt to entertain. When he entered the courtyard he barely escaped detection, for Argos, an old and decrepit dog, recognized his master in spite of his disguise, and began barking and jumping so excitedly that he died for pure joy. Ulysses could scarcely control his grief, but he wiped away a tear unnoticed, and the excitement subsided. Ulysses, having entered the hall, was given a portion of food from the table, and was soon the subject of jeers and insults. As the riotous debauchees grew warm with wine, one of them seized a stool and struck the old story-teller. Telemachus barely escaped revealing the plot then and there, but remembering in time, he reproved the suitor in a gentlemanly manner, and the feast went on. Meantime, an old servant cared for the beggar and, as she was washing him, discovered a scar her master had received in a boar hunt, and thereby recognized him.

XIV. The Bow of Ulysses. Penelope saw but one meager chance for herself, and she took advantage of that in arranging the contest. She took from the armory a stiff and powerful bow that had once been given to Ulysses, and brought that with its quiver full of arrows into the banquet room. Twelve rings were

arranged in line down the hall and he who could string the bow and shoot an arrow through the twelve rings was to be the accepted suitor.

Telemachus made the first attempt to string the bow, but was unable with greatest effort even to bend it. One after another tried it, amid the jeers of his rivals, but none could move it. The last suitor failed, and then Ulysses stepped forward asking permission to try, explaining that he had once borne arms and that the bow was not a strange weapon to him. The suitors, seeing in this a diversion to conceal their chagrin, gave their consent, but not without persuasion from Telemachus.

Amid deafening shouts of derision, Ulysses stepped forward, put the quiver over his shoulder, calmly clasped the bow, bent and strung it with perfect ease. Then notching an arrow carefully on the string, he shot it straight through the twelve rings without so much as touching one. Without allowing time for them to recover from their astonishment, he threw off his disguise, fitted another arrow to the bow, and crying, "Now for another mark," shot Antinous, most insolent of the suitors, through the throat. This incident has thus been told in verse:

Stript of his rags, then leapt the godlike king
On the great threshold, in his hand the bow
And quiver, filled with arrows of mortal sting.
These with a rattle he rained down below,
Loose at his feet, and spake among them so:

"See, at the last our matchless bout is o'er.
Now for another mark, that I may know
If I can hit what none hath hit before,
And if Apollo hear me in the prayers I pour."

Thus did he speak, and aimed a bitter dart
Against Antinous. He the beauteous cup,
Twin-eared and golden, carved with curious art,
Was lifting in his hands and tilting up
Close to his red lips, the sweet wine to sup,
And in his mind of murder held no care.
Who could believe, 'mid feast and flowing cup,
One of a crowd, though he far mightier were,
Would for a quest black fate and evil death prepare?

Him with an arrow in his throat the king
Shot. Through his delicate neck the barb made way.
He, falling backward, made the pavement ring.
Down clanged the cup, and where it clanged it lay.
And, ere a man could wonder or gainsay,
Blood from the nostrils the wide floor imbrued.
He in a moment wildly kicked away
The table with both feet, and spilt the food,
And all the place with bread and broken flesh was strewed.

This was the signal for which the plotters had waited. Telemachus and Eumacus sprang to the side of Ulysses, who declared himself the long-absent chief and denounced them for squandering his substance and persecuting his wife and son.

Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look
That withered all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
"Dogs, you have had your day."

—*From Pope's Translation of Homer.*

Eumaeus had bolted the door, and at the beginning of the contest Telemachus had taken

arrows from quivers and weapons from the suitors under the excuse that in the excitement of the contest some hasty soul might injure another, so that the vicious suitors had no proper defense and proved easy prey to the angry avengers, who did not cease from their labors until the last rioter was slain.

XV. Reunited. Penelope had been advised by Telemachus to leave the hall during the contest, and was not present during the terrible slaughter, nor did she know that Ulysses was at home. Weary and disheartened, she had retired to her chamber and fallen into a fitful slumber, from which she was roused by an old nurse who ran to tell her the joyful tidings that Ulysses was once more at home, and that all her persecutors had paid the penalty of their crimes. Overcome by the news and wondering with what reception she would meet, Penelope slowly entered the hall with downcast face and trembling body, and seated herself afar off. Telemachus looked on in wonder; but a few reassuring words from Ulysses put everything right, and with a happy welcoming smile he drew his wife fondly to his side, declaring that all were invited to celebrate as at a wedding, and that he should resume the throne to wander no more.

CHAPTER VIII

A BRIEF HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE

THE SOURCE OF LITERATURE. If we should consider universal literature as an endlessly-flowing stream, we might see in Greek literature the source of that stream and trace it continuously as it swept through the ages. Rivulets crept in from other sources, and here and there a great river of originality joined the stream and, like the Hebrew tributary, lent its color to the flood. Still the main body was of Greek origin, interrupted it may be, but certain to break forth again with renewed impetus. One streamlet, diverted from its parent, passed through Italy, gained volume from Latin soil and, reunited after

centuries, became almost the equal of the parent stream:—but it is useless to carry the figure farther. We may, however, with propriety give here a brief history of Greek literature, trusting the reader, if he finds it uninteresting, to use it only as reference.

II. Unique Origin of Greek Literature. Greek literature had an independent development and a logical and normal one, and in it one may study with easy comprehension the appearance, growth and decay in popularity of the various forms of prose and poetic composition.

Objective and uncritical literature descriptive of events first appeared in verse as ballads and folk songs, which later were collected and unified to form the great epics of that early day.

Next, as emotionalism and self-study gained ground, lyric poetry with its subjective analysis developed, flourished side by side with the later epics, and flowered gorgeously in Greek imagination.

The dramatic instinct once aroused, writers found ready outlet for their ideas in those unique dramas which embody so fully the directness, intentness, naturalness and unity of the Greek mind. There is nothing suggestive of the ornateness which we see in Oriental imagery, nothing of over-elaboration or superabundance of detail. Everything, as in other divisions, is severely and chastely beautiful, even when the passions are roused to their

highest pitch. In this respect the literature shows the same artistic temperament that is manifest in Greek statuary. The dramas were entirely in verse.

If, then, Greek literature is studied chronologically, at least a double purpose is served, for the student obtains a comprehensive and correct view of the whole field, progresses in the natural order of intellectual development, and familiarizes himself with those types of literature which have determined most of the modern forms.

III. The Historic Divisions of Greek Literature. At the first glance three grand divisions appear in the history of classic Greek literature, namely: first, the period extending from the remotest antiquity to the battle of Salamis (480 B. C.), second, the Attic, Athenian, or Golden Age, from 484 B. C. to the death of Alexander the Great in 323 B. C., and third, the period of decline, extending from the death of Alexander to the fall of the Byzantine Empire in A. D. 1453.

A more exact classification in use by many writers on the subject recognizes six periods, viz.:

First. The Age of Epic Poetry.
Second. The Lyric Age.
Third. The Attic Age.
Fourth. The Alexandrian Age.
Fifth. The Graeco-Roman Age.
Sixth. The Byzantine Age.

Using the latter as the basis of our study, we will consider each in brief detail, remembering that it is never possible to draw lines sharply in making the divisions.

IV. The Age of Epic Poetry. From the beginnings of writing to about the sixth century B. C. may be called the Age of Epic Poetry. At the very outset we find two great poems, each perfect in its way, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Yet both give evidence of a long period of preparation, and by their variety in style and difference in form show that they were really the culmination of a long period of skillful practice in the art of poesy and suggest that in each is the work of many hands. However, all is commonly attributed to the blind poet Homer. Without going into the question of authorship at present, it is sufficient to say that the epics undoubtedly embody religious poems used in the worship of the gods and many cycles of ballads concerning the national heroes. We shall recur to the subject later on. Besides these two great epics, there are about thirty-five rhapsodies, or poetic songs of praise, dedicated to divinities and usually called the Homeric hymns, though they undoubtedly are not the work of a poet of Homer's time.

Hesiod of Boeotia is the only other great poet of this epoch, and in contrast to the epics his work is pastoral and homely.

V. The Lyric Age. The earliest poems of this age seem to have been elegiac in their

nature, and through the specimens remaining we can trace the gradual development of the iambic and elegiac forms from their crude beginnings to the polished products of such a master of the art as the satiric Archilochus of Paros (about 650 B. C.).

The forms of verse used in the lyric poetry of that age are many and beautiful, and are aptly in harmony with the subject of the poem.

Of the early lyricists the greatest were the Aeolians, Alcaeus and Sappho (about 600 B. C.). The former wrote on a variety of subjects, from politics to women and wine. Sappho was a passionate woman, the one great poetess of Greece, and well she knew how to express her passion in words.

Anacreon of Teos, who lived about 540 B. C., a writer in the Ionian dialect, was the celebrated poet of pleasure in its sensuous forms.

Alcman (about 630 B. C.), Arion (about 600 B. C.), and Simonides of Ceos (556–468 B. C.) were notable writers, each of whom contributed some special improvement to the form of verse or the art of expression.

The Theban genius, Pindar (522–442 B. C.), was the greatest lyricist of them all, and his poetry, universal in its feeling and covering the whole field of lyric subjects, marks the highest flight of Greek poesy.

VI. The Attic Age. The notable feature of the Attic Age, which corresponded roughly to the Periclean Age in Athens, was the rapid development of prose, which until that time

had been neglected to a surprising degree. The origin of literary prose followed the verse of the drama, but it soon made its presence felt through the medium of historians, philosophers and orators.

1. *Drama.* In reality the drama was highly developed in Greece before prose became an independent form of literary expression, and both tragedies and comedies of wonderful excellence had appeared. Both forms of the drama had originated in the worship of Dionysus, but were practiced separately and by different writers.

a. Tragedy. Though not the first dramatic writer, yet Aeschylus (about 525–456 B. C.), by the introduction of a second actor, raised dialogue to greater importance than choral songs, and in so doing suggested the possibility of the profound picture of life which the later dramas became. Yet his *Agamemnon* is by many rated the greatest of the Greek tragedies.

Sophocles (496–406 B. C.) represented the highest ideals of the Age of Pericles; his characters are noble and express the most lofty sentiments. *Oedipus Tyrannus,* greatest of the seven plays now extant, though he wrote more than a hundred, is by many placed as a rival to the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus.

Euripides (480–406 B. C.) was the exponent of new ideas; he incurred the enmity of Aristophanes and other writers who thought he profaned the sanctuary of tragedy and lowered the high standards of his predecessors. At any

rate, his characters are more human; they speak and act like men and women, and, while he may not have been so skillful in handling his plots, his emotional scenes depict the tenderest pathos and the most intense love and hate. Of his ninety-two plays, only eighteen are in existence, of which *Medea* and *Iphigenia in Tauris* are among the best.

b. Comedy. The Greeks thoroughly enjoyed comedy, and we know of many writers between the sixth century B. C. and 250 B. C. who achieved distinction, but of their plays there are few remaining. The characteristics of many, however, may be determined from comments made upon them by other writers.

Aristophanes (450?–385? B. C.) was the greatest of the earlier writers of comedy and one whom we know best of all, for of his numerous plays we have eleven complete. He was witty and satirical, indulged in farcical situations and broad burlesque, but at the same time showed lyrical power.

2. *History.* Although there were many historical narratives extant prior to his time, it is to Herodotus (about 484 to about 425 B. C.) that writers universally give the title of "Father of History," for he was the first to give unity and order to a vast collection of facts and to write upon them in an agreeable style. Though colored by the ideas and superstitions of his time, his facts are found to be in the main correct. He selected as his field the prolonged struggle between Persia and Greece.

Thucydides (about 455 to about 400 B. C.) took a more philosophical view of things, studied deeply into causes and effects, and produced in his unfinished account of the Peloponnesian War one of the greatest histories ever penned.

Xenophon (about 434 to about 355 B. C.) was a soldier and the author of many works, among the best known of which is his *Anabasis,* still a textbook in classic schools.

3. *Oratory.* In the Attic Age students of Greek literature find ten orators of excellence, one showing perfection in the simplicity of his style, another exhibiting splendor of rhetoric and establishing the standard of literary prose, and so on through the list; but whatever any one may have done, his accomplishments are darkened by the fame of the greatest orator of all time, Demosthenes, who lived from 384 to 322 B. C. In his complete mastery of the language, in the originality and profundity of his thought, in his keen political insight and ardent love for his native country and in his burning zeal in her cause, he stands unrivaled.

4. *Philosophy.* The first philosophical writings of any importance which now exist are those of Plato. True, Empedocles left long philosophical poems, Anaxagoras wrote a famous work on Nature and a number of others reduced part of their teachings to writing, but almost all we know of them, as well as of the teachings of Socrates, is contained in the words of their followers.

Plato (about 427 to about 347 B. C.) was for ten years the disciple of Socrates, and became the greatest pupil of that great master. His work exists in some thirty-five or forty dialogues, expressed in a charming style, partaking of the nature of both poetry and prose and containing the rich results of his experience.

Aristotle (384–322 B. C.) was a pupil of Plato, and made the first scientific classification of human knowledge. To him rhetoric, logic, political science and natural history as sciences owe their origin, and his influence may be traced to-day in our methods of thought.

VII. The Alexandrian Age. The great change that came upon Greece with the conquest by Alexander the Great affected literature seriously and brought about a change in the seat of literary culture from Athens to Alexandria, where learning was not allowed to die and writing kept on apace. However, the learning of this epoch lacked originality of thought and research, and consisted largely of the accumulation of facts and of erudite discussions. All this in a way reminds one of that produced in the time of Alexander Pope, but out of the ruck of scholastic names comes that of Theocritus (about 310 B. C. to about 245 B. C.) whose idyls, mostly of a pastoral nature, have never been excelled. Euclid devised his geometry, and there were other writers of scientific treatises who during this Age did something to advance human knowledge, but we may safely disregard them in this discussion.

VIII. The Graeco-Roman Age. After the Roman conquest, the course of letters set toward the capital, but it was not until the period of the Empire that Rome became the center of learning and culture. To this period, however, must be assigned certain names that belong rather to Greek literature than to that of the country in which we may discuss them. For instance, Josephus, from whose work we quoted in our account of Hebrew literature, was born a Jew, but he wrote in Greek and lived much of his life in Rome. Plutarch (about A. D. 46 to about 120), author of *Parallel Lives,* is one of the world's greatest writers; Epictetus, the philosopher, with Marcus Aurelius and the Neo-Platonists, drew their philosophy from Greek sources, and the Greek fathers of the Church contributed quantities of valuable patristic literature.

IX. The Byzantine Age. For a thousand years after the fall of Rome, the Empire of the East held sway, with its capital at Constantinople (Byzantium). Its language was Greek, and much of the vast quantity of literature produced during that long period has been preserved. Important as it is, however, we may once more decline to consider it, for it did not appreciably affect the course of universal literature, upon whose study we now feel ourselves to have begun.

X. Conclusion. From the preceding summary of the history of classic literature it will be seen that there are only about twenty-five

Greek classic writers of the first class, some of whose works remain to us in perfect condition or in such fragments that through them and in the criticisms and comments of other authors we can form a fairly correct estimate of their work. Before proceeding to a more intensive study of these ancient authors and the literature of Greece, it may be helpful to give for reference a table of the leading names, placed as nearly in chronological order as possible and each assigned to the proper age according to the classification we have adopted.

The date affixed to each name is that which represents approximately the time of the author's greatest activity, namely, when he was about forty years of age. It should be remembered that some of the dates are legendary or uncertain, and that in many cases there is much disagreement among students of the classics. After the name of the writer is given the name of the place of his activity and, in parentheses, the place of his birth, if it is known and is different from the place of his activity.

CLASSIC GREEK WRITERS

I. THE AGE OF EPIC POETRY.

Homer—850 B. C., by Herodotus; later writers anywhere from 900 to 1100 B. C.—(Smyrna? Athens? Salamis?)

Hesiod—800—(Ascra, near Mt. Helicon).

II. THE LYRIC AGE.

Alcaeus—600—Lesbos.

Sappho—600—Lesbos.

Aesop—550—(Phrygia).
Anacreon—540—Teos.
Simonides—520—Ceos.
Pindar—480—Thebes.

III. THE ATTIC AGE.

1. Tragedy.
Aeschylus—480—Athens.
Sophocles—455—Athens.
Euripides—440—Athens.
2. Comedy.
Aristophanes—414—Athens.
3. History.
Herodotus—445—Halicarnassus.
Thucydides—430—Athens.
Xenophon—395—Attica.
4. Oratory.
Demosthenes—345—Athens.
5. Philosophy.
Pythagoras—530 — (Samos) — Croton, Italy.
Socrates—430—Athens.
Plato—385—Athens.
Aristotle—345—Stagirus.

IV. THE ALEXANDRIAN AGE.

Theocritus—270—Syracuse.

V. THE GRAECO-ROMAN AGE.

Plutarch—A. D. 86—(Chaeronea)—Rome.
Josephus—A. D. 77—(Jerusalem)—Rome.
Epictetus—A. D. 90—(Hierapolis)—Rome and Nicopolis.

CHAPTER IX

HOMER AND THE "ILIAD"

ANTE-HOMERIC SONGS AND SINGERS. As has been said, Homer marked a climax of poetic spirit and expression, and is not in any sense to be regarded as the first Greek poet, for there were many who preceded him and many who must have sung in hexameter verse.

Undoubtedly the peasants at their harvests and merry-makings sang devotional songs with more or less of plaintiveness in their music, caused by the belief in the necessity of paying some tribute to the forces that had brought the deaths of autumn and might be induced to revivify the forces of nature at a coming spring.

Personifying the spirit of growth and fruitfulness in the form of a beautiful boy, their lively imagination quickly saw him drowned or devoured by ravening dogs at the change of

seasons. Homer mentions a song of *Linus* that was frequently sung at the grape-picking, and it may have originated in that manner. If Linus was a bard in that far-away time, we have no record of him but this bare mention and the song, *Woe for Linus.*

Another song, *Bormus,* bears the name and tells the story of a beautiful boy who was sent to bring water to reapers in the field, but was seen by the nymphs of the stream whence he took it and by them drawn beneath the surface. Hylas and Adonis were other mythical boys whose early deaths were lamented in song.

Another group of songs was dedicated originally to Apollo and later to other gods and was sung in gratitude and thanksgiving, or with strong hope or confident belief that the assistance of the god would be granted. These, the *Paeans,* were sung at the termination of winter and in war before an attack on the enemy.

Threnos were lamentations for the dead, and were sung usually by a professional, standing near the bier, and were accompanied by a chorus of monotonous cries and groans from the women.

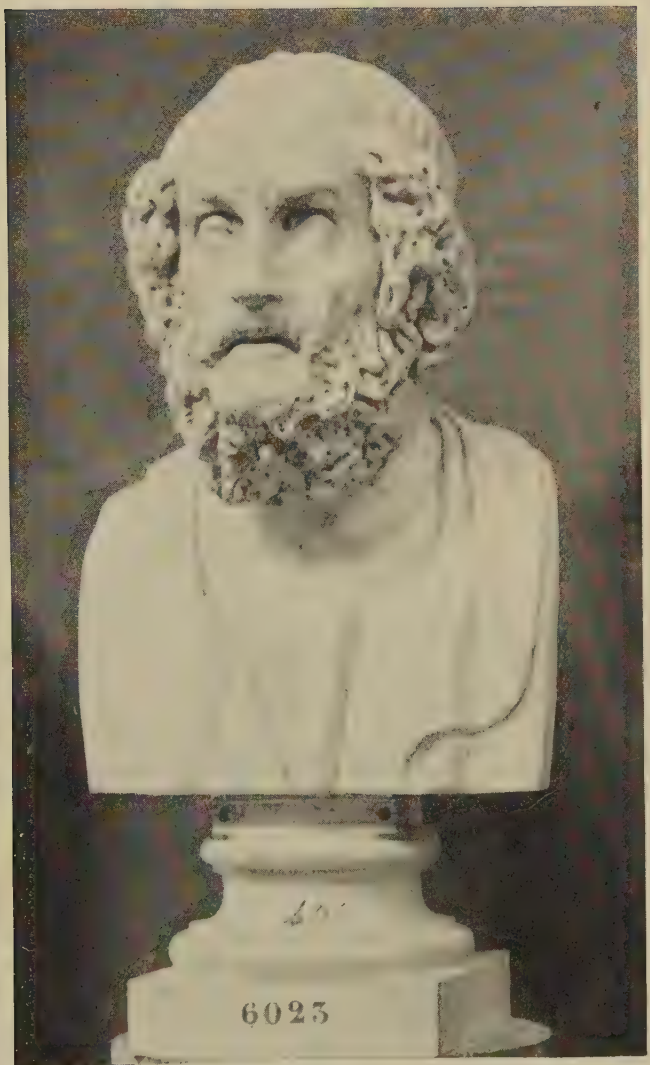
At wedding festivals *Hymenaeos* were sung by a dual chorus, boys bearing burning torches and girls dancing to the music of a harp.

Religious and heroic songs were sung, tradition tells us, by bards who lived principally in and around the mountains of Helicon and Parnassus. Among these appear the figures of Marsyas, who by some is said to have in-

vented the flute, Musaeus, and Orpheus, though their songs have nearly all disappeared.

As has been customary among most primitive people, the bard or minstrel held at the festal board of the Greeks an important place, often flattering the giver of the feast by singing the wonderful deeds of himself or his ancestors. From the manner in which they delivered these epics the early bards were called *rhapsodists,* whether they composed their own songs or borrowed those of other poets. It must be remembered that in such an epoch there was probably no written poetry, that as each bard borrowed the words of a compeer or recited those which had been handed down to him, he probably changed them after his own fashion, and that in course of time there might have arisen many versions of the same incident, agreeing in the main, perhaps, but varying widely in details.

The epic gradually settled itself into hexameter verse as being best fitted to express that loftiness and majesty which would satisfy a rhapsodist chanting the deeds of a hero or give the solemnity and power required by a priestess who delivered the oracles of a god. This hexameter verse is, perhaps, the most important of classic meters. The normal line consists of six dactylic feet, of which the last is catalectic. The dactylic foot receives its name from the Greek word *dactyl,* which means *finger,* because of the resemblance between the joints of a finger and the one long and two



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HOMER

From Marble Bust in Naples Museum

short syllables which constitute the poetic foot. The catalectic foot lacks one of the syllables at the end. Not all lines are normal in structure; in fact, many of them are considerably varied. *Spondees,* or feet composed of two long syllables, are of frequent occurrence, though rarely in Greek is a line composed entirely of spondees. Near the middle of each verse and between two of the syllables of a foot occurs a break or pause known as the *caesura.* Frequently two caesuras occur within a line. There are no rhymes in Greek hexameter, but there is a general adaptation of sound to sense, and a highly musical result is obtained by an apt choice of words.

II. Homer as a Man. Considering Homer as a man and writer, we find few facts concerning him and a remarkable paucity of traditions which can be used to build up a biography. Herodotus declared that Homer lived about four hundred years before himself, but this cannot be true. Later writers assume that he was born about 1000 B. C. and it is said that seven cities contended for his birth. Among them were Smyrna, which seems to be the most favored, Argos, Athens and Salamis.

No fewer than eight ancient biographies are in existence, but upon none of them can any reliance be placed. The one now recognized as a literary forgery, but formerly ascribed to Herodotus, made him the illegitimate son of the nymph Critheis, subsequently adopted by his mother's husband, Phemius. Homer trav-

eled extensively in the Mediterranean countries, collecting the materials for his poems. During his travels he became blind, and after his return spent the remainder of his life as a minstrel, wandering about and reciting his poems in the towns of Asia Minor and the Archipelago.

So much for tradition. What we really know about him must be gathered from his great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. That he existed at all, or that he was blind, is doubtful. The latter tradition possibly arose from his allusion to blind poets or, more probably, from the fact that in that warlike age it was only the crippled or defectives, the aged or the infirm, who could be spared to become poets. The noble bust now in the museum at Naples is purely imaginary, a part of the romance that surrounds his name.

The word *Homer* is derived from a word which means *hostage,* and it is possible that the word is a generic word only and that there was no one man Homer.

III. Authorship of the Epics. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* for unity and perfection are masterpieces of literature in every sense of the word, but at the same time they give evidence of containing earlier poems rewritten to suit the occasion, and of legends that must have many times been sung by bards before they ultimately became fixed in form in the majestic verses of the great epics. There is nothing shocking in the idea that Homer "is the name

of a thing or a fact rather than of a man." The evolution of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is the same as that of the early epics of all great nations. It is not necessary or even desirable to waste time in attempting to settle a question which will trouble scholars for ages to come. What we must realize is that in the two epics under consideration we have a supremely great composition which bears the mark of individual labor. The rich material was accumulated through many channels and doubtless had wandered in many forms, but it required a great genius to fix it in one organic whole.

It has been questioned for centuries, and with much plausibility, whether the two epics are by the same hand; but it seems difficult to believe that two geniuses of so nearly an equal rank as must have been the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* could have appeared at so nearly the same time. It is wonderful that one such man could have lived at so early an age; that two should have lived then is incredible; and the differences in style of the two poems and their apparent contradictions are no greater than might be found in the writings of Dante, Shakespeare or Milton.

IV. Greek Estimation of the Epics. The Greeks themselves called Homer *the poet;* to them there was no other poet of first rank. All questions of religious doctrine and early history were settled without appeal by reference to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey.* School boys

studied and learned them, men mature in years and great in wisdom were guided by them, and even as late as the time of Socrates there were thousands of Athenians who could recite them word for word. Wherever a Greek traveled, he carried his Homer with him and continually taught to others the love and reverence he felt himself. Long after the Greeks had lost their independence their affections clung to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

V. Literary Characteristics of Homer. The two great poems seem filled with an inexhaustible vigor and to revel in a display of almost wasteful energy. The mean, the loathsome, the terrible are depicted with a marvelous force that yields only to the graceful ease in which are pictured the beautiful, the sublime, the pathetic.

The epics show the genius of Homer to have been one of astonishing universality, scarcely equaled in the long subsequent history of the nations of Europe. It is not easy to select a thing in which he excels, for he is great in everything. No matter what the subject upon which he writes, he does not leave it until he has exhausted its possibilities.

The men and women of the Homeric epics are living beings of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, with like feelings and like passions. Under similar conditions with similar temperament, we feel that we would perforce think and act as did those ancient heroes. If, perchance, their language seems stilted, ver-

bose or grandiloquent, yet we feel that the heroes that uttered it were superior to ourselves, thought in larger units and must be permitted to express themselves in stronger diction. The plot is a tremendous one, the characters are heroic or godlike, and their language must partake of the same massiveness and grandeur. In the homely scenes of everyday life, the poet stoops, perhaps, but he never fails to delineate all those little things which make so large a part of life, nor to make us feel the joys or the heartaches of those old Greeks who spent their domestic hours at the altar of Hestia.

Through it all we are bound to see in Homer a man of strong intellect, vigorous thought, human sympathies; one who recognized the importance of little things, but was not overwhelmed by the tremendous events which marked the overthrow of a race, or terrified by the awful consequences of offending the gods.

VI. The Plot and Motive of the "Iliad." In the chapter on the Trojan War we have related many of the principal incidents which are given in the *Iliad*. The chief plot, as anticipated in the opening lines of the epic, concerns itself with the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles and the consequences which grew from it. However, so numerous and varied are the secondary plots and the minor incidents that the main design is overwhelmed in the greater subject, the Trojan War, and it is only by close attention that one

can realize the prolonged unity and harmonious structure of the whole.

The grand motive of the piece is war, and we are never far from the sound of blows or out of reach of military movements. While we are concerned with the quarrel, our chief interest in that lies in the effect it will have upon the siege, notwithstanding the fact that we are already in the tenth year of the war and there is no evidence of an early termination of it. It may be said, in passing, there was a prophecy (Book Two) that it would end in the tenth year.

If we read, however, we find that Achilles is the great central figure. When he sulks in his tent and, refusing to give aid to his companions in arms, threatens to withdraw to Greece, everything goes wrong with the invaders, and they seem ready themselves to give up the contest. The events by which Achilles is again induced to put on his armor are handled with consummate skill. The abject apology of Agamemnon fails to turn him, yet he is moved by his friendship for Patroclus and lends his armor, but it requires the death of that warrior to rouse him wholly from his lethargy and send him raging into the fight. Then, it is through the superhuman exertion of Achilles that Hector is slain, and it is the fury of Achilles that vents itself on the corpse of Hector and brings Priam a suppliant to the tents of the Greeks. Once more, it is the generosity and tender sentiments of Achilles that grant to the

ACHILLES LAMENTS THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS

aged father the body of his son and make possible the solemn funeral rites. To Achilles then is given, properly enough, the credit for the fall of Troy, and we know that throughout the long epic he is the grand central figure.

VII. Secondary Plots and Motives. The secondary plots and incidents are bewildering in their number and variety. Nearly every time a new hero is introduced we are regaled with long stories of his pedigree and early achievements. Sometimes these are narrated by the author directly, but more frequently they are put into the mouths of some of the characters; and two of these, Nestor and Phoenix, in the garrulity of old age, do much of the talking. It is part of the skill of the great poet that he should be able to introduce these numerous byplays without ruining the integrity of his design.

Other scenes in great diversity are introduced unsparingly and placed up against the dark background of war. There are love passages related from the past and others that take place among the characters even in the din of clashing armor; there are pictures of family life, joyous or pathetic, such as the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the grief of Priam at the death of Hector; there are religious ceremonies conducted under the most unfavorable conditions, but they lack nothing in solemnity, and a vast number of minor interludes of infinite diversity that give variety to the tale.

If the major motive is war, the secondary motive may be considered the influence of the divinities on human affairs, the progress of destiny, the spinning of the thread of life under the eye of the gods. Curiously enough, if there be a comic element in the epic, we find it among the divinities. Hera, the august queen of heaven, tricks and abuses her husband, and quarrels with him like a fishwife. Zeus himself forgets his dignity and takes part in the family embroilments, with as great vigor as at other times he enters into the affairs of mankind. In our account of the Trojan War we have given many incidents in which the gods actively took part and shaped the course of events, but what we have said really does not convey a proper idea of the omnipresence of the deities and their active participation in every stage of the conflict. So great an influence do they exert upon the outcome of the main plot that their watchfulness and overwhelming interest is convincingly shown, but we can never quite escape the apparently frivolous treatment they receive at the hands of the poet. For instance, Aphrodite, mingling too freely in the battle, is wounded in the wrist and, when the blood, or whatever sacred ichor courses through her veins, began to flow, she fled to her father for consolation, just as an ordinary mortal would have done. Zeus petted his favorite daughter, while Hera grew sarcastic; Ares, too, was wounded and yelled like a whipped boy. So we might continue.

We may find it extremely difficult to appreciate at its real value the familiarity with which the Greeks treated their gods, but we must not forget that they had a most profound reverence for these same deities and believed implicitly in the awfulness of their grandeur, steady insistence upon right and their supreme control of the destinies of mankind. As we have intimated before, there never has been in the Greek character that seriousness in religious thought which characterizes the Semitic races, and their man-created gods showed the same eccentricities that abounded in their own fallible natures. Accordingly, we may accept as not inconsistent the humanized family life that the *Iliad* shows us existing on Mount Olympus.

VIII. Social Conditions, Etc., and Natural Phenomena. History usually lacks warmth and vitality, because it must confine itself to facts, and any irruption of the imagination is held to lessen the value of the chronicle. But it is only by the use or our imagination upon the facts at hand that we can picture the social conditions of olden times. Now, in the *Iliad* we have not a history, in the strict sense of the term, but we have a historical picture, broad, vivid and convincing, of the life of the Greeks in their prehistoric age. In this fact lies one of the chief merits of the poem. We can form quite a definite idea of the grades of Greek society, of their political, social and religious ideals. We can learn in

what manner they lived, and how they dressed; what they ate, and how they obtained their food. We can recognize the high position that woman held in the home and in public affairs, see the pathos of her situation in an age of warfare, and to our surprise find how much more important a factor she was in Greek life then than in subsequent times which are called historic. Of ships and sailors, of arms and warriors, of the arts and those who followed them, and of the sciences and manufactures and those who led in them, we can form much more than a passing idea.

But the *Iliad* regards man in his relation to an outward world. It does not set events against a background of nature, as is frequently done by modern poets and prose writers. Rather does it make use of natural objects and phenomena to intensify by way of allusion or comparison the effects of human action or to make vivid descriptions of things. The figure of speech by which this effect is produced is most frequently the simile, and the student of the *Iliad* will not have difficulty in collecting a large number of similes which will show not only the wide acquaintance of the blind poet with nature, but which will also exhibit his marvelous skill in handling the figures. As examples of this habitual and remarkable use of the allusion and simile, we will mention but two. The first, from the twenty-fourth book, contains a brief simile and a happy bit of description. It is from Pope's translation:

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high,
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter, with resounding wings,
The imperial bird descends in airy rings.

The second illustration, from Way's translation, appears in the twelfth book, and is thrust into the midst of one of the most thrilling descriptions of an attack upon the wall. It is a fine example of sustained simile:

As fall on a wintry day thick-thronging the flakes of the snow,
When Zeus the Counsel-father bestirreth himself, to show
Unto men what manner of arrows be shot from his quivers of cloud;—
His winds hath he hush'd, and he still snoweth on, till his white pall shroud
High mountain-crests, huge forelands that loom through the laden air,
And the clover-mantled meadows, and menfolk's acres fair;
It is shed on the gray sea's heavens, is fringeth the rocky shore,
But the surge-sweep keepeth it back; all else is covered o'er
With its veil, when heavily earthward the shower of Kronion doth pour;
So flew thick-thronging the stones by foes fast hurled against foes.

IX. Translations. The *Iliad* is written in twenty-four books, and its action is confined within the space of forty-nine days. As many

of the books contain a thousand lines or more, the wonder is that so long a poem should have been so many times and so well translated into English. But none of the translations seems to be satisfactory to such scholars as Matthew Arnold and others who have read Greek in the original to such an extent that they have become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the author and recognize the original beauty and force of the lines. Matthew Arnold in his *Critical Essays* says that a translator of Homer "should above all be permeated by a sense of four qualities of his author:—that he is eminently rapid; that he is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and in his words; that he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas; and finally, that he is eminently noble." In another place in the same essay, commenting upon three standard translations, he says, "Homer is rapid in his movement, Homer is plain in his words and style, Homer is simple in his ideas, Homer is noble in his manner. Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his movement and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and in his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas; Mr. Newman renders him ill because he is odd in his words and ignoble in his manner."

We cannot expect to judge between eminent

scholars, and there are those who uphold each of the translations just mentioned.

To show how widely authors may vary in their rendering of certain passages, we will quote one passage from Book Four. It is thus translated by William E. Gladstone:

As when the billow gathers fast
With slow and sullen roar
Beneath the keen northwestern blast
Against the sounding shore:
First far at sea it rears its crest,
Then bursts upon the beach,
Or with proud arch and swelling breast,
Where headlands outward reach,
It smites their strength, and bellowing flings
Its silver foam afar;
So, stern and thick, the Danaan kings
And soldiers marched to war.
Each leader gave his men the word;
Each warrior deep in silence heard.
So mute they march'd, thou could'st not ken
They were a mass of speaking men:
And as they strode in martial might,
Their flickering arms shot back the light.
But as at even the folded sheep
Of some rich master stand,
Ten thousand thick their place they keep,
And bide the milkman's hand,
And more and more they bleat, the more
They hear their lamblings cry;
So, from the Trojan host, uproar
And din rose loud and high.
They were a many-voiced throng:
Discordant accents there,
That sound from many a differing tongue,
Their differing race declare.
These, Mars had kindled for the fight:
Those, starry-ey'd Athene's might,

And savage Terror and Affright,
And Strife, insatiate of wars,
The sister and the mate of Mars:
Strife, that, a pigmy at her birth,
By gathering rumor fed,
Soon plants her feet upon the earth,
And in the heav'n her head.

A second rendition is the following, by Francis W. Newman:

As when the surges of the deep, by Western blore uphoven,
Against the ever-booming strand dash up in roll successive;
A head of water swelleth first aloof; then under harried
By the rough bottom, roars aloud; till, hollow at the summit,
Sputtering the briny foam abroad, the huge crest tumbleth over:
So then the lines of Danai, successive and unceasing,
In battle's close array mov'd on. To his own troops each leader
Gave order: dumbly went the rest (nor mightest thou discover,
So vast a train of people held a voice within their bosom),
In silence their commanders fearing: all the ranks wellmarshal'd
Were clad in crafty panoply, which glitter'd on their bodies.
Meantime, as sheep within the yard of some great cattle-master,
While the white milk is drained from them, stand round in number countless,
And, grieved by their lamb's complaint, respond with bleat incessant;
So then along their ample host arose the Trojan hurly.
For neither common words spake they, nor kindred accent utter'd;

But mingled was the tongue of men from divers places
summon'd.
By Ares these were urged on, those by gray-ey'd Athene,
By Fear, by Panic, and by Strife immeasurably eager,
The sister and companion of hero-slaying Ares,
Who truly doth at first her crest but humble rear; there-
after,
Planting upon the ground her feet, her head in heaven
fixeth.

The third version is taken from the translation of Edward, Earl of Derby:

As by the west wind driv'n, the ocean waves
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,
Wave upon wave; first curls the ruffled sea
With whit'ning crests; anon with thund'ring roar
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head
Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray:
Column on column, so the hosts of Greece
Pour'd, ceaseless, to the war; to each the chiefs
Their orders gave; the rest in silence mov'd:
Nor would ye deem that such a mighty mass,
So passing, could restrain their tongues, in awe
Of their great captains: far around them flash'd
The glitt'ring armor they were girt withal.
On th' other hand, the Trojans, as the flocks
That in the court-yard of some wealthy Lord
In countless numbers stand, at milking-time,
Incessant bleating, as their lambs they hear;
So rose their mingled clamors through the camp;
For not one language nor one speech was there,
But many nations call'd from distant lands:
These Mars inspir'd, and those the blue-ey'd Maid;
And Fear, and Flight, and Discord unappeas'd,
With humble crest at first, anon her head,
While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies.
The gage of battle in the midst she threw,
Strode through the crowd, and woe to mortals wrought.

When to the midst they came, together rush'd
Bucklers and lances, and the furious might
Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield
Clatter'd in conflict; loud the clamor rose.
Then rose too mingled shouts and groans of men
Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood.
As when, descending from the mountain's brow,
Two wintry torrents, from their copious source
Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet
Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,
Their weight of flood; on the far mountain's side
The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose
The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts.

Alexander Pope was thirteen years making the translation of the *Iliad,* and when it was finished in 1729 it is said that he had been paid about forty thousand dollars for it. Pope did not cling very closely to the original, and at times he even interpolated passages, but he made a strong, free translation which carries with it much of the force and interest and not a little of the beauty of the original. The poetic foot used by Pope is the iambus, which in English consists of two syllables, the second of which receives the accent. This is quite different from the dactylic foot used by Homer. Moreover, Pope writes in pentameter, that is, in lines of five feet each, and his lines are grouped in rhyming couplets, nearly every couplet being a complete clause or sentence. This iambic pentameter in rhymed pairs is known as the heroic couplet. All things considered, we have felt that for our lengthened extracts Pope's translation is the most satisfactory.

X. The Quarrel. The first extract we make from the *Iliad* is taken from the first book and begins after the plague has been sent by Apollo in answer to the prayers of Chryses, the priest, for his daughter Chryseis. The time supposed to pass in the course of the events related in this book is twenty-two days. The plague lasted nine days, one was taken up in the council, with the quarrel of the princes, and Zeus stayed twelve days with the Ethiopians before he returned to be met by Thetis with her petition:

The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire:
"Augur accurs'd! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, forever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phoebus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehood is my honor stain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd;—
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace;
Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.
Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal.
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.

But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain."

"Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies),
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain;
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers."

Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid,
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign;
Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires.—It now remains
We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with laboring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend.
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,

Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
"O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me;
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
To avenge a private, not a public wrong.
What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,—
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"
To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.

Of all the kings (the god's distinguish'd care)
To power superior none such hatred bear;
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestow'd;
For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away;
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway;
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons;—but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince; prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair;
Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence, to all our hosts it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the gods alone."
Achilles heard; with grief and rage oppress'd,
His heart swell'd high, and labor'd in his breast;
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd;
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd;
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care).
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd, to him alone confess'd;
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.

He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:
"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son?—Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."
"Forbear (the progeny of Jove replies);
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies.
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel;
But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
Thy injur'd honor has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway;
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."
To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress;
Those who revere the gods the gods will bless."
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try;
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!

Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs;—or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee),
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This scepter, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings),—
By this I swear:—when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
Forc'd to deplore when impotent to save;
Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."
He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His scepter starr'd with golden studs around;
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now the example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man,
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
"What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.

A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name?
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old, to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led.
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds,
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, even these esteem'd me wise;
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.—
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave.—
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.
Thee, the first honors of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
Him, awful majesty exalts above
The powers of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
Let both unite with well-consenting mind;
So shall authority with strength be join'd.—
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advance'd in age.—
Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

This said, he ceas'd. The king of men replies:
"Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control.
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?

Grant that the gods his matchless force have given;
Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven?''

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:
''Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree;
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
The gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last.
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.''

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd;
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores;
High on the deck was fair Chryseis plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd.
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and cast the ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid.
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid;
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odors to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
''Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),

Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize.
Submit he must; or if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."
The unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands.
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loath to advance, and speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
"With leave and honor enter our abodes.
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.—
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseis bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.—
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare
(That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear),
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece shall bleed at every vein.
The raging chief, in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."
Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad, retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung.
There bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:
"O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;

Sure to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
Honor and fame at least the Thunderer ow'd
And ill he pays the promise of a god,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."
Far from the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
"Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

Achilles tells his mother what has happened and begs her to intercede with Zeus and secure from him the promise that the Trojans shall succeed and thereby prove the great value of Achilles to the Greek cause.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The gods had summon'd to the Olympian height.
Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of ethereal powers;
When, like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea,
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the goddess stood; one hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
"If e'er, O father of the gods! (she said)
My words could please thee, or my actions aid,
Some marks of honor on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonor'd too.

Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud king and all the Achaian race
Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace."
Thus Thetis spoke; but Jove in silence held
The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.
"O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"
She said; and, sighing, thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:
"What hast thou ask'd? ah, why should Jove engage
In foreign contests and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey.
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped;
Witness the sacred honors of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows."
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god.
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook.
Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansions in the skies.
The shining synod of the immortals wait
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapp'd in holy fear,
Before the majesty of Heaven appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All, but the god's imperious queen alone.
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,

And all her passions kindled into flame.
"Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries),
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What favorite goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"
To this the Thunderer: "Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind;
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know,
The first of gods above, and men below;
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul."
Full on the Sire the goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: "Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear; for late was seen,
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favor has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain."
Then thus the god: "O restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what Heaven resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice: the immutable decree
No force can shake; what is, that ought to be.
Goddess, submit; nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
The united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists the omnipotence of Jove."

The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A reverent horror silenc'd all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe.
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interpos'd the architect divine:
"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods, of your debate.
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
Thou, goddess mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the bless'd abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
If you submit, the Thunderer stands appeas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd."
Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way:
"Goddess (he cried), be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong down from the ethereal height;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the sun descended touch'd the ground.
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast."
He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
Then, to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn;
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muses round

With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vùlcan's art;
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

XI. Hector and Andromache. The early part of this book, the sixth, is occupied with the incident of Glaucus and Diomedes, who met between the armies, exchanged reminiscences, and, learning the friendship which had at one time existed between their ancestors, traded armor. In the meantime, Hector has been commanded by the chief Trojan augur to return to the city and petition for the removal of Diomedes, and it was during the lull in the fight, occasioned by the absence of Hector, that the two enemies met. We take up the quotation where Hector enters the city:

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scaean gate.
Beneath the beech tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd; all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go
And seek the gods, to avert the impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd; and rooms of state,
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate.
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.

From Statue by Canova, in the Academy, Venice

HECTOR

Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.
(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
"O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate the almighty power
With lifted hands, from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right."
"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd);
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise.
You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labor'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honor'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare;
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet not lost to all the sense of shame,

The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh, would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here, as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:

"Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defense, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall!
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!"
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.

Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labors, and instructs their hands.
Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke:
"Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us both conspire;
Thy close resentment and their vengeful ire.
For the great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."
"Brother, 'tis just (replied the beauteous youth),
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth;
Yet charge my absence less, O generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief.
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourn'd, in secret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough; now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;

Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."
He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
"Oh generous brother! (if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes deserve a sister's name!)
Would Heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day that show'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurs'd
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine.
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come;
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song."
The chief replied: "This time forbids to rest;
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear.
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain;
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had hence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,

Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
"Not to the court (replied the attendant train),
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane;
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord;
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."
Hector this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scaean gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aetion's wealthy heir;
(Cilician Thebe great Aetion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide extended shade:)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the newborn star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defense of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind;
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,

Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye:
"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he?
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain.—
O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd;
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.
"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to wear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands;
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
"Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.

Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall;
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skillful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig trees join the wall of Troy;
Thou, from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host;
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground
Attaint the luster of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains!
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind —
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,—
As thine, Andromache! Thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.

There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:

"O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame;'
While pleas'd amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,

Photo: Ewing Galloway. From Painting by A. Maignan

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth;
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at every look; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

XII. The Death of Hector. The scene of the twenty-second book lies under the walls of Troy and upon its battlements, and the events occur toward the close of the thirtieth day. Since the time of the last extract, Patroclus has been slain; Achilles, returning in his new armor, has driven the Trojans into Troy, and the gates of the city have been closed behind them.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions rush like driven deer;

There safe they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labors of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly stay'd, chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scaean gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns):
"And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven.
What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labor, and thy present vain;
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

The chief incens'd: "Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way.
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine!
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."

Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along;
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath

Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scaean gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
"Ah stay not, stay not, guardless and alone,
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.—
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd;
Or, worse than slaughter, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung,—my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon,—now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne.)
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast;
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I? unutterable woe!
Yet less than anguish,—less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy,—if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father,—spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;

While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curs'd with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain;
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;—
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps even I, reserv'd by angry fate,
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'tis well;
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigor, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the fates, in fullness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the lifeblood scarcely warm,—
This, this is misery! the last, the worst
That man can feel! man, fated to be curs'd!"
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart.
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast falling the salt tears, she said:
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast;
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.

Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!), should'st thou bleed,
Nor must thy corse lie honor'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear!
Far from our pious rites those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."
So they while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveler approach the brake,
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
"Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
Honor and shame the ungenerous thought recall.
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No,—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust;
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.—
And yet, suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town;

The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land,)
With honorable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.—
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But womanlike to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk;
War is our business, but to whom is given
To die, or triumph,—that, determine Heaven!"

Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendor shone,
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise;
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies;
He leaves the gates, he leaves the wall behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies);
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through the aerial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings,—
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watchtower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass,) smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;

This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows;
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled pursued by stronger might);
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day,
Such as in races crown the speedy strife;
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed
In grateful honor of the mighty dead,
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod or some lovely dame),
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul;
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly.
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky,
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke:

"Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy.
Now see him flying, to his fears resign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man."

Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath?

A man, a mortal, preordain'd to death!
And will no mumurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"
"Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will; I give the Fates their way."
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn,
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapor in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues;—
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe,)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain;
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake;
No less the laboring heroes pant and strain,
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.
What god, O muse, assisted Hector's force
With fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power;
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honors of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below;
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.

Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
"O lov'd of Jove! this day our labors cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove.
Rest here; myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd, and rested, on his lance reclin'd,
While like Deiphobus the martial dame,
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same,)
In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight.
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."
Then he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name,
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore;
Long tried, long lov'd,—much lov'd, but honor'd more,
Since you of all our numerous race alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own."
Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear;
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."
Fraudful she said, then swiftly march'd before;

The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate,
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear: if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due),
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore;
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."
"Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee.
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancor and eternal hate;
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No further subterfuge, no further chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow;
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sang innocent, and spent its force in air.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
"The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven,
To thee, presumptous as thou art, unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least;
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart."
The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear—
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands; then, with a sigh:
" 'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv'd me;—Pallas, 'twas thy deed;
Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succor from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great;
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!"
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,

Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far beaming o'er the silver host of night.
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere,—
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and mediates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where, 'twixt the neck and throat, the jointed plate
Gave entrance; through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well directed dart;
Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour;
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
"At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain.
Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
Forever honor'd, and forever mourn'd;
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the gods devour."
Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death:
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer,—
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;

Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."
"No, wretch accurs'd!" relentless he replies;
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes;)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame,—
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew;
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phoebus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scaean gate."
He ceas'd. The Fates suppress'd his laboring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies:
"Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven ordain,
I follow thee." He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size;
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace:
"How chang'd that Hector, who like Jove of late

Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!''
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
''Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death hath seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.—
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your paeans sing.
Be this the song, slow moving toward the shore:
'Hector is dead, and Ilion is not more.' ''
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred;
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead;)
The nervous ankles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine and long descending hair
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonor'd in his native land,

DEATH OF HECTOR

Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!
The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerable gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe;
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
"Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls.
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none,)
And bow before the murderer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One not exempt from age and misery;
(Vigorous no more, as when in royal grace
He got this pest of me and all my race.)
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last; thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
O had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!

Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!"
Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears;
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears:)
"Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defense of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!"
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Not e'en his stay without the Scaean gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return
In vain; alas! her lord returns no more;
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamors reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
And thus, astonish'd to her maids she calls:
"Ah, follow me! (she cried) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,

Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate.
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd forever in the arms of death."
She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes;
She faints, she falls; her breath, her color flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain:
"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes we came,
At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aetion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms forever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire; no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Even from his own paternal roof expell'd,

Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends;
He, wretched outcast of mankind, appears
Forever sad, forever bath'd in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded, he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread;
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the suceeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, 'Begone! thy father feasts not here;'
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn;
He who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah, what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.—
But thou, my Hector, liest expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care;
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honor to the living, not the dead!''
So spake the mournful dame; her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

XIII. Redeeming the Body of Hector. The twenty-fourth is the final book of the *Iliad,*

and it treats of the recovery and the disposition of the body of Hector. After his death, the gods deliberate as to what shall be done with the body and whether or no it shall be allowed proper burial. At length Zeus decides that the body shall be returned to the sorrowing father, sends Iris to Priam to persuade him to go in person for the body, and sends Thetis to encourage Achilles to grant the old man's request. At Troy Hecuba uses every argument to dissuade Priam from undertaking the dangerous journey, but he is deaf to all her entreaties. The few lines which follow are concerned with the funeral obsequies:

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around.
Before the inspiring god that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round.
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
On firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state
(The work of soldiers), where the hero sat.
Large was the door, whose well compacted strength
A solid pine tree barr'd of wondrous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,

And thus reveal'd: "Hear, prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand.
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell; to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favors of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies.
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car;
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent.
There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon attendance gave;
These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made,
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears:
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbrued
Even with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd,
All gaze, all wonder,—thus Achilles gaz'd;
Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise,
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes;
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

"Ah think, thou favor'd of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;

His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think from some powerful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came;
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame.
Nineteen one mother bore—dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defense.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!

"For him through hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

"Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched; there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe,
And now the mingled tides together flow;
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er;

A father one, and one a son deplore.
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
The infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd,
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting; then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:
"Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise, then; let reason mitigate your care;
To mourn avails not; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most he mingles both; the wretch decreed
To taste the bad unmix'd, is curs'd indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meager famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere;
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power!
What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given;
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heaven
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway;
An only son; and he, alas! ordain'd

To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou, too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain.
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!''

To whom the king: ''O favor'd of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
O give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts; I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy.
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!''

''Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes),
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend.
For know, from Jove my goddess mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame,)
Nor comest thou but by heaven; nor comest alone,
Some gods impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd.
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land.
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,

And shake the purpose of my soul no more."
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend.
(Whom most he honor'd, since he lost his friend;)
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom), from the polish'd car
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; lest the unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed;
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:
"If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine."
He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sate;
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun:
"Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies,
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes;
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand reflection, and to rest invite;
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,

A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine.
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve the avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them, none;
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone.)
The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
The unhappy race the honors of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will),
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings;
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
The rock forever lasts, the tears forever flow.
"Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."
He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide;
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd.
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,

The wondering hero eyes his royal guest.
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:
"Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to steep
My care-full temples in the dew of sleep;
For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear
Lest any Argive, at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take,
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honor'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer.
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector; for, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey."
"If, then, thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honors to the dead,
This of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request;
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;

The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!"
"This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy;
Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy."
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest;
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The power descending hover'd o'er his head:
"And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said:)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age,—and offer all in vain."
Wak'd with the word the trembling sire arose,
And rais'd his friend; the god before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove,)
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprang through the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charg'd with the mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near,
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier,)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,

Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow;
Your common triumph, and your common woe."
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains;
In every face the selfsame grief is shown,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scaea's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair.
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay,
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:
"Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound;
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
"And oh, my Hector! Oh, my lord! (she cries)
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms forever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!

From Drawing by Flaxman

FUNERAL OF HECTOR

"IN EVERY FACE THE SELFSAME GRIEF IS SHOWN,
AND TROY SENDS FORTH ONE UNIVERSAL GROAN."

Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore.
Thou too, my son, to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword,
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord.
Or else some Greek whose father press'd the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe;
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part:
"O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by Heaven approv'd,
And by the immortals even in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);

Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair! as Phoebus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears;
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind;
When others curs'd the authoress of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow;
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister, with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery.
The fate I caus'd, forever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!"
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye.
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around the infecious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:
"Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honors to the dead."

CHAPTER X

THE "ODYSSEY"

THE "ILIAD" AND "ODYSSEY" COMPARED. If we conceive the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* both to have been written by the same man, we could imagine the former to have been composed in the exuberant spirit of youth, while the latter was written with the mature intellect and wide experience of full manhood. The *Odyssey* is a more workmanlike poem, both in plot and execution. It contains a central idea, handled skillfully throughout and nowhere overwhelmed by details. There is no secondary interest that even approaches that of the general theme. While the *Odyssey* is in a sense related to the Trojan War, that great struggle is so far in the past that at no time does it overshadow the interest in Ulysses or even form a background for the incidents of the great story. In the *Iliad* Achilles may be

called the central figure, but at times the interest of the reader is quite as much absorbed by Hector. In the *Odyssey* no one, not even Telemachus, rises to a par with Odysseus.

II. The Plot. As we have said, the hero of the poem is Ulysses (Odysseus), and in the chapter devoted to him in this book we have given the principal adventures with which he met on his return from the Trojan War. In the *Odyssey* the events are not related in the same direct manner. At the beginning of the poem the hero has already spent seven years in the island of Calypso, lost to all mankind. It is he who relates to his willing auditors the story of these wanderings, but the climax of the plot is reached in direct narrative and finds its place in the expulsion of Penelope's suitors from his home in Ithaca.

In the handling of the plot the poet makes use for the first time of the scheme which has since become an established method of procedure among story writers and one which may be traced through a very large portion of the well-constructed novels and narrative poems of modern times. This scheme involves the hero in successive entanglements of various kinds, leads him farther and farther away from the point at which he started and surrounds him with a mass of complications from which it appears difficult to escape. When this process has been carried far enough, the author begins to solve the problems he has raised, to disentangle the knotted threads of his plot, and final-

ly to make clear in the climax what has seemed shrouded in doubt or mystery.

In the *Iliad* we saw none of this complication nor final disentanglement, for events marched on in an orderly manner that was always clear and evident. There was a certain interest in uncertainty, but it was not an artificial uncertainty created for the occasion. In a sense, then, the *Odyssey* may be said to be more artificial than the *Iliad*.

III. Secondary Plot. Into the main plot is woven a second one which, while it renders the epic more interesting and richer, at the same time complicates it, and perhaps renders it less natural. While Ulysses is on his wanderings, the domestic life of his family gives opportunity for this secondary plot, in which the most prominent character is Penelope, the faithful wife, although our interest in the son is scarcely less deep. In addition to these, the father, Laertes, and at least three humble servants are faithful to Ulysses in spite of his long absence. On the other side are the hundred suitors and a few servants. In a sense this secondary plot is double, one part consisting of the persecutions of Penelope and her efforts to escape them; the other, the effort of Telemachus to find his father, in order that he might release his mother from her persecutors. The climax of the main plot is the climax of the secondary one, when all problems are solved and all questions settled in the return of Ulysses and the fight in the banquet hall.

IV. Intervention of the Gods. As in the *Iliad,* the gods are constantly intervening and making themselves at home in the affairs of Ulysses, but there are only two who make it their special business to watch and guide the adventures of the hero. These are Poseidon and Athena, the former the enemy, and the latter the friend, of Ulysses. Throughout the early part of the plot, Poseidon is everywhere present. It is he who drives Ulysses farther and farther from home, complicates all his affairs and brings about the entanglements of which we have already spoken. It is not until Poseidon has apparently done his worst that Athena visibly steps in and shows her interest in her protégé. Then the plot begins to unravel. It is evident by what she says at one time that she has always been interested in the fate of Ulysses and intended to protect him and lead him home, but she did not wish an overt quarrel with Poseidon nor show herself conspicuously a friend of the Greek warrior. Accordingly, in about half of the incidents which go to make up the main plot, Ulysses, followed by Poseidon, is unfortunate. In the remainder, counseled and led by Athena, he obtains his wishes and marches on to the happy outcome of all his difficulties.

V. Incidents and Independent Stories. Involved with the two plots are a number of stories which revolve about the main characters, but which might be eliminated without injury to the main story. Some half dozen of

these consist of the relation of historic feats of Ulysses which tend to show his resourcefulness, but which occurred during the Trojan War or at an earlier time. These are not to be confounded with the incidents which occur in the elaboration of the main plot, for those follow in orderly sequence and occur in the years of wandering. One of these feats we find in the tale of the strife with Ajax; another accounts for a scar given Ulysses by a wild boar, and a third shows his connection with the Wooden Horse.

VI. The Handling of the Plot. As we shall observe when we come to the study of the Greek drama, the restrictions of the stage compelled a strict limitation in time of action, which in almost every instance was confined to one day. Therefore it was necessary to plunge at once into the midst of things and to relate thereafter, as the subject matter was suggested, the incidents which led up to that peculiar complication which was then to be solved. This was a method foreshadowed by Homer in handling the plot of the *Odyssey*. At the very beginning of the poem we find a number of intimations of the denouement; we learn that the gods are interested in the return of Ulysses, that Penelope is in dire trouble, that Telemachus is in search of his father, and we suspect that the return of the father will clear up the situation. Not until after all this do we meet Ulysses, who is on the island of Calypso. Then we go with him to the magic land of the

Phaeacians, and at the banquet hear the tale of his wanderings up to date. It is from that point that we go with him to the conclusion of the long story. By means of this partially-inverted order of incidents our interest is excited, our curiosity is aroused, and we have placed before us in a mass the tangled web which we must unravel.

VII. The Scenes. The scenes among which these heroic incidents are cast form a harmonious background for the wonders of the events. We are led to the uttermost parts of the earth, as the Greeks knew it or could imagine it; we have glimpses of torrid climes and arctic cold; we enter cities and palaces and live among herdsmen and in pastoral lands; and thrown over all is the grandeur of the supernatural. The island of Circe is a land of mystic drugs and charms; the Lotus-eaters dwell among scenes of entrancing earthly beauty; Aeolus lives in a cave on a floating island bounded by abrupt, brazen cliffs; the cave of the monstrous Polyphemus is dark and forbidding, but its illimitable spaces are filled with the simple products of pastoral life; and the Phaeacians, with their cloudlike boats, sail to their magic island at the very extremity of the earth.

VIII. Style. In style the *Odyssey* is not unlike the *Iliad,* but there is greater directness in force, combined with more perfect perspicuity. It is a great poem, not only in form, but also in style; in fact, as Moulton says, it is "perhaps the most universally charming poem

in all literature." It shows us the Greek narrative refined, perfected; a model in style for all ages to come. The extracts which are to form the concluding sections of this chapter are taken from the translation of the *Odyssey* by William Cowper, the English poet.

IX. NAUSICAA. The first meeting between Ulysses and Nausicaa is thus described:

The Princess, then, casting the ball toward
A maiden of her train, erroneous threw
And plunged it deep into the dimpling stream.
All shrieked; Ulysses at the sound awoke,
And, sitting, meditated thus the cause:
"Ah me! what mortal race inhabit here?
Rude are they, contumacious and unjust?
Or hospitable, and who fear the gods?
So shrill the cry and feminine of nymphs
Fills all the air around, such as frequent
The hills, clear fountains, and herbaceous meads.
Is this a neighborhood of men endued
With voice articulate? But what avails
To ask; I will myself go forth and see."
So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath
His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood
A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd
A decent screen effectual, held before.
So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,
The mountain-lion, conscious of his strength,
Whom winds have vex'd and rains; fire fills his eyes,
And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer
He find, he rends them, and, adust for blood,
Abstains not even from the guarded fold,
Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the Chief,
All naked as he was, left his retreat,
Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd.
Him foul with sea foam horror-struck they view'd,
And o'er the jutting shores fled all dispersed.

Nausicaa alone fled not; for her
Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs,
By pow'r divine, all tremor took away.
Firm she expected him; he doubtful stood,
Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees
Embracing, or aloof standing, to ask
In gentle terms discreet the gift of clothes,
And guidance to the city where she dwelt.
Him so deliberating, most, at length,
This counsel pleas'd; in suppliant terms aloof
To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,
The virgin should that bolder course resent.
Then gentle, thus, and well-advised he spake.
"Oh Queen! thy earnest suppliant I approach.
Art thou some goddess, or of mortal race?
For if some goddess, and from heaven arrived,
Diana, then, daughter of mighty Jove
I deem thee most, for such as hers appear
Thy form, thy stature, and thy air divine.
But if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,
Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,
And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy
Which always for thy sake, their bosoms fill,
When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,
Ent'ring majestic on the graceful dance.
But him beyond all others blest I deem,
The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers,
Shall win and lead thee to his honor'd home.
For never with these eyes a mortal form
Beheld I comparable aught to thine,
In man or woman. Wonder-wrapt I gaze.
Such erst, in Delos, I beheld a palm
Beside the altar of Apollo, tall,
And growing still (for thither too I sail'd,
And num'rous were my followers in a voyage
Ordain'd my ruin); and as then I view'd
That palm long time amazed, for never grew
So straight a shaft, so lovely from the ground,
So, Princess! thee with wonder I behold,

Charm'd into fixt astonishment, by awe
Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,
For I am one on whom much woe hath fall'n.
Yesterday I escaped (the twentieth day
Of my distress by sea) the dreary Deep;
For, all those days, the waves and rapid storms
Bore me along, impetuous from the isle
Ogygia; till at length the will of heav'n
Cast me, that I might also here sustain
Affliction on your shore; for rest, I think,
Is not for me. No. The immortal gods
Have much to accomplish ere that day arrive.
But, oh Queen, pity me! who after long
Calamities endured, of all who live
Thee first approach, nor mortal know beside
Of the inhabitants of all the land.
Show me your city; give me, although coarse,
Some cov'ring (if coarse cov'ring *thou* canst give)
And may the gods thy largest wishes grant,
House, husband, concord! for of all the gifts
Of heav'n, more precious none I deem, than peace
'Twixt wedded pair, and union undissolved;
Envy torments their enemies, but joy
Fills ev'ry virtuous breast, and most their own."

To whom Nausicaa the fair replied:
"Since, stranger! neither base by birth thou seem'st,
Nor unintelligent (but Jove, the King
Olympian, gives to good and bad alike
Prosperity according to his will,
And grief to thee, which thou must patient bear),
Now, therefore, at our land and city arrived,
Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside
Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn.
I will both show thee where our city stands,
And who dwell here. Phaeacia's sons possess
This land; but I am daughter of their King
The brave Alcinous, on whose sway depends
For strength and wealth the whole Phaeacian race."

She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave

Instant commandment: "My attendants, stay!
Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the sight
Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes
Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not,
Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come
An enemy to the Phaeacian shores,
So dear to the immortal gods are we.
Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold
Our dwelling, utmost of all human-kind,
And free from mixture with a foreign race.
This man, a miserable wand'rer comes,
Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor
And stranger are from Jove, and trival gifts
To such are welcome. Bring ye therefore food
And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,
And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most."
She spake; they stood, and by each other's words
Encouraged, placed Ulysses where the bank
O'erhung the stream, as fair Nausicaa bade,
Daughter of King Alcinous the renow'd.
Apparel also at his side they spread,
Mantle and vest, and, next, the limpid oil
Presenting to him in the golden cruse,
Exhorted him to bathe in the clear stream.

X. The Phaeacian Banquet. The friendly contests among the Phaeacians and one of the songs sung by the bard are described thus:

"Phaeacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend!
We have regaled sufficient, and the harp
Heard to satiety, companion sweet
And seasonable of the festive hour.
Now go we forth for honorable proof
Of our address in games of ev'ry kind,
That this our guest may to his friends report,
At home arriv'd, that none like us have learn'd
To leap, to box, to wrestle, and to run."
So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests

All follow'd, and the herald hanging high
The sprightly lyre, took by his hand the bard
Demodocus, whom he the self-same way
Conducted forth, by which the Chiefs had gone
Themselves, for that great spectacle prepared.
They sought the forum; countless swarm'd the throng
Behind them as they went, and many a youth
Strong and courageous to the strife arose.

. . . . . .

Of these, some started for the runner's prize.
They gave the race its limits. All at once
Along the dusty champaign swift they flew.
But Clytoneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd
All competition; far as mules surpass
Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,
So far before all others he arrived
Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood.
Some tried the wrestler's toil severe, in which
Euryalus superior proved to all.
In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd;
Elatreus most successful hurled the quoit,
And at the cestus, last, the noble son
Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd.
When thus with contemplation of the games
All had been gratified, Alcinous' son
Laodamas, arising, then address'd:

"Friends! ask we now the stranger, if he boast
Proficiency in aught. His figure seems
Not ill; in thighs, and legs, and arms he shows
Much strength, and in his brawny neck; nor youth
Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears
With num'rous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.
Nor know I hardships in the world so sure
To break the strongest down, as those by sea."

Then answer thus Euryalus return'd:
"Thou hast well said, Laodamas; thyself
Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth."

Which when Alcinous' noble offspring heard,
Advancing from his seat, amid them all

He stood, and to Ulysses thus began:
"Stand forth, oh guest, thou also; prove thy skill
(If any such thou hast) in games like ours,
Which, likeliest, thou hast learn'd; for greater praise
Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know
His feet to exercise and hands aright.
Come then; make trial; scatter wide thy cares,
We will not hold thee long; the ship is launch'd
Already, and the crew stand all prepared."
To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd:
"Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd
Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits?
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,
And with far other struggles worn, here sit
Desirous only of conveyance home
For which both King and people I implore."
Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd:
"I well believ'd it, friend! in thee the guise
I see not of a man expert in feats
Athletic, of which various are perform'd
In ev'ry land; thou rather seem'st with ships
Familiar; one, accustom'd to control
Some crew of trading mariners; well-learn'd
In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired
By rapine, but of no gymnastic pow'rs."
To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied:
"Thou hast ill spoken, sir, and like a man
Regardless whom he wrongs. Therefore the gods
Give not endowments graceful in each kind,
Of body, mind, and utt'rance, all to one.
This man in figure less excels, yet Jove
Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd
Behold him, while with modest confidence
He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,
And in the streets is gazed on as a god!
Another, in his form the Pow'rs above
Resembles, but no grace around his words
Twines itself elegant. So, thou in form
Hast excellence to boast; a god employ'd

To make a master-piece in human shape,
Could but produce proportions such as thine;
Yet hast thou an untutor'd intellect.
Thou much hast moved me; thy unhandsome phrase
Hath roused my wrath; I am not, as thou say'st,
A novice in these sports, but took the lead
In all, while youth and strength were on my side.
But I am now in bands of sorrow held,
And of misfortune, having much endured
In war, and buffeting the boist'rous waves.
Yet, though with mis'ry worn, I will essay
My strength among you; for thy words had teeth
Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof."
He said; and mantled as he was, a quoit
Upstarting, seized, in bulk and weight all those
Transcending far, by the Phaeacians used.
Swiftly he swung, and from his vig'rous hand
Sent it. Loud sang the stone, and as it flew
The maritime Phaeacians low inclined
Their heads beneath it; over all the marks,
And far beyond them, sped the flying rock.
Minerva, in a human form, the cast
Prodigious measur'd, and aloud exclaim'd:
"Stranger! the blind himself might with his hands
Feel out the 'vantage here. Thy quoit disdains
Fellowship with a crowd, borne far beyond.
Fear not a losing game; Phaeacian none
Will reach thy measure, much less overcast."
She ceased; Ulysses, hardy Chief, rejoiced
That in the circus he had found a judge
So favorable, and with brisker tone,
As less in wrath, the multitude address'd:
"Young men, reach this, and I will quickly heave
Another such, or yet a heavier quoit.
Then, come the man whose courage prompts him forth
To box, to wrestle with me, or to run;
For ye have chafed me much, and I decline
No strife with any here, but challenge all
Phaeacia, save Laodamas alone.

He is mine host. Who combats with his friend?
To call to proof of hardiment the man
Who entertains him in a foreign land,
Would but evince the challenger a fool,
Who, so, would cripple his own interest there.
As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,
But wish for trial of you, and to match
In opposition fair my force with yours.
There is no game athletic in the use
Of all mankind, too difficult for me;
I handle well the polish'd bow, and first
Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark,
Although a throng of warriors at my side
Imbattled, speed their shafts at the same time.
Of all Achaia's sons who erst at Troy
Drew bow, the sole who bore the prize from me
Was Philoctetes; I resign it else
To none now nourish'd with the fruits of earth.
Yet mean I no comparison of myself
With men of ancient times, with Hercules,
Or with Oechalian Eurytus, who, both,
The gods themselves in archery defied.
Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet
Old age he reach'd; him, angry to be call'd
To proof of archership, Apollo slew.
But if ye name the spear, mine flies a length
By no man's arrow reach'd; I fear no foil
From the Phaeacians, save in speed alone;
For I have suffer'd hardships, dash'd and drench'd
By many a wave, nor had I food on board
At all times, therefore I am much unstrung."

He spake; and silent the Phaeacians sat,
Of whom alone Alcinous thus replied:

"Since, stranger, not ungraceful is thy speech,
Who hast but vindicated in our ears
Thy question'd prowess, angry that this youth
Reproach'd thee in the presence of us all,
That no man qualified to give his voice
In public, might affront thy courage more;

Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,
While feasting with thy children and thy spouse,
Thou may'st inform the Heroes of thy land
Even of our proficiency in arts
By Jove enjoin'd us in our father's days.
We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet
The wrestler's; but light-footed in the race
Are we, and navigators well-inform'd.
Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.
Come, ye Phaeacians, beyond others skill'd
To tread the circus with harmonious steps,
Come, play before us; that our guest, arrived
In his own country, may inform his friends
How far in seamanship we all excel,
In running, in the dance, and in the song.
Haste! bring ye to Demodocus his lyre
Clear-toned, left somewhere in our hall at home."

So spake the godlike King, at whose command
The herald to the palace quick return'd
To seek the charming lyre. Meantime arose
Nine arbiters, appointed to intend
The whole arrangement of the public games,
To smooth the circus floor, and give the ring
Its compass, widening the attentive throng.
Ere long the herald came, bearing the harp,
With which Demodocus supplied, advanced
Into the middle area, around whom
Stood blooming youths, all skillful in the dance.
With footsteps justly timed all smote at once
The sacred floor; Ulysses wonder-fixt,
The ceaseless play of twinkling feet admired.

Then, tuning his sweet chords, Demodocus
A jocund strain began, his theme, the loves
Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd;
How first, clandestine, they embraced beneath
The roof of Vulcan, her, by many a gift
Seduced, Mars won, and with adult'rous lust
The bed dishonor'd of the King of fire.

The sun, a witness of their amorous sport,
Bore swift the tale to Vulcan; he, apprized
Of that foul deed, at once his smithy sought,
In secret darkness of his inmost soul
Contriving vengeance; to the stock he heav'd
His anvil huge, on which he forged a snare
Of bands indissoluble, by no art
To be untied, durance for ever firm.
The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth,
To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,
Where, stretching them from post to post, he wrapp'd
With those fine meshes all his bed around,
And hung them num'rous from the roof, diffused
Like spiders' filaments, which not the gods
Themselves could see, so subtle were the toils.
When thus he had encircled all his bed
On ev'ry side, he feign'd a journey thence
To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn
The earth, the city that he favors most.
Nor kept the god of the resplendent reins
Mars, drowsy watch, but seeing that the famed
Artificer of heav'n had left his home,
Flew to the house of Vulcan, hot to enjoy
The goddess with the wreath-encircled brows.
She, newly from her potent Sire return'd
The son of Saturn, sat. Mars, ent'ring, seiz'd
Her hand, hung on it, and thus urg'd his suit:
"To bed, my fair, and let us love! for lo!
Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone,
And to the Sintians, men of barb'rous speech."
He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too
Like him inclined; so then, to bed they went,
And as they lay'd them down, down stream'd the net
Around them, labor exquisite of hands
By ingenuity divine inform'd.
Small room they found, so prison'd; not a limb
Could either lift, or move, but felt at once
Entanglement from which was no escape.
And now the glorious artist, ere he yet

Had reach'd the Lemnian isle, limping, return'd
From his feign'd journey, for his spy the sun
Had told him all. With aching heart he sought
His home, and, standing in the vestibule,
Frantic with indignation roar'd to heav'n,
And roar'd again, summoning all the gods:
"Oh Jove! and all ye Pow'rs for ever blest!
Here; hither look, that ye may view a sight
Ludicrous, yet too monstrous to be borne,
How Venus always with dishonor loads
Her cripple spouse, doting on fiery Mars!
And wherefore? for that he is fair in form
And sound of foot, I ricket-boned and weak.
Whose fault is this? Their fault, and theirs alone
Who gave me being; ill-employ'd were they
Begetting me, one, better far unborn.
See where they couch together on my bed
Lascivious! ah, sight hateful to my eyes!
Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,
To press my bed hereafter; here to sleep
Will little please them, fondly as they love.
But these my toils and tangles will suffice
To hold them here, till Jove shall yield me back
Complete, the sum of all my nuptial gifts
Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake
His daughter, as incontinent as fair."

He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode
Of Jove the gods assembled. Neptune came
Earth-circling Pow'r; came Hermes friend of man,
And, regent of the far-commanding bow,
Apollo also came; but chaste reserve
Bashful kept all the goddesses at home.
The gods, by whose beneficence all live,
Stood in the portal; infinite arose
The laugh of heav'n, all looking down intent
On that shrewd project of the smith divine,
And, turning to each other, thus they said:

"Bad works speed ill. The slow o'ertakes the swift.
So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft

Hath outstript Mars, although the fleetest far
Of all who dwell in heav'n, and the light-heel'd
Must pay the adult'rer's forfeit to the lame."
So spake the Pow'rs immortal; then the King
Of radiant shafts thus question'd Mercury:
"Jove's son, heaven's herald, Hermes, bounteous god!
Would'st *thou* such stricture close of bands endure
For golden Venus lying at thy side?"
Whom answer'd thus the messenger of heav'n:
"Archer divine! yea, and with all my heart;
And be the bands which wind us round about
Thrice these innumerable, and let all
The gods and goddesses in heav'n look on,
So I may clasp Vulcan's fair spouse the while."
He spake; then laugh'd the Immortal Pow'rs again.
But not so Neptune; he with earnest suit
The glorious artist urged to the release
Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said:
"Loose him; accept my promise; he shall pay
Full recompense in presence of us all."
Then thus the limping smith far-famed replied:
"Earth-circler Neptune, spare me that request,
Lame suitor, lame security. What bands
Could I devise for thee among the gods,
Should Mars, emancipated once, escape,
Leaving both debt and durance, far behind?"
Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores:
"I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight
Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine."
To whom the glorious artist of the skies:
"Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refused."
So saying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the snare,
And they, detain'd by those coercive bands
No longer, from the couch upstarting, flew,
Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves
Her incense-breathing altar stands embow'r'd.
Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffused
O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add

Fresh beauty to the gods for ever young,
And cloth'd her in the loveliest robes of heav'n.

XI. ENTERING THE INFERNAL REGIONS. The manner in which Ulysses brings about him the spirits of the departed is told as follows:

Arriving on the shore, and launching, first,
Our bark into the sacred Deep, we set
Our mast and sails, and stow'd secure on board
The ram and ewe, then, weeping, and with hearts
Sad and disconsolate, embark'd ourselves.
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,
Pleasant companion of our course, and we
(The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling sat,
While managed gales sped swift the bark along.
All day, with sails distended, o'er the Deep
She flew, and when the sun, at length, declined,
And twilight dim had shadow'd all the ways,
Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vast profound.
The city, there, of the Cimmerians stands
With clouds and darkness veil'd, on whom the sun
Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,
Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when
Earthward he slopes again his west'ring wheels,
But sad night canopies the woeful race.
We haled the bark aground, and, landing there
The ram and sable ewe, journey'd beside
The Deep, till we arrived where Circe bade.
Here, Perimedes' son Eurylochus
Held fast the destined sacrifice, while I
Scoop'd with my sword the soil, op'ning a trench
Ell-broad on ev'ry side, then pour'd around
Libation consecrate to all the dead,
First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,
Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all.
This done, adoring the unreal forms
And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to slay

(Return'd to Ithaca), in my own abode,
An heifer barren yet, fairest and best
Of all my herds, and to enrich the pile
With delicacies, such as please the shades.
But, in peculiar, to the Theban seer
I vow'd a sable ram, largest and best
Of all my flocks. When thus I had implored
With vows and pray'r, the nations of the dead,
Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both
To bleed into the trench; then swarming came
From Erebus the shades of the deceased,
Brides, youths unwedded, seniors long with woe
Oppress'd, and tender girls yet new to grief.
Came also many a warrior by the spear
In battle pierced, with armor gore-distain'd,
And all the multitude around the foss
Stalk'd shrieking dreadful; me pale horror seized.
I next, importunate, my people urged,
Flaying the victims which myself had slain,
To burn them, and to supplicate in pray'r
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine.
Then down I sat, and with drawn falchion chased
The ghosts, nor suffer'd them to approach the blood,
Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

The spirit, first, of my companion came,
Elpenor; for no burial honors yet
Had he received, but we had left his corse
In Circe's palace, tombless, undeplored,
Ourselves by pressure urged of other cares.
Touch'd with compassion seeing him, I wept,
And in wing'd accents brief him thus bespake:

"Elpenor! how cam'st thou into the realms
Of darkness? Hast thou, though on foot, so far
Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arrived?"

So I, to whom with tears he thus replied:
"Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Fool'd by some daemon and the intemp'rate bowl,
I perish'd in the house of Circe: there
The deep-descending steps heedless I miss'd,

And fell precipitated from the roof.
With neck-bone broken from the vertebrae
Outstretch'd I lay; my spirit sought the shades.
But now, by those whom thou hast left at home,
By thy Penelope, and by thy fire,
The gentle nourisher of thy infant growth,
And by thy only son Telemachus
I make my suit to thee. For, sure, I know
That from the house of Pluto safe return'd,
Thou shalt ere long thy gallant vessel moor
At the Aeaean isle. Ah! there arrived
Remember me. Leave mę not undeplored
Nor uninhumed, lest, for my sake, the gods
In vengeance visit thee; but with my arms
(What arms soe'er I left) burn me, and raise
A kind memorial of me on the coast,
Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man
May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.
Thus do at my request, and on my hill
Funereal, plant the oar with which I row'd,
While yet I lived a mariner of thine."
He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd,
"Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire."
Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held,
With outstretch'd falchion, I, guarding the blood,
And my companion's shadowy semblance sad
Meantime discoursing me on various themes.
The soul of my departed mother, next,
Of Anticleia came, daughter of brave
Autolycus; whom, when I sought the shores
Of Ilium, I had living left at home.
Seeing her, with compassion touch'd, I wept,
Yet even her (although it pain'd my soul),
Forbad, relentless, to approach the blood,
Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

XII. ULYSSES AND TELEMACHUS. It is in the morning after Ulysses has spent the night in the hut of Eumaeus that Telemachus appears.

The meeting between father and son is the opening part of the sixteenth book:

It was the hour of dawn, when in the cot
Kindling fresh fire, Ulysses and his friend
Noble Eumaeus dress'd their morning fare,
And sent the herdsmen with the swine abroad.
Seeing Telemachus, the watchful dogs
Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him. At that sight,
And at the sound of feet which now approach'd,
Ulysses in wing'd accents thus remark'd:
"Eumaeus! certain, either friend of thine
Is nigh at hand, or one whom well thou know'st;
Thy dogs bark not, but fawn on his approach
Obsequious, and the sound of feet I hear."
Scarce had he ceased, when his own son himself
Stood in the vestibule. Upsprang at once
Eumaeus wonder-struck, and from his hand
Let fall the cups with which he was employ'd
Mingling rich wine; to his young Lord he ran,
His forehead kiss'd, kiss'd his bright-beaming eyes
And both his hands, weeping profuse the while,
As when a father folds in his embrace
Arrived from foreign lands in the tenth year
His darling son, the offspring of his age,
His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,
So kiss'd the noble peasant o'er and o'er
Godlike Telemachus, as from death escaped,
And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began:
"Light of my eyes, thou com'st; it is thyself,
Sweetest Telemachus! I had no hope
To see thee more, once told that o'er the Deep
Thou hadst departed for the Pylian coast.
Enter, my precious son; that I may soothe
My soul with sight of thee from far arrived,
For seldom thou thy feeders and thy farm
Visitest, in the city custom'd much
To make abode, that thou may'st witness there
The manners of those hungry suitors proud."

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied:
"It will be so. There is great need, my friend!
But here, for thy sake, have I now arrived,
That I may look on thee, and from thy lips
Learn if my mother still reside at home,
Or have become spouse of some other Chief,
Leaving untenanted Ulysses' bed
To be by noisome spiders webb'd around."
To whom the master swine-herd in return:
"Not so, she, patient still as ever, dwells
Beneath thy roof, but all her cheerless days
Despairing wastes, and all her nights in tears."
So saying, Eumaeus at his hand received
His brazen lance, and o'er the step of stone
Enter'd Telemachus, to whom his sire
Relinquish'd, soon as he appear'd, his seat,
But him Telemachus forbidding, said,
"Guest, keep thy seat; our cottage will afford
Some other, which Eumaeus will provide."
He ceased, and he, returning at the word,
Reposed again; then good Eumaeus spread
Green twigs beneath, which, cover'd with a fleece,
Supplied Ulysses' offspring with a seat.
He, next, disposed his dishes on the board
With relics charged of yesterday; with bread,
Alert, he heap'd the baskets; with rich wine
His ivy cup replenish'd; and a seat
Took opposite to his illustrious Lord
Ulysses. They toward the plenteous feast
Stretch'd forth their hands (and hunger now and thirst
Both satisfied), Telemachus, his speech
Addressing to their gen'rous host, began:
"Whence is this guest, my father? How convey'd
Came he to Ithaca? What country boast
The mariners with whom he here arrived?
For, that on foot he found us not, is sure."
To whom Eumaeus, thou didst thus reply:
"I will with truth answer thee, O my son!
He boasts him sprung from ancestry renown'd

In spacious Crete, and hath the cities seen
Of various lands, by fate ordain'd to roam.
Ev'n now, from a Thesprotian ship escaped,
He reach'd my cottage—but he is thy own;
I yield him to thee; treat him as thou wilt;
He is thy suppliant, and depends on thee."
Then thus, Telemachus, discreet, replied:
"Thy words, Eumaeus, pain my very soul.
For what security can I afford
To any in my house? myself am young,
Nor yet of strength sufficient to repel
An offer'd insult, and my mother's mind
In doubtful balance hangs, if, still with me
An inmate, she shall manage my concerns,
Attentive only to her absent Lord
And her own good report, or shall espouse
The noblest of her wooers, and the best
Entitled by the splendor of his gifts.
But I will give him, since I find him lodg'd
A guest beneath thy roof, tunic and cloak,
Sword double-edged, and sandals for his feet,
With convoy to the country of his choice.
Still, if it please thee, keep him here thy guest,
And I will send him raiment, with supplies
Of all sorts, lest he burthen thee and thine.
But where the suitors come, there shall not he
With my consent, nor stand exposed to pride
And petulance like theirs, lest by some sneer
They wound him, and through him, wound also me;
For little is it that the boldest can
Against so many; numbers will prevail."
Him answer'd then Ulysses toil-inured:
"Oh amiable and good! since even I
Am free to answer thee, I will avow
My heart within me torn by what I hear
Of those injurious suitors, who the house
Infest of one noble as thou appear'st.
But say—submittest thou to their control
Willingly, or because the people, sway'd

By some response oracular, incline
Against thee? Thou hast brothers, it may chance,
Slow to assist thee—for a brother's aid
Is of importance in whatever cause.
For oh that I had youth as I have will,
Or that renown'd Ulysses were my sire,
Or that himself might wander home again.
Whereof hope yet remains! then might I lose
My head, that moment, by an alien's hand,
If I would fail, ent'ring Ulysses' gate,
To be the bane and mischief of them all.
But if alone to multitudes opposed
I should perchance be foiled; nobler it were
With my own people, under my own roof
To perish, than to witness evermore
Their unexampled deeds, guests shoved aside,
Maidens dragg'd forcibly from room to room,
Casks emptied of their rich contents, and them
Indulging glutt'nous appetite day by day
Enormous, without measure, without end."

To whom, Telemachus, discreet, replied:
"Stranger! thy questions shall from me receive
True answer. Enmity or hatred none
Subsists the people and myself between,
Nor have I brothers to accuse, whose aid
Is of importance in whatever cause,
For Jove hath from of old with single heirs
Our house supplied; Arcesias none begat
Except Laertes, and Laertes none
Except Ulysses, and Ulysses me
Left here his only one, and unenjoy'd.
Thence comes it that our palace swarms with foes;
For all the rulers of the neighbor isles,
Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
Zacynthus, others also rulers here
In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek
In marriage, and my household stores consume.
But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd
Refuses absolute, nor yet consents

To end them; they my patrimony waste
Meantime, and will destroy me also soon,
As I expect, but heav'n disposes all.
"Eumaeus! haste, my father! bear with speed
News to Penelope that I am safe,
And have arrived from Pylus; I will wait
Till thou return; and well beware that none
Hear thee beside, for I have many foes."
To whom Eumaeus, thou didst thus reply:
"It is enough. I understand. Thou speak'st
To one intelligent. But say beside,
Shall I not also, as I go, inform
Distress'd Laertes? who while yet he mourn'd
Ulysses only, could o'ersee the works,
And dieted among his menials oft
As hunger prompted him, but now, they say,
Since thy departure to the Pylian shore,
He neither eats as he was wont, nor drinks,
Nor oversees his hinds, but sighing sits
And weeping, wasted even to the bone."
Him then Telemachus answer'd discreet:
"Hard though it be, yet to his tears and sighs
Him leave we now. We cannot what we would.
For, were the ordering of all events
Referr'd to our own choice, our first desire
Should be to see my father's glad return.
But once thy tidings told, wander not thou
In quest of Him, but hither speed again.
Rather request my mother that she send
Her household's governess without delay
Privately to him; she shall best inform
The ancient King that I have safe arrived."
He said, and urged him forth, who binding on
His sandals, to the city bent his way.
Nor went Eumaeus from his home unmark'd
By Pallas, who in semblance of a fair
Damsel, accomplish'd in domestic arts,
Approaching to the cottage' entrance, stood
Opposite, by Ulysses plain discern'd,

But to his son invisible; for the gods
Appear not manifest alike to all.
The mastiffs saw her also, and with tone
Querulous hid themselves, yet bark'd they not.
She beckon'd him abroad. Ulysses saw
The sign, and, issuing through the outer court,
Approach'd her, whom the goddess thus bespake:
"Laertes' progeny, for wiles renown'd!
Disclose thyself to thy own son, that, death
Concerting and destruction to your foes,
Ye may the royal city seek, nor long
Shall ye my presence there desire in vain,
For I am ardent to begin the fight."
Minerva spake, and with her rod of gold
Touch'd him; his mantle, first, and vest she made
Pure as new-blanch'd; dilating, next, his form,
She gave dimensions ampler to his limbs;
Swarthy again his manly hue became,
Round his full face, and black his bushy chin.
The change perform'd, Minerva disappear'd,
And the illustrious Hero turn'd again
Into the cottage; wonder at that sight
Seiz'd on Telemachus; askance he look'd,
Awe-struck, not unsuspicious of a god,
And in wing'd accents eager thus began:
"Thou art no longer, whom I lately saw,
Nor are thy clothes, nor is thy port the same.
Thou art a god, I know, and dwell'st in heav'n.
Oh, smile on us, that we may yield thee rites
Acceptable, and present thee golden gifts
Elaborate; ah spare us, Pow'r divine!"
To whom Ulysses, Hero toil-inured:
"I am no god. Why deem'st thou me divine?
I am thy father, for whose sake thou lead'st
A life of woe, by violence oppress'd."
So saying, he kiss'd his son, while from his cheeks
Tears trickled, tears till then, perforce restrained.
Telemachus (for he believed him not
His father yet), thus, wond'ring, spake again:

"My father, said'st thou? No. Thou art not He,
But some Divinity beguiles my soul
With mock'ries to afflict me still the more;
For never mortal man could so have wrought
By his own pow'r; some interposing god
Alone could render thee both young and old,
For old thou wast of late, and foully clad,
But wear'st the semblance, now, of those in heav'n!"

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied:
"Telemachus! it is not well, my son!
That thou should'st greet thy father with a face
Of wild astonishment, and stand aghast.
Ulysses, save myself, none comes, be sure.
Such as thou seest, after ten thousand woes
Which I have borne, I visit once again
My native country in the twentieth year.
This wonder Athenaean Pallas wrought,
She cloth'd me even with what form she would,
For so she can. Now poor I seem and old,
Now young again, and clad in fresh attire.
The gods who dwell in yonder heav'n, with ease
Dignify or debase a mortal man."

So saying, he sat. Then threw Telemachus
His arms around his father's neck, and wept.
Desire intense of lamentation seized
On both; soft murmurs utt'ring, each indulged
His grief, more frequent wailing than the bird
(Eagle, or hook-nail'd vulture), from whose nest
Some swain hath stol'n her yet unfeather'd young.

XIII. The Denouement. Considerably abridged, the account of the vengeance of Ulysses upon the suitors and his reunion with Penelope, taken from the twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third books, will be given next. The story begins when Penelope enters the hall with the bow:

Soon as, divinest of her sex, arrived
At that same chamber, with her foot she press'd
The oaken threshold bright, on which the hand
Of no mean architect had stretch'd the line,
Who had erected also on each side
The posts on which the splendid portals hung,
She loos'd the ring and brace, then introduced
The key, and aiming at them from without,
Struck back the bolts. The portals, at that stroke,
Sent forth a tone deep as the pastur'd bull's,
And flew wide open. She, ascending, next,
The elevated floor on which the chests
That held her own fragrant apparel stood,
With lifted hand aloft took down the bow
In its embroider'd bow-case safe enclosed.
Then, sitting there, she lay'd it on her knees,
Weeping aloud, and drew it from the case.
Thus weeping over it long time she sat,
Till satiate, at the last, with grief and tears,
Descending by the palace steps she sought
Again the haughty suitors, with the bow
Elastic, and the quiver in her hand
Replete with pointed shafts, a deadly store.
Her maidens, as she went, bore after her
A coffer filled with prizes by her Lord,
Much brass and steel; and when at length she came,
Loveliest of women, where the suitors sat,
Between the pillars of the stately dome
Pausing, before her beauteous face she held
Her lucid veil, and by two matrons chaste
Supported, the assembly thus address'd:

"Ye noble suitors hear, who rudely haunt
This palace of a Chief long absent hence,
Whose substance ye have now long time consumed,
Nor palliative have yet contrived, or could,
Save your ambition to make me a bride—
Attend this game to which I call you forth.
Now suitors! prove yourselves with this huge bow
Of wide-renown'd Ulysses; he who draws

Easiest the bow, and who his arrow sends
Through twice six rings, he takes me to his home,
And I must leave this mansion of my youth
Plenteous, magnificent, which, doubtless, oft
I shall remember even in my dreams."

So saying, she bade Eumaeus lay the bow
Before them, and the twice six rings of steel.
He wept, received them, and obey'd; nor wept
The herdsman less, seeing the bow which erst
His Lord had occupied; when at their tears
Indignant, thus, Antinous began:

"Ye rural drones, whose purblind eyes see not
Beyond the present hour, egregious fools!
Why weeping trouble ye the Queen, too much
Before afflicted for her husband lost?
Either partake the banquet silently,
Or else go weep abroad, leaving the bow,
That stubborn test, to us; for none, I judge,
None here shall bend this polish'd bow with ease,
Since in this whole assembly I discern
None like Ulysses, whom myself have seen
And recollect, though I was then a boy."

He said, but in his heart, meantime, the hope
Cherish'd, that he should bend, himself, the bow,
And pass the rings; yet was he destin'd first
Of all that company to taste the steel
Of brave Ulysses' shaft, whom in that house
He had so oft dishonor'd, and had urged
So oft all others to the like offense.
Amidst them, then, the sacred might arose
Of young Telemachus, who thus began:
"Saturnian Jove questionless hath deprived
Me of all reason. My own mother, fam'd
For wisdom as she is, makes known to all
Her purpose to abandon this abode
And follow a new mate, while, heedless, I
Trifle and laugh as I were still a child.
But come, ye suitors! since the prize is such,
A woman like to whom none can be found

This day in all Achaia; on the shores
Of sacred Pylus; in the cities proud
Of Argos or Mycenae; or even here
In Ithaca; or yet within the walls
Of black Epirus; and since this yourselves
Know also, wherefore should I speak her praise?
Come then, delay not, waste not time in vain
Excuses, turn not from the proof, but bend
The bow, that thus the issue may be known.
I also will, myself, that task essay;
And should I bend the bow, and pass the rings,
Then shall not my illustrious mother leave
Her son forlorn, forsaking this abode
To follow a new spouse, while I remain
Disconsolate, although of age to bear,
Successful as my sire, the prize away."

So saying, he started from his seat, cast off
His purple cloak, and lay'd his sword aside,
Then fix'd, himself, the rings, furrowing the earth
By line, and op'ning one long trench for all,
And stamping close the glebe. Amazement seized
All present, seeing with how prompt a skill
He executed, though untaught, his task.
Then, hasting to the portal, there he stood.
Thrice, struggling, he essay'd to bend the bow,
And thrice desisted, hoping still to draw
The bow-string home, and shoot through all the rings.
And now the fourth time striving with full force
He had prevail'd to string it, but his sire
Forbad his eager efforts by a sign.
Then thus the royal youth to all around:

"Gods! either I shall prove of little force
Hereafter, and for manly feats unapt,
Or I am yet too young, and have not strength
To quell the aggressor's contumely. But come—
(For ye have strength surpassing mine) try ye
The bow, and bring this contest to an end."

He ceas'd and set the bow down on the floor,
Reclining it against the shaven panels smooth

That lined the wall; the arrow next he placed,
Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn,
And to the seat, whence he had ris'n, return'd.
Then thus Eupithes' son, Antinous spake:
"My friends! come forth successive from the right,
Where he who ministers the cup begins."
So spake Antinous, and his counsel pleased.
Then, first, Leiodes, Oenop's son, arose.
He was their soothsayer, and ever sat
Beside the beaker, inmost of them all.
To him alone, of all, licentious deeds
Were odious, and, with indignation fired,
He witness'd the excesses of the rest.
He then took foremost up the shaft and bow,
And, station'd at the portal, strove to bend
But bent it not, fatiguing, first, his hands
Delicate and uncustom'd to the toil.
He ceased, and the assembly thus bespake:
"My friends, I speed not; let another try;
For many Princes shall this bow of life
Bereave, since death more eligible seems,
Far more, than loss of her, for whom we meet
Continual here, expecting still the prize.
Some suitor, haply, at this moment, hopes
That he shall wed whom long he hath desired,
Ulysses' wife, Penelope; let him
Essay the bow, and, trial made, address
His spousal offers to some other fair
Among the long-stoled Princesses of Greece,
This Princess leaving his, whose proffer'd gifts
Shall please her most, and whom the Fates ordain."
He said, and set the bow down on the floor,
Reclining it against the shaven panels smooth
That lined the wall; the arrow, next, he placed,
Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn,
And to the seat whence he had ris'n return'd.
Then him Antinous, angry, thus reproved:
"What word, Leiodes, grating to our ears
Hath scap'd thy lips? I hear it with disdain.

Shall this bow fatal prove to many a Prince,
Because thou hast, thyself, too feeble proved
To bend it? No. Thou wast not born to bend
The unpliant bow, or to direct the shaft,
But here are nobler who shall soon prevail."
He said, and to Melanthius gave command,
The goat-herd: "Hence, Melanthius, kindle fire;
Beside it place, with fleeces spread, a form
Of length commodious; from within procure
A large round cake of suet next, with which
When we have chafed and suppled the tough bow
Before the fire, we will again essay
To bend it, and decide the doubtful strife."
He ended, and Melanthius, kindling fire
Beside it placed, with fleeces spread, a form
Of length commodious; next, he brought a cake
Ample and round of suet from within,
With which they chafed the bow, then tried again
To bend, but bent it not; superior strength
To theirs that task required. Yet two, the rest
In force surpassing, made no trial yet,
Antinous, and Eurymachus the brave.

There is some conversation among the suitors concerning the contest, and a conference between Ulysses and his adherents before we again take up the story:

When each had made libation, and had drunk
Till well sufficed, then, artful to effect
His shrewd designs, Ulysses thus began:
"Hear, O ye suitors of the illustrious Queen,
My bosom's dictates. But I shall entreat
Chiefly Eurymachus and the godlike youth
Antinous, whose advice is wisely giv'n.
"Tamper no longer with the bow, but leave
The matter with the gods, who shall decide
The strife to-morrow, fav'ring whom they will.
Meantime, grant *me* the polish'd bow, that I

May trial make among you of my force,
If I retain it still in like degree
As erst, or whether wand'ring and defect
Of nourishment have worn it all away."

He said, whom they with indignation heard
Extreme, alarm'd lest he should bend the bow,
And sternly thus Antinous replied:

"Desperate vagabond! ah wretch deprived
Of reason utterly! art not content?
Esteem'st it not distinction proud enough
To feast with us the nobles of the land?
None robs thee of thy share, thou witnessest
Our whole discourse, which, save thyself alone,
No needy vagrant is allow'd to hear.
Thou art befool'd by wine, as many have been,
Wide-throated drinkers, unrestrain'd by rule.
Wine in the mansion of the mighty Chief
Pirithous, made the valiant Centaur mad
Eurytion, at the Lapithaean feast.
He drank to drunkenness, and being drunk,
Committed great enormities beneath
Pirithous' roof, and such as fill'd with rage
The Hero-guests, who therefore by his feet
Dragg'd him right through the vestibule, amerced
Of nose and ears, and he departed thence
Provoked to frenzy by that foul disgrace,
Whence war between the human kind arose
And the bold Centaurs—but he first incurred
By his ebriety that mulct severe.
Great evil, also, if thou bend the bow,
To thee I prophesy; for thou shalt find
Advocate or protector none in all
This people, but we will dispatch thee hence
Incontinent on board a sable bark
To Echetus, the scourge of human kind,
From whom is no escape. Drink then in peace,
And contest shun with younger men than thou."

Him answer'd, then, Penelope discreet:
"Antinous! neither seemly were the deed

Nor just, to maim or harm whatever guest
Whom here arrived Telemachus receives.
Canst thou expect, that should he even prove
Stronger than ye, and bend the massy bow,
He will conduct me hence to his own home,
And make me his own bride? No such design
His heart conceives, or hope; nor let a dread
So vain the mind of any overcloud
Who banquets here, since it dishonors me."

So she; to whom Eurymachus reply'd:
Offspring of Polybus: "O matchless Queen!
Icarius' prudent daughter! none suspects
That thou wilt wed with him; a mate so mean
Should ill become thee; but we fear the tongues
Of either sex, lest some Achaian say
Hereafter (one inferior far to us),
Ah! how unworthy are they to compare
With him whose wife they seek! to bend his bow
Pass'd all their pow'r, yet this poor vagabond,
Arriving from what country none can tell,
Bent it with ease, and shot through all the rings.
So will they speak, and so shall we be shamed."

Then answer, thus, Penelope return'd:
"No fair report, Eurymachus, attends
Their names or can, who, riotous as ye,
The house dishonor, and consume the wealth
Of such a Chief. Why shame ye thus *yourselves?*
The guest is of athletic frame, well form'd,
And large of limb; be boasts him also sprung
From noble ancestry. Come then—consent—
Give him the bow, that we may see the proof;
For thus I say, and thus will I perform;
Sure as he bends it, and Apollo gives
To him that glory, tunic fair and cloak
Shall be his meed from me, a javelin keen
To guard him against men and dogs, a sword
Of double edge, and sandals for his feet,
And I will send him whither most he would."

Her answer'd then prudent Telemachus:

"Mother—the bow is mine; and, save myself,
No Greek hath right to give it, or refuse.
None who in rock-bound Ithaca possess
Dominion, none in the steed-pastured isles
Of Elis, if I chose to make the bow
His own for ever, should that choice control.
But thou into the house repairing, ply
Spindle and loom, thy province, and enjoin
Diligence to thy maidens; for the bow
Is man's concern alone, and shall be mine
Especially, since I am master here."

She heard astonish'd, and the prudent speech
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,
Withdrew; then mounting with her female train
To her superior chamber, there she wept
Her lost Ulysses, till Minerva bathed
With balmy dews of sleep her weary lids.

And now the noble swine-herd bore the bow
Toward Ulysses, but with one voice all
The suitors, clamorous, reproved the deed,
Of whom a youth, thus, insolent exclaim'd:

"Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither bear'st the bow,
Delirious wretch? the hounds that thou hast train'd
Shall eat thee at thy solitary home
Ere long, let but Apollo prove, at last,
Propitious to us, and the Pow'rs of heav'n."

So they, whom hearing he replaced the bow
Where erst it stood, terrified at the sound
Of such loud menaces; on the other side
Telemachus as loud assail'd his ear:

"Friend! forward with the bow; or soon repent
That thou obey'dst the many. I will else
With huge stones drive thee, younger as I am,
Back to the field. My strength surpasses thine.
I would to heav'n that I in force excell'd
As far, and prowess, every suitor here!
So would I soon give rude dismission hence
To some, who live but to imagine harm."

He ceased, whose words the suitors laughing heard.

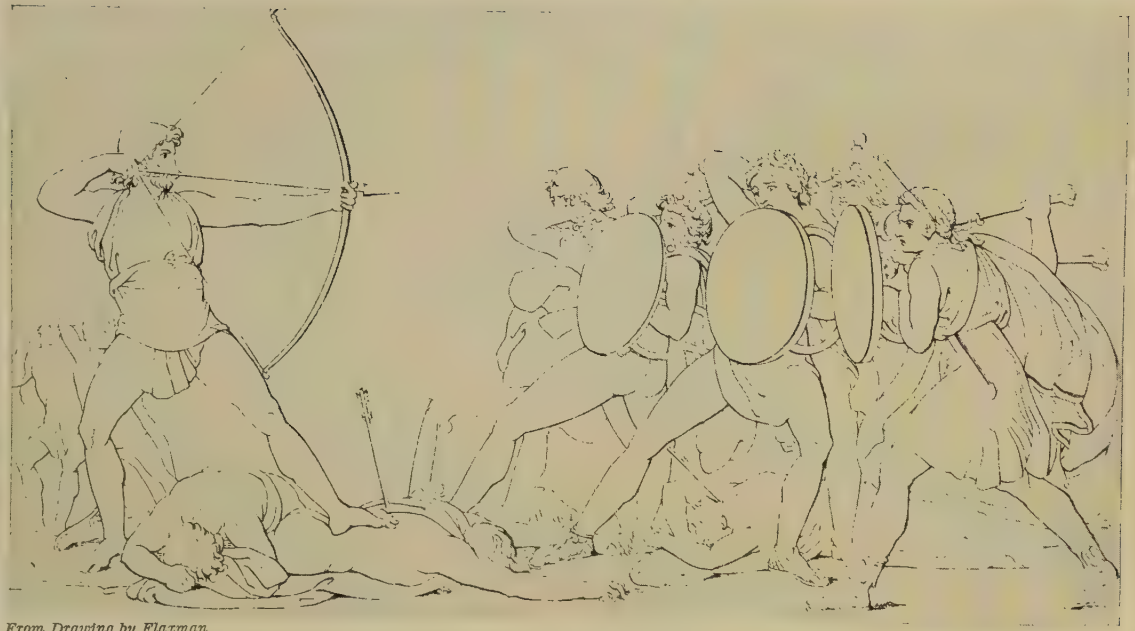
And, for their sake, in part their wrath resign'd
Against Telemachus; then through the hall
Eumaeus bore, and to Ulysses' hand
Consign'd the bow; next, summoning abroad
The ancient nurse, he gave her thus in charge:
"It is the pleasure of Telemachus,
Sage Euryclea! that thou key secure
The doors; and should you hear perchance, a groan
Or other noise made by the Princes shut
Within the hall, let none look, curious, forth,
But each in quietness pursue her work."
So he; nor flew his words useless away,
But she, incontinent, shut fast the doors.
Then, noiseless, sprang Philoetius forth, who closed
The portals also of the palace-court.
A ship-rope of Aegyptian reed, it chanced,
Lay in the vestibule; with that he braced
The doors securely, and re-ent'ring fill'd
Again his seat, but watchful, eyed his Lord.
He, now, assaying with his hand the bow,
Made curious trial of it ev'ry way,
And turn'd it on all sides, lest haply worms
Had in its master's absence drill'd the horn.
Then thus a suitor to his next remark'd:
"He hath an eye, methinks, exactly skill'd
In bows, and steals them; or perhaps, at home,
Hath such himself, or feels a strong desire
To make them; so inquisitive the rogue
Adept in mischief, shifts it to and fro!"
To whom another, insolent, replied:
"I wish him like prosperity in all
His efforts, as attends his effort made
On this same bow, which he shall never bend."
So they; but when the wary Hero wise
Had made his hand familiar with the bow
Poising it and examining—at once—
As when in harp and song adept, a bard
Unlab'ring strains the cord to a new lyre,
The twisted entrails of a sheep below

With fingers nice inserting, and above,
With such facility Ulysses bent
His own huge bow, and with his right hand play'd
The nerve, which in its quick vibration sang
Clear as the swallow's voice. Keen anguish seized
The suitors, wan grew ev'ry cheek, and Jove
Gave him his rolling thunder for a sign.
That omen, granted to him by the son
Of wily Saturn, with delight he heard.
He took a shaft that at the table-side
Lay ready drawn; but in his quiver's womb
The rest yet slept, by those Achaians proud
To be, ere long, experienced. True he lodg'd
The arrow on the center of the bow,
And, occupying still his seat, drew home
Nerve and notch'd arrow-head; with a steadfast sight
He aimed and sent it; right through all the rings
From first to last the steel-charged weapon flew
Issuing beyond, and to his son he spake:

"Thou need'st not blush, young Prince, to have received
A guest like me; neither my arrow swerved,
Nor labor'd I long time to draw the bow;
My strength is unimpair'd, not such as these
In scorn affirm it. But the waning day
Calls us to supper, after which succeeds
Jocund variety, the song, the harp,
With all that heightens and adorns the feast."

He said, and with his brows gave him the sign.
At once the son of the illustrious Chief
Slung his keen falchion, grasp'd his spear, and stood
Arm'd bright for battle at his father's side.
Then, girding up his rags, Ulysses sprang
With bow and full-charged quiver to the door;
Loose on the broad stone at his feet he pour'd
His arrows, and the suitors, thus, bespake:

"This prize, though difficult, hath been achieved.
Now for another mark which never man
Struck yet, but I will strike it if I may,



From Drawing by Flaxman

ULYSSES AND THE SUITORS

And if Apollo make that glory mine."
He said, and at Antinous aimed direct
A bitter shaft; he, purposing to drink,
Both hands advanced toward the golden cup
Twin-ear'd, nor aught suspected death so nigh.
For who, at the full banquet, could suspect
That any single guest, however brave,
Should plan his death, and execute the blow?
Yet him Ulysses with an arrow pierced
Full in the throat, and through his neck behind
Started the glitt'ring point. Aslant he droop'd;
Down fell the goblet, through his nostrils flew
The spouted blood, and spurning with his foot
The board, he spread his viands in the dust.
Confusion, when they saw Antinous fall'n,
Seized all the suitors; from the thrones they sprang,
Flew ev'ry way, and on all sides explored
The palace-walls, but neither sturdy lance
As erst, nor buckler could they there discern,
Then, furious, to Ulysses thus they spake:
"Thy arrow, stranger, was ill-aimed; a man
Is no just mark. Thou never shalt dispute
Prize more. Inevitable death is thine.
For thou hast slain a Prince noblest of all
In Ithaca, and shalt be vultures' food."
Various their judgments were, but none believed
That he had slain him wittingly, nor saw
Th' infatuate men fate hov'ring o'er them all.
Then thus Ulysses, lowering dark, replied:
"O dogs! not fearing aught my safe return
From Ilium, ye have shorn my substance close,
Lain with my women forcibly, and sought,
While yet I lived, to make my consort yours,
Heedless of the inhabitants of heav'n
Alike, and of the just revenge of man.
But death is on the wing; death for you all."
He said; their cheeks all faded at the sound,
And each with sharpen'd eyes search'd ev'ry nook
For an escape from his impending doom,

Till thus, alone, Eurymachus replied:
"If thou indeed art he, the mighty Chief
Of Ithaca return'd, thou hast rehears'd
With truth the crimes committed by the Greeks
Frequent, both in thy house and in thy field.
But he, already, who was cause of all,
Lies slain, Antinous; he thy palace fill'd
With outrage, not solicitous so much
To win the fair Penelope, but thoughts
Far diff'rent framing, which Saturnian Jove
Hath baffled all; to rule, himself, supreme
In noble Ithaca, when he had kill'd
By an insidious stratagem thy son.
But he is slain. Now therefore, spare thy own,
Thy people; public reparation due
Shall sure be thine, and to appease thy wrath
For all the waste that, eating, drinking here
We have committed, we will yield thee, each,
Full twenty beeves, gold paying thee beside
And brass, till joy shall fill thee at the sight,
However just thine anger was before."
To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied:
"Eurymachus, would ye contribute each
His whole inheritance, and other sums
Still add beside, ye should not, even so,
These hands of mine bribe to abstain from blood,
Till ev'ry suitor suffer for his wrong.
Ye have your choice. Fight with me, or escape
(Whoever may) the terrors of his fate,
But ye all perish, if my thought be true."
He ended, they with trembling knees and hearts
All heard, whom thus Eurymachus address'd:
"To your defense, my friends! for respite none
Will he to his victorious hands afford,
But, arm'd with bow and quiver, will dispatch
Shafts from the door till he have slain us all.
Therefore to arms—draw each his sword—oppose
The tables to his shafts, and all at once
Rush on him; that, dislodging him at least

From portal and from threshold, we may give
The city on all sides a loud alarm,
So shall this archer soon have shot his last."
Thus saying, he drew his brazen falchion keen
Of double edge, and with a dreadful cry
Sprang on him; but Ulysses with a shaft
In that same moment through his bosom driv'n
Transfix'd his liver, and down dropp'd his sword.
He, staggering around his table, fell
Convolv'd in agonies, and overturn'd
Both food and wine; his forehead smote the floor;
Woe fill'd his heart, and spurning with his heels
His vacant seat, he shook it till he died.
Then, with his falchion drawn, Amphinomus
Advanced to drive Ulysses from the door,
And fierce was his assault; but, from behind,
Telemachus between his shoulders fix'd
A brazen lance, and urged it through his breast.
Full on his front, with hideous sound, he fell.
Leaving the weapon planted in his spine
Back flew Telemachus, lest, had he stood
Drawing it forth, some enemy, perchance,
Should either pierce him with a sudden thrust
Oblique, or hew him with a downright edge.
Swift, therefore, to his father's side he ran,
Whom reaching, in wing'd accents thus he said:
"My father! I will now bring thee a shield,
An helmet, and two spears; I will enclose
Myself in armor also, and will give
Both to the herdsmen and Eumaeus arms
Expedient now, and needful for us all."
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied:
"Run; fetch them, while I yet have arrows left.
Lest, single, I be jostled from the door."
He said, and, at his word, forth went the Prince,
Seeking the chamber where he had secured
The armor. Thence he took four shields, eight spears
With four hair-crested helmets, charged with which
He hasted to his father's side again,

And, arming first himself, furnish'd with arms
His two attendants. Then, all clad alike
In splendid brass, beside the dauntless Chief
Ulysses, his auxiliars firm they stood.
He, while a single arrow unemploy'd
Lay at his foot, right-aiming, ever pierced
Some suitor through, and heaps on heaps they fell.
But when his arrows fail'd the royal Chief,
His bow reclining at the portal's side
Against the palace-wall, he slung, himself,
A four-fold buckler on his arm, he fix'd
A casque whose crest wav'd awful o'er his brows
On his illustrious head, and fill'd his gripe
With two stout spears, well-headed, both, with brass.
There was a certain postern in the wall
At the gate-side, the customary pass
Into a narrow street, but barr'd secure.
Ulysses bade his faithful swine-herd watch
That egress, station'd near it, for it own'd
One sole approach; then Agelaus loud
Exhorting all the suitors, thus exclaim'd:
"Oh friends, will none, ascending to the door
Of yonder postern, summon to our aid
The populace, and spread a wide alarm?
So shall this archer soon have shot his last."
To whom the keeper of the goats replied,
Melanthius: "Agelaus! Prince renown'd!
That may not be. The postern and the gate
Neighbor too near each other, and to force
The narrow egress were a vain attempt;
One valiant man might thence repulse us all.
But come—myself will furnish you with arms
Fetch'd from above; for there, as I suppose,
(And not elsewhere), Ulysses and his son
Have hidden them, and there they shall be found."
So spake Melanthius, and, ascending, sought
Ulysses' chambers through the winding stairs
And gall'ries of the house. Twelve bucklers thence
He took, as many spears, and helmets bright

As many, shagg'd with hair, then swift return'd
And gave them to his friends. Trembled the heart
Of brave Ulysses, and his knees, at sight
Of his opposers putting armor on,
And shaking each his spear; arduous indeed
Now seem'd his task, and in wing'd accents brief
Thus to his son Telemachus he spake:
"Either some woman of our train contrives
Hard battle for us, furnishing with arms
The suitors, or Melanthius arms them all."
Him answer'd then Telemachus discreet:
"Father, this fault was mine, and be it charged
On none beside; I left the chamber-door
Unbarr'd, which, more attentive than myself,
Their spy perceived. But haste, Eumaeus, shut
The chamber-door, observing well, the while,
If any women of our train have done
This deed, or whether, as I more suspect,
Melanthius, Dolius' son, have giv'n them arms."
Thus mutual they conferr'd; meantime, again
Melanthius to the chamber flew in quest
Of other arms. Eumaeus, as he went,
Mark'd him, and to Ulysses thus he spake:
"Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Behold, the traitor, whom ourselves supposed,
Seeks yet again the chamber! Tell me plain,
Shall I, should I superior prove in force,
Slay him, or shall I drag him thence to thee,
That he may suffer at thy hands the doom
Due to his treasons perpetrated oft
Against thee, here, even in thy own house?"
Then answer thus Ulysses shrewd return'd:
"I, with Telemachus, will here immew
The lordly suitors close, rage as they may.
Ye two, the while, bind fast Melanthius' hands
And feet behind his back, then cast him bound
Into the chamber, and (the door secured)
Pass underneath his arms a double chain,
And by a pillar's top weigh him aloft

Till he approach the rafters, there to endure,
Living long time, the mis'ries he hath earned!''
He spake; they prompt obey'd; together both
They sought the chamber, whom the wretch within
Heard not, exploring ev'ry nook for arms.
They watching stood the door, from which, at length,
Forth came Melanthius, bearing in one hand
A casque, and in the other a broad shield
Time-worn and chapp'd with drought, which in his youth
Warlike Laertes had been wont to bear.
Long time neglected it had lain, till age
Had loosed the sutures of its bands. At once
Both, springing on him, seized and drew him in
Forcibly by his locks, then cast him down
Prone on the pavement, trembling at his fate.
With painful stricture of the cord his hands
They bound and feet together at his back,
As their illustrious master had enjoined,
Then weigh'd him with a double chain aloft
By a tall pillar to the palace-roof,
And thus, deriding him, Eumaeus spake:
''Now, good Melanthius, on that fleecy bed
Reclined, as well befits thee, thou wilt watch
All night, nor when the golden dawn forsakes
The ocean stream, will she escape thine eye,
But thou wilt duly to the palace drive
The fattest goats, a banquet for thy friends.''
So saying, he left him in his dreadful sling.
Then, arming both, and barring fast the door,
They sought brave Laertiades again.
And now, courageous at the portal stood
Those four, by numbers in the interior house
Opposed of adversaries fierce in arms,
When Pallas, in the form and with the voice
Approach'd of Mentor, whom Laertes' son
Beheld, and joyful at the sight, exclaim'd:
''Help, Mentor! help—now recollect a friend
And benefactor, born when thou wast born.''
So he, not unsuspicious that he saw

Pallas, the heroine of heav'n. Meantime
The suitors fill'd with menaces the dome,
And Agelaus, first, Damastor's son,
In accents harsh rebuked the Goddess thus:
"Beware, oh Mentor! that he lure thee not
To oppose the suitors and to aid himself,
For thus will we. Ulysses and his son
Both slain, in vengeance of thy purpos'd deeds
Against us, we will slay *thee* next, and thou
With thy own head shalt satisfy the wrong.
Your force thus quell'd in battle, all thy wealth
Whether in house or field, mingled with his,
We will confiscate, neither will we leave
Or son of thine, or daughter in thy house
Alive, nor shall thy virtuous consort more
Within the walls of Ithaca be seen."
He ended, and his words with wrath inflamed
Minerva's heart the more; incensed, she turn'd
Towards Ulysses, whom she thus reproved:
"Thou neither own'st the courage nor the force,
Ulysses, now, which nine whole years thou showd'st
At Ilium, waging battle obstinate
For high-born Helen, and in horrid fight
Destroying multitudes, till thy advice
At last lay'd Priam's bulwark'd city low.
Why, in possession of thy proper home
And substance, mourn'st thou want of pow'r t'oppose
The suitors? Stand beside me, mark my deeds,
And thou shalt own Mentor Alcimides
A valiant friend, and mindful of thy love."
She spake; nor made she victory as yet
Entire his own, proving the valor, first,
Both of the sire and of his glorious son,
But, springing in a swallow's form aloft,
Perch'd on a rafter of the splendid roof.
Then, Agelaus animated loud
The suitors, whom Eurynomus also roused,
Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus,
And Polyctorides, Pisander named,

And Polybus the brave; for noblest far
Of all the suitor-chiefs who now survived
And fought for life were these. The bow had quell'd
And shafts, in quick succession sent, the rest.
Then Agelaus, thus, harangued them all:

"We soon shall tame, O friends, this warrior's might,
Whom Mentor, after all his airy vaunts
Hath left, and at the portal now remain
Themselves alone. Dismiss not therefore, all,
Your spears together, but with six alone
Assail them first; Jove willing, we shall pierce
Ulysses, and subduing him, shall slay
With ease the rest; their force is safely scorn'd."

He ceas'd; and as he bade, six hurl'd the spear
Together; but Minerva gave them all
A devious flight; one struck a column, one
The planks of the broad portal, and a third
Flung right his ashen beam pond'rous with brass
Against the wall. Then (ev'ry suitor's spear
Eluded) thus Ulysses gave the word:

"Now friends! I counsel you that ye dismiss
Your spears at *them,* who, not content with past
Enormities, thirst also for our blood."

He said, and with unerring aim, all threw
Their glitt'ring spears. Ulysses on the ground
Stretch'd Demoptolemus; Euryades
Fell by Telemachus; the swine-herd slew
Elatus; and the keeper of the beeves
Pisander; in one moment all alike
Lay grinding with their teeth the dusty floor.
Back flew the suitors to the farthest wall,
On whom those valiant four advancing, each
Recover'd, quick, his weapon from the dead.
Then hurl'd the desp'rate suitors yet again
Their glitt'ring spears, but Pallas gave to each
A frustrate course; one struck a column, one
The planks of the broad portal, and a third
Flung full his ashen beam against the wall.
Yet pierced Amphimedon the Prince's wrist,

But slightly, a skin-wound, and o'er his shield
Ctesippus reach'd the shoulder of the good
Eumaeus, but his glancing weapon swift
O'erflew the mark, and fell. And now the four,
Ulysses, dauntless Hero, and his friends
All hurl'd their spears together in return,
Himself Ulysses, city-waster Chief,
Wounded Eurydamas; Ulysses' son
Amphimedon; the swine-herd Polybus;
And in his breast the keeper of the beeves
Ctesippus, glorying over whom, he cried:
"Oh son of Polytherses! whose delight
Hath been to taunt and jeer, never again
Boast foolishly, but to the gods commit
Thy tongue, since they are mightier far than thou.
Take this—a compensation for thy pledge
Of hospitality, the huge ox-hoof,
Which while he roam'd the palace, begging alms,
Ulysses at thy bounteous hand received."
So gloried he; then, grasping still his spear,
Ulysses pierced Damastor's son, and, next,
Telemachus, enforcing his long beam
Sheer through his bowels and his back, transpierced
Leiocritus; he prostrate smote the floor.
Then, Pallas from the lofty roof held forth
Her host-confounding Aegis o'er their heads,
With'ring their souls with fear. They through the hall
Fled, scatter'd as an herd, which rapid-wing'd
The gad-fly dissipates, infester fell
Of beeves, when vernal suns shine hot and long.
But, as when bow-beak'd vultures crooked-claw'd
Stoop from the mountains on the smaller fowl;
Terrified at the toils that spread the plain
The flocks take wing, they, darting from above,
Strike, seize, and slay, resistance or escape
Is none, the fowler's heart leaps with delight,
So they, pursuing through the spacious hall
The suitors, smote them on all sides, their heads
Sounded beneath the sword, with hideous groans

The palace rang, and the floor foamed with blood.
Then flew Leiodes to Ulysses' knees,
Which clasping, in wing'd accents thus he cried:
"I clasp thy knees, Ulysses! oh respect
My suit, and spare me! Never have I word
Injurious spoken, or injurious deed
Attempted 'gainst the women of thy house,
But others, so transgressing, oft forbad.
Yet they abstain'd not, and a dreadful fate
Due to their wickedness have, therefore, found.
But I, their soothsayer alone, must fall,
Though unoffending; such is the return
By mortals made for benefits received!"
To whom Ulysses, lowering dark, replied:
"Is that thy boast? Hast thou indeed for these
The seer's high office fill'd? Then, doubtless, oft
Thy pray'r hath been that distant far might prove
The day delectable of my return,
And that my consort might thy own become
To bear thee children; wherefore thee I doom
To a dire death which thou shalt not avoid."
So saying, he caught the falchion from the floor
Which Agelaus had let fall, and smote
Leiodes, while he kneel'd, athwart his neck
So suddenly, that ere his tongue had ceased
To plead for life, his head was in the dust.
But Phemius, son of Terpius, bard divine,
Who, through compulsion, with his song regaled
The suitors, a like dreadful death escaped.
Fast by the postern, harp in hand, he stood,
Doubtful if, issuing, he should take his seat
Beside the altar of Hercaean Jove,
Where oft Ulysses offer'd, and his sire,
Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he should haste,
An earnest suppliant, to embrace his knees.
That course, at length, most pleased him; then, between
The beaker and an argent-studded throne
He grounded his sweet lyre, and seizing fast
The Hero's knees, him, suppliant, thus address'd:

"I clasp thy knees, Ulysses! oh respect
My suit, and spare me. Thou shalt not escape
Regret thyself hereafter, if thou slay
Me, charmer of the woes of gods and men.
Self-taught am I, and treasure in my mind
Themes of all argument from heav'n inspired,
And I can sing to thee as to a god.
Ah, then, behead me not. Put ev'n the wish
Far from thee! for thy own beloved son
Can witness, that not drawn by choice, or driv'n
By stress of want, resorting to thine house
I have regaled these revelers so oft,
But under force of mightier far than I."

So he; whose words soon as the sacred might
Heard of Telemachus, approaching quick
His father, thus, humane, he interposed:

"Hold, harm not with the vengeful falchion's edge
This blameless man; and we will also spare
Medon the herald, who hath ever been
A watchful guardian of my boyish years,
Unless Philoetius have already slain him,
Or else Eumaeus, or thyself, perchance,
Unconscious, in the tumult of our foes."

He spake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay
Beneath a throne, and in a new-stript hide
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death)
Sprang from his hiding-place, and casting off
The skin, flew to Telemachus, embraced
His knees, and in wing'd accents thus exclaim'd:

"Prince! I am here—oh, pity me! repress
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,
That he destroy not me, through fierce revenge
Of their iniquities who have consumed
His wealth, and, in their folly scorn'd his son."

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,
Smiling complacent: "Fear not; my own son
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyself
That truth) teach others the superior worth
Of benefits with injuries compared.

But go ye forth, thou and the sacred bard,
That ye may sit distant in yonder court
From all this carnage, while I give command,
Myself, concerning it, to those within."
He ceas'd; they going forth, took each his seat
Beside Jove's altar, but with careful looks
Suspicious, dreading without cease the sword.
Meantime Ulysses search'd his hall, in quest
Of living foes, if any still survived
Unpunish'd; but he found them all alike
Welt'ring in dust and blood; num'rous they lay
Like fishes when they strew the sinuous shore
Of Ocean, from the gray gulf drawn aground
In nets of many a mesh; they on the sands
Lie spread, athirst for the salt wave, till hot
The gazing sun dries all their life away;
So lay the suitors heap'd, and thus at length
The prudent Chief gave order to his son:
"Telemachus! bid Euryclea come
Quickly, the nurse, to whom I would impart
The purpose which now occupies me most."
He said; obedient to his sire, the Prince
Smote on the door, and summon'd loud the nurse:
"Arise thou ancient governess of all
Our female menials, and come forth; attend
My father; he hath somewhat for thine ear."
So he; nor flew his words useless away,
For, throwing wide the portal, forth she came,
And, by Telemachus conducted, found
Ere long Ulysses amid all the slain,
With blood defiled and dust; dread he appear'd
As from the pastur'd ox newly-devoured
The lion stalking back; his ample chest
With gory drops and his broad cheeks are hung,
Tremendous spectacle! such seem'd the Chief,
Blood-stain'd all over. She, the carnage spread
On all sides seeing, and the pools of blood,
Felt impulse forcible to publish loud
That wond'rous triumph; but her Lord repress'd

The shout of rapture ere it burst abroad,
And in wing'd accents thus his will enforced:
"Silent exult, O ancient matron dear!
Shout not, be still. Unholy is the voice
Of loud thanksgiving over slaughter'd men.
Their own atrocious deeds and the gods' will
Have slain all these; for whether noble guest
Arrived or base, they scoff'd at all alike,
And for their wickedness have, therefore, died.
But say; of my domestic women, who
Have scorn'd me, and whom find'st thou innocent?"
To whom good Euryclea thus replied:
"My son! I will declare the truth; thou keep'st
Female domestics fifty in thy house,
Whom we have made intelligent to comb
The fleece, and to perform whatever task.
Of these, twice six have overpass'd the bounds
Of modesty, respecting neither me,
Nor yet the Queen; and thy own son, adult
So lately, no permission had from her
To regulate the women of her train.
But I am gone, I fly with what hath pass'd
To the Queen's ear, who nought suspects, so sound
She sleeps, by some divinity composed."
Then answer, thus, Ulysses wise returned:
"Hush, and disturb her not. Go. Summon first
Those wantons, who have long deserved to die."
He ceas'd; then issued forth the ancient dame
To summon those bad women, and, meantime,
Calling his son, Philoetius, and Eumaeus,
Ulysses in wing'd accents thus began:
"Bestir ye, and remove the dead; command
Those women also to your help; then cleanse
With bibulous sponges and with water all
The seats and tables; when ye shall have thus
Set all in order, lead those women forth,
And in the center of the spacious court,
Between the scull'ry and the outer-wall
Smite them with your broad falchions till they lose

In death the mem'ry of their secret loves
Indulged with wretches lawless as themselves."
He ended, and the damsels came at once
All forth, lamenting, and with tepid tears
Show'ring the ground; with mutual labor, first,
Bearing the bodies forth into the court,
They lodged them in the portico; meantime
Ulysses, stern, enjoin'd them haste, and, urged
By sad necessity, they bore all out.
With sponges and with water, next, they cleansed
The thrones and tables, while Telemachus
Besom'd the floor, Eumaeus in that work
Aiding him and the keeper of the beeves,
And those twelve damsels bearing forth the soil.
Thus, order giv'n to all within, they, next,
Led forth the women, whom they shut between
The scull'ry and the outer-wall in close
Durance, from which no pris'ner could escape,
And thus Telemachus discreet began:
"An honorable death is not for these
By my advice, who have so often heap'd
Reproach on mine and on my mother's head,
And held lewd commerce with the suitor-train."
He said, and noosing a strong galley-rope
To an huge column, led the cord around
The spacious dome, suspended so aloft
That none with quiv'ring feet might reach the floor.
As when a flight of doves ent'ring the copse,
Or broad-wing'd thrushes, strike against the net
Within, ill rest, entangled, there they find,
So they, suspended by the neck, expired
All in one line together. Death abhorr'd!
With restless feet awhile they beat the air,
Then ceas'd. And now through vestibule and hall
They led Melanthius forth. With ruthless steel
They pared away his ears and nose,
And, still indignant, lopp'd his hands and feet.
Then, laving each his feet and hands, they sought
Again Ulysses; all their work was done,

PENELOPE AWAKENED WITH NEWS OF
ULYSSES' RETURN

And thus the Chief to Euryclea spake:
"Bring blast-averting sulphur, nurse, bring fire!
That I may fumigate my walls; then bid
Penelope with her attendants down,
And summon all the women of her train."
But Euryclea, thus, his nurse, replied:
"My son! thou hast well said; yet will I first
Serve thee with vest and mantle. Stand not here
In thy own palace cloath'd with tatters foul
And beggarly—she will abhor the sight."
Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd:
"Not so. Bring fire for fumigation first."
He said; nor Euryclea his lov'd nurse
Longer delay'd, but sulphur brought and fire,
When he with purifying steams, himself,
Visited ev'ry part, the banquet-room,
The vestibule, the court. Ranging meantime
His house magnificent, the matron call'd
The women to attend their Lord in haste,
And they attended, bearing each a torch.
Then gather'd they around him all, sincere
Welcoming his return; with close embrace
Enfolding him, each kiss'd his brows, and each
His shoulders, and his hands lock'd fast in hers.
He, irresistible the impulse felt
To sigh and weep, well recognizing all.

The nurse has difficulty in convincing Penelope of the death of the suitors, and she is incredulous of the return of Ulysses. Nevertheless, she decides to go and ascertain:

So saying, she left her chamber, musing much
In her descent, whether to interrogate
Her Lord apart, or whether to imprint,
At once, his hands with kisses and his brows.
O'erpassing light the portal-step of stone
She enter'd. He sat opposite, illumed
By the hearth's sprightly blaze, and close before

A pillar of the dome, waiting with eyes
Downcast, till viewing him, his noble spouse
Should speak to him; but she sat silent long,
Her faculties in mute amazement held.
By turns she riveted her eyes on his,
And, seeing him so foul attired, by turns
She recognized him not; then spake her son
Telemachus, and her silence thus reprov'd:
"My mother! ah my hapless and my most
Obdurate mother! wherefore thus aloof
Shunn'st thou my father, neither at his side
Sitting affectionate, nor utt'ring word?
Another wife lives not who could endure
Such distance from her husband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After much hardship; but thy heart is still
As ever, less impressible than stone."
To whom Penelope, discreet, replied:
"I am all wonder, O my son; my soul
Is stunn'd within me; pow'r to speak to him
Or to interrogate him have I none,
Or ev'n to look on him; but if indeed
He be Ulysses, and have reach'd his home,
I shall believe it soon, by proof convinced
Of signs known only to himself and me."
She said; then smiled the Hero toil-inured,
And in wing'd accents thus spake to his son:
"Leave thou, Telemachus, thy mother here
To sift and prove me; she will know me soon
More certainly; she sees me ill-attired
And squalid now; therefore she shows me scorn,
And no belief hath yet that I am he.
But we have need, thou and myself, of deep
Deliberation. If a man have slain
One only citizen, who leaves behind
Few interested to avenge his death,
Yet, flying, he forsakes both friends and home;
But we have slain the noblest Princes far
Of Ithaca, on whom our city most

Depended; therefore, I advise thee, think!"
Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus:
"Be that thy care, my father! for report
Proclaims *thee* shrewdest of mankind, with whom
In ingenuity may none compare.
Lead thou; to follow thee shall be our part
With prompt alacrity; nor shall, I judge,
Courage be wanting to our utmost force."
Thus then replied Ulysses, ever-wise:
"To me the safest counsel and the best
Seems this. First wash yourselves, and put ye on
Your tunics; bid ye, next, the maidens take
Their best attire, and let the bard divine
Harping melodious play a sportive dance,
That, whether passenger or neighbor near,
All may imagine nuptials held within.
So shall not loud report that we have slain
All those, alarm the city, till we gain
Our woods and fields, where, once arriv'd, such plans
We will devise, as Jove shall deign to inspire."
He spake, and all, obedient, in the bath
First laved themselves, then put their tunics on;
The damsels also dress'd, and the sweet bard,
Harping melodious, kindled strong desire
In all, of jocund song and graceful dance.
The palace under all its vaulted roof
Remurmur'd to the feet of sportive youths
And cinctured maidens, while no few abroad,
Hearing such revelry within, remark'd:
"The Queen with many wooers, weds at last.
Ah fickle and unworthy fair! too frail
Always to keep inviolate the house
Of her first Lord, and wait for his return."
So spake the people; but they little knew
What had befall'n. Eurynome, meantime,
With bath and unction serv'd the illustrious Chief
Ulysses, and he saw himself attired
Royally once again in his own house.
Then, Pallas over all his features shed

Superior beauty, dignified his form
With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls
Like hyacinthine flow'rs down from his brows.
As when some artist by Minerva made
And Vulcan, wise to execute all tasks
Ingenious, borders silver with a wreath
Of gold, accomplishing a graceful work,
Such grace the goddess o'er his ample chest
Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.
He, godlike, stepping from the bath, resumed
His former seat magnificent, and sat
Opposite to the Queen, to whom he said:
"Penelope! the gods to thee have giv'n
Of all thy sex, the most obdurate heart.
Another wife lives not who could endure
Such distance from her husband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After such hardship. But prepare me, nurse,
A bed, for solitary I must sleep,
Since she is iron, and feels not for me."
Him answer'd then prudent Penelope:
"I neither magnify thee, sir! nor yet
Depreciate thee, nor is my wonder such
As hurries me at once into thy arms,
Though my remembrance perfectly retains,
Such as he was, Ulysses, when he sail'd
On board his bark from Ithaca—Go, nurse,
Prepare his bed, but not within the walls
Of his own chamber built with his own hands.
Spread it without, and spread it well with warm
Mantles, with fleeces, and with richest rugs."
So spake she, proving him, and not untouch'd
With anger at that word, thus he replied:
"Penelope, that order grates my ear.
Who hath displaced my bed? The task were hard
E'en to an artist; other than a god
None might with ease remove it; as for man,
It might defy the stoutest in his prime
Of youth, to heave it to a different spot.

For in that bed elaborate, a sign,
A special sign consists; I was myself
The artificer; I fashion'd it alone.
Within the court a leafy olive grew
Lofty, luxuriant, pillar-like in girth.
Around this tree I built, with massy stones
Cemented close, my chamber, roof'd it o'er,
And hung the glutinated portals on.
I lopp'd the ample foliage and the boughs,
And sev'ring near the root its solid bole,
Smooth'd all the rugged stump with skillful hand,
And wrought it to a pedestal well squared
And model'd by the line. I wimbled, next,
The frame throughout, and from the olive-stump
Beginning, fashion'd the whole bed above
Till all was finish'd, plated o'er with gold,
With silver, and with ivory, and beneath
Close interlaced with purple cordage strong.
Such sign I give thee. But if still it stand
Unmoved, or if some other, sev'ring sl eer
The olive from its bottom, have displaced
My bed—that matter is best known to thee."

He ceas'd; she, conscious of the sign so plain
Giv'n by Ulysses, heard with flutt'ring heart
And fault'ring knees that proof. Weeping she ran
Direct toward him, threw her arms around
The Hero, kiss'd his forehead, and replied:

"Ah my Ulysses! pardon me—frown not—
Thou, who at other times hast ever shown
Superior wisdom! all our griefs have flow'd
From the gods' will; they envied us the bliss
Of undivided union sweet enjoy'd
Through life, from early youth to latest age.
No. Be not angry now; pardon the fault
That I embraced thee not as soon as seen,
For horror hath not ceased to overwhelm
My soul, lest some false alien should, perchance,
Beguile me, for our house draws num'rous such.
Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had given

Free entertainment to a stranger's love,
Had she foreknown that the heroic sons
Of Greece would bring her to her home again.
But heav'n incited her to that offense,
Who never, else, had even in her thought
Harbor'd the foul enormity, from which
Originated even our distress.
But now, since evident thou hast described
Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,
Ourselves except and Actoris my own
Attendant, giv'n me when I left my home
By good Icarius, and who kept the door,
Though hard to be convinced, at last I yield."
So saying, she awaken'd in his soul
Pity and grief; and folding in his arms
His blameless consort beautiful, he wept.
Welcome as land appears to those who swim,
Whose gallant bark Neptune with rolling waves
And stormy winds hath sunk in the wide sea,
A mariner or two, perchance, escape
The foamy flood, and, swimming, reach the land,
Weary indeed, and with incrusted brine
All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coast!
So welcome in her eyes Ulysses seem'd,
Around whose neck winding her snowy arms,
She clung as she would loose him never more.
Thus had they wept till rosy-finger'd morn
Had found them weeping, but Minerva check'd
Night's almost finish'd course, and held, meantime,
The golden dawn close pris'ner in the Deep,
Forbidding her to lead her coursers forth,
Lampus and Phaeton that furnish light
To all the earth, and join them to the yoke.

XIV. Rejected Homeric Poems and the Cyclic Poets. In very early times the Greeks attributed to Homer's authorship a considerable number of works which are still commonly

called Homeric poems, but which manifestly were never written by the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. There are included also in this list a number that never passed for the work of Homer, but received the generic title because they were based on the models that he had created and were sung by bards who imitated his style and manner. In this first group are included some hymns and lesser epics, which it is not necessary for us to mention, even by name.

Hymns, in the sense the term is here used, have no special religious significance, yet some of them are addressed to the deities and are really beautiful in sentiment and expression. From the early part of a long hymn addressed to Demeter we extract the following, which must not be regarded as a literal translation, though it does no injustice to the original. Persephone is represented as "playing with the deep-breasted daughters of Oceanus and plucking flowers; roses, crocus, and pretty pansies, in a soft meadow, and phlox, hyacinth, and that great narcissus that earth sends up for a snare to the rosy-faced maiden. The bloom of it was wonderful, a marvel for gods undying and mortal men. From the root of it grew out a hundred heads, and its incensed smell made the wide sky laugh above and the earth laugh and the salt swell of the sea; and the girl in wonder reached out both her hands to take the beautiful thing to play with. Then yawned the broad-trod ground, and the death-

less steeds broke forth and the Cronos-born king swept her away in his golden chariot." Readers of the earlier chapters of this work will recognize the incident.

In the second group we may include the poems by those bards who are called the Cyclic poets, because of their effort to put their work into the grand cycle with Homer's; and besides these, the humorous or comic poems which were meant as parodies of the Homeric epic. One, sometimes attributed to the great bard himself, is known as the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice,* and we hear of a *Spider Fight,* a *Crane Fight* and others. One of the best-known of these comic poems is *Margites,* of which some fragments are preserved. Margites is the hero, an incompetent scamp who "knew many arts and knew them all badly." "He was not meant by the gods for a digger or a plowman nor for anything sensible; he lacked all manner of wisdom."

ISLAND IN HARBOR OF CORFU, CALLED "ULYSSES' SHIP"

CHAPTER XI

HESIOD

BIOGRAPHY. It is impossible to locate Hesiod in point of time. By some he has been mentioned as a contemporary of Homer and a contestant with the great bard for public honor; by others he is placed at a period some four hundred years subsequent. What of his work still exists is more or less fragmentary, and all but one of the poems attributed to him has been by some one eminent critic at least taken from him.

As nearly as may be ascertained by the traditions extant, he was born at Cyme in Aeolis, but his father, a shepherd, migrated early to Ascra, a little village on the fertile slopes of Mount Helicon, which, however, the poet himself describes as "bad in winter and insuffer-

able in summer." One day, while tending his flocks, the Muses called to him, "Boor of the wild fields, byword of shame, nothing but belly! We know how to tell many false things, but we know how to speak the real truth when we will." Hesiod recognized the reproof, abandoned his herds, and became a poet. In *Works and Days* he tells us that when his father died he had a quarrel with his brother Perses, and a long lawsuit which the latter won by bribing the judges. Thereupon Hesiod left for Naupactus and, after his worthless brother had exhausted his inheritance, he applied to Hesiod for help. All this is quite improbable, and from the poem we gain the inference that this Perses is only a lay figure, a fictitious character, used to enable Hesiod to advise humanity as he wishes.

Another legend accounts for his death, but concerning the interim we have little information. It is related that he always avoided Southern Greece, because an oracle had informed him that he should die at Nemea. Once when visiting a little sanctuary near Oeneon in Locris, he fell in love with Clymene, who bore him a son, and after the event her angry brothers murdered him near a little shrine and threw his body into the sea, but the sacred dolphins returned the body to the shore, where the natives erected a costly shrine to his memory. The name of the sanctuary was Nemea, and thus was the oracle fulfilled. It is only fair to say, however, that both Locris

and Boeotia showed his grave and claimed him as their son.

Nominally, three of Hesiod's poems have been preserved, but there is little unity in any of them, and they might with propriety be separated into a larger number. These poems are *Theogony, Works and Days* and *The Shield of Heracles,* but the *Erga,* or *Works and Days,* is the only one whose authorship has not been questioned.

II. "ERGA." Hesiod was didactic in the extreme, and the object of his poetry was to disseminate such knowledge as would improve conditions of life or would diffuse those religious ideas and precepts, the following of which would tend to expand the destiny of mankind. He uses the wasteful life of Perses as a text upon which he rings the changes of his advice and touches upon such subjects as the advantage of a life of labor, proper economy in the arrangement of the life of a family, and the general moral laws.

Brief narratives, fables and mythological tales are used in abundance to illustrate his principles. In the book is found the *Hawk and the Nightingale,* the earliest fable known to Greek literature. Among the mythological tales are those of Prometheus and the fire stolen from Heaven, Pandora and her fatal box, and the story of the Gold, Silver, Bronze and Iron Ages, all of which we have told. Hesiod places man in the Iron Age, and his opinions are marked by a profound pessimism

which is relieved by few gleams of light. He thinks we have lost all the gods but two, Nemesis and Aidos (Shame) and believes that we are in danger of losing them. He rages at the corruption of judges and sees little to admire in the oligarchy which rules his state, in great contrast to Homer, who is so loyal to the kings.

Some of his descriptions are beautiful, as, for instance, the following of winter:

Bad days enough to flay an ox when the north wind rides down from Thrace and earth and plants shut themselves up; when he falls on the forest, brings down great oaks and pines, when the wood groans, the wild beasts shiver and put their tails between their legs. Their hides are thick with fur, but the cold blows through them, through the bull's hide and the goat's thick hair.

III. Extracts from "Erga." Charles Abraham Elton has translated the remains of Hesiod into English verse, from which the following extracts are taken. The first selection is the whole of the passage from which the extract descriptive of winter in the preceding paragraph was made:

Beware the January month; beware
Those hurtful days, that keenly piercing air
Which flays the steers; while frosts their horrors cast,
Congeal the ground and sharpen every blast.
From Thracia's courser-teeming region sweeps
The northern wind, and breathing on the deeps
Heaves wide the troubled surge; earth echoing roars
From the deep forests and the sea-beat shores.
He from the mountain-top with shattering stroke
Rends the broad pine, and many a branching oak

Hurls 'thwart the glen: while sudden from on high,
With headlong fury rushing down the sky,
The whirlwind stoops to earth, then deepening round
Swells the loud storm, and all the boundless woods resound.
The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,
And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold.
Thick is the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
But that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
Not his rough hide can then the ox avail,
The long-hair'd goat defenseless feels the gale;
Yet vain north-wind's rushing strength to wound
The flock, with sheltering fleeces fenc'd around.
The aged man inclines his bowed form,
But safe the tender virgin from the storm.
She strange to lovely Venus' mystic joys
Beneath the mother's roof her hours employs.
Around her nightly flows the tepid wave,
And shining oils in liquid fragrance lave
Her yielding limbs; thus pillow'd to repose
In her soft chamber, while the tempest blows.
Now gnaws the boneless polypus his feet,
Starv'd midst bleak rocks, his desolate retreat:
For now no more the sun's reflected ray
Through waves transparent guides him to his prey.
O'er tawny Afric rolls his bright career,
And slowly gilds the Grecian hemisphere.
And now the horned and unhorned kind,
Whose lair is in the wood, sore-famish'd grind
Their sounding jaws, and frozen and quaking fly
Where oaks the mountain dells imbranch on high;
They seek to couch in thickets of the glen,
Or lurk deep-shelter'd in the rocky den.
Like aged men who propp'd on crutches tread
Tottering, with broken strength and stooping head,
So move the beasts of earth; and creeping low
Shun the white flakes, and dread the drifting snow.
I warn thee, now around thy body cast
A thick defense and covering from the blast:

Let the soft cloak its woolly warmth bestow,
The under-tunic to thy ankle flow:
On a scant warp a woof abundant weave;
Thus warmly woven the mantling cloak receive:
Nor shall thy limbs beneath its ample fold
With bristling hairs start shivering to the cold.
Shoes of a slaughter'd ox's lasting hide,
Soft-lin'd with socks of wool, thy feet provide:
And kid-skins 'gainst the rigid season sew
With sinew of the bull, and sheltering throw
Athwart thy shoulders when the rains impend;
And let a well-wrought cap thy head defend,
And screen thine ears, when drenching showers descend
Bleak is the morn, when blows the north from high;
Oft when the dawnlight paints the starry sky,
A misty cloud suspended hovers o'er
The spacious earth with fertilizing store,
Drain'd from the living streams: aloft in air
The whirling winds the buoyant vapor bear,
Resolv'd at eve in rain or gusty cold
As by the north the troubled rack is roll'd.
Preventing this, the labor of the day
Accomplish'd, homeward bend thy hastening way;
Lest the dark cloud with whelming rush deprest
Drench thy cold limbs, and soak thy dripping vest.
This winter-month with prudent caution fear;
Severe to flocks nor less to men severe:
Feed thy keen husbandman with larger bread,
With half their provender thy steers be fed;
Them rest assists: the night's protracted length
Recruits their vigor and supplies their strength.
This rule observe, while still the various earth
Gives every fruit and kindly seedling birth:
Still to the toil proportionate the cheer,
The day to night, and equalize the year.

The following is his advice concerning marriage:

When full matureness crowns thy manhood's pride,
Lead to thy mansion the consenting bride:
Thrice ten thy sum of years, the nuptial prime;
Nor fall far short, nor far exceed the time.
Four years the ripening virgin should consume,
And wed the fifth of her expanded bloom.
A virgin choose, that morals chaste imprest
By thy wise love may stamp her yielding breast:
Some known and neighboring damsel be thy prize,
And wary bend around thy cautious eyes;
Lest by a choice imprudent thou be found
The merry mock of all the dwellers round.
No better lot has providence assign'd
Than a fair woman with a virtuous mind:
Nor can a worse befall, than when thy fate
Allots a worthless, feast-contriving mate;
She with no torch of mere material flame
Shall burn to tinder thy care-wasted frame;
Shall send a fire thy vigorous bones within,
And age unripe in bloom of years begin.

Of friendship he has this to say:

Let none in friendship with a brother vie:
Or should mischance divide the tender tie,
Be not the first to point the vengeful sting,
Nor speak for falsehood's sake the treacherous thing.
If he the first by word or deed offend,
Doubly thy just resentment may descend.
If with conciliating love possest
He come atoning, clasp him to thy breast.
Wretched the man whom faith deceiv'd shall send
In sad incertitude from friend to friend.

IV. "THEOGONY." The *Theogony,* of a thousand twenty-two verses, is a longer poem than the *Erga* by some two hundred lines. The form and style of the former are not materially different from those of the latter. In both

cases the form of Homer's epics is followed, but in neither poem is there shown the vivid imagination and unusual power that characterize the work of the blind bard. All of Hesiod's work, in fact, lacks ornament and may be considered plain talk for plain, matter-of-fact, common people. *Work* signified the gospel of labor and *Days* provided the calendar; *Theogony* classified the myths and presented the religion of the Greeks in a systematic whole.

Influential as the codification was, it did not provide for a settled priesthood nor a uniform ritual. Yet the moral sayings of Hesiod were very popular, and a knowledge of them was carefully inculcated in the young. However, the *Theogony* includes, besides an account of the creation and the generally recognized divinities, gods that were primeval, that came from the far East and were not included in the worship of the Greeks.

The text is not perfect, and the latter part of the poem is hopelessly lost. In tracing the genealogy and relationship of the gods, Hesiod gives also a long list of those goddesses who had children by mortal men, and intimates at the close of the text as we have it that he proposes to give a list of those women who had children by the gods. The importance of these lists must have been considerable in the eyes of the noble Greek families, most of whom traced their origin to the gods. By many allusions in classic writings we know that Hesiod carried out his plan, and we know that in an

edition published in Alexandria there were of these lists of women five books, known by the Greek words which signify "or like," because whenever the tale shifted from one heroine to another, the new section began "Or like her who dwelt in Pythia, etc., etc." There are fragments of these *Or likes* still in existence. That Hesiod wrote all there were is extremely doubtful. It was too simple a matter, as the years swept by, for any family which wanted an ancestry among the gods to add a new section beginning "Or like," and create for the woman, through whom the Greeks always traced descent, a satisfactory birth and marriage.

V. EXTRACTS FROM THE "THEOGONY." To show the contrast between a literal prose translation from the Greek and the poetic treatment given by those translators who write in the English verse, we quote first from the Rev. J. Banks. The selection is taken from the genealogy of the gods and shows the origin of a number of those fabled monsters of whom we have previously spoken:

> And she brought forth another monster, irresistible, nowise like to mortal men, or immortal gods, in a hollow cavern; the divine stubborn-hearted Echidna, [half nymph, with dark eyes *and* fair cheeks; and half, on the other hand, a serpent huge, and terrible, and vast,] speckled, and flesh-devouring, 'neath caves of sacred Earth. For there is her cavern, deep under a hollow rock, afar from immortal gods as well as mortal men: there I ween have the gods assigned to her famous mansions to inhabit. But she, the destructive Echidna, was

confined in Arima beneath the earth, a nymph immortal, and all her days insensible to age. With her they say that Typhaon associated in love, a terrible and lawless ravisher for the dark-eyed maid. And she, having conceived, bare fierce-hearted children. The dog Orthus first she bare for Geryon, and next, in the second place, she brought forth the irresistible and ineffable flesh-devourer Cerberus, dog of hell, with brazen voice *and* with fifty heads, a bold and strong *beast.* Thirdly, again she gave birth to the Lernaean Hydra, subtle in destruction, whom Juno, white-armed goddess, reared, implacably hating the mighty Hercules. And it Jove's son, Hercules, named of Amphitryon, along with warlike Iclaus, and by the counsels of Pallas the despoiler, slaughtered with ruthless sword. But she (*Echidna*) bare Chimaera, breathing resistless fire, fierce and huge, fleet-footed as well as strong: this *monster* had three heads: one indeed of a grim-visaged lion, one of a goat, and another of a serpent, a fierce dragon; in front a lion, a dragon behind, and in the midst a goat; breathing forth the dread strength of burning fire. Her Pegasus slew and brave Bellerophon.

Recurring again to the translation of Elton, we quote the same passage:

So pent beneath
The rocks of Arima, Echidna dwelt
Hideous; a nymph immortal, and in youth
Unchang'd for evermore. But legends tell
That with the jet-eyed nymph the whirlwind fierce,
His terrible embrace, Typhaon, join'd:
She, fill'd with love, a progeny conceived
Of strain undaunted. Geryon's dog of herds,
Orthus, the first arose: the second birth,
Unutterable, was the dog of hell,
Voracious, brazen-voiced, and bold and strong,
The fifty-headed Cerberus: and third
Upsprang the Hydra, pest of Lerna's lake;

Whom Juno, white-arm'd goddess, fostering train'd
With deep resentment fill'd, insatiable,
'Gainst Hercules; but he, the son of Jove,
Named of Amphytrion, in the dragon's gore
Bath'd his unpitying steel, by warlike aid
Of Iolaus, and the counsels high
Of Pallas the Despoiler. Last came forth
Chimaera, breathing deluges of flame
Unconquerable; a monster grim and huge,
And swift and strong, and crested with three heads—
A lion's tawny semblance one; and one
As of a goat; a mighty snake's the third.
In front the lion threaten'd; and behind
The serpent; and the goat was in the midst,
Exhaling fierce the strength of burning flame:
On the wing'd horse her brave Bellerophon
Slew.

She, compell'd by Orthus, gave to birth
Depopulating Sphynx, of Cadmus' race
The fell destruction; and the lion bore
Nam'd of Nemaea: him to fierceness rear'd
Jove's glorious consort; and his lair assign'd
Among Nemaea's hills, the pest of men.
There lurking in his haunts he long insnar'd
The roving tribes of man, and held stern sway
O'er cavern'd Tretum, o'er the mountain heights
Of Apesantus, and Nemaea's wilds;
Till strong Alcides quell'd his gasping strength.

Again, embrac'd by Phorcys, brought she forth
Her youngest-born, the dreadful snake, that couch'd
In the dark earth's abyss, a wide domain,
Holds o'er the golden apples wakeful guard.

As a final example of the *Theogony* at its best, we give this description of the War of the Gods and the Titans:

When first their sire 'gainst Cottus, Briareus,
And Gyges, felt his moody anger chafe

Within him,—sore amaz'd with that their strength
Immeasurable, their aspect fierce, and bulk
Gigantic,—with a chain of iron force
He bound them down, and fix'd their dwelling-place
Beneath the spacious ground: beneath the ground
They dwelt, in pain and durance: in th' abyss
There sitting, where earth's utmost bound'ries end.
Full long opprest with mighty grief of heart
They brooded o'er their woes: but them did Jove
Saturnian, and those other deathless gods
Whom fair-hair'd Rhea bore to Saturn's love,
By counsel wise of Earth, lead forth again
To light. For she successive all things told:
How with the giant brethren they should win
The glory bright of conquest.
Long they fought
With toil soul-harrowing; they the deities
Titanic and Saturnian; each to each
Oppos'd, in valor of promiscuous war.
From Othrys' lofty summit warr'd the host
Of glorious Titans; from Olympus they
The band of gift-dispensing deities
Whom fair-hair'd Rhea bore to Saturn's love.
So wag'd they war soul-harrowing: each with each
Ten years and more the furious battle join'd
Unintermitted: nor to either host
Was issue of stern strife, nor end: alike
Did either stretch the limit of the war.
But now when Jove had set before his powers
All things befitting; the repast of gods
The nectar and ambrosia, in each breast
Kindled th' heroic spirit: and now all
The nectar and ambrosia sweet had shar'd,
When spake the father of the gods and men:
"Hear, ye illustrious race of Earth and Heaven,
What now the soul within me prompts. Full long
Day after day in battle have we stood
Oppos'd, Titanic and Saturnian gods,
For conquest and for empire: still do ye,

In deadly combat with the Titans join'd,
Strength mighty and unconquerable hands
Display: remembering our benignant love
And tender mercies which ye prov'd, again
From restless agony of bondage ris'n,
So will'd our counsel, and from gloom to-day."
He spake: when answer'd Cottus the renown'd:
"O Jove august! not darkly hast thou said:
Nor know we not how excellent thou art
In wisdom; from a curse most horrible
Rescuing immortals: O imperial son
Of Saturn! by thy counsels have we ris'n
Again, from bitter bondage and the depth
Of darkness, all unhoping of relief:
Then with persisting spirit and device
Of prudent warfare, shall we still assert
Thy empire midst the rage of arms, and still
In hardy conflict brave the Titan foe."
He ceas'd. The gift-dispensing gods around
Heard, and in praise assented: nor till then
So burn'd each breast with ardor to destroy.
All on that day rous'd infinite the war,
Female and male: the Titan deities,
The gods from Saturn sprung, and those whom Jove
From subterraneous gloom releas'd to light:
Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge;
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mold. They then array'd
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous grasp wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On th' other side alert
The Titan phalanx clos'd: then hands of strength
Join'd prowess, and display'd the works of war.
Tremendous then th' immeasurable sea
Roar'd; earth resounded: the wide heaven throughout
Groan'd shattering: from its base Olympus vast
Reel'd to the violence of gods: the shock
Of deep concussion rock'd the dark abyss

Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings, and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurl'd
Groan-scattering; and the shout of either host
Burst in exhorting ardor to the stars
Of heaven; with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering clos'd.
Nor longer then did Jove
Curb his full power; but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd
With his omnipotence. At once he loos'd
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian, flash'd
With his continual presence; for he pass'd
Incessant forth, and scatter'd fires on fires.
Hurl'd from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell: roar'd around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration, far on every side
Th' immensity of forests crackling blaz'd:
Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the streams that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
Round and around the Titan brood of Earth
Roll'd the hot vapor on its fiery surge;
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffus'd: the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb,
Strong though they were, intolerable smote,
And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the void
Of Erebus, the preternatural glare
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been, as if midway the spacious heaven,
Hurtling with earth, shock'd—e'en as nether earth
Crash'd from the center, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruining from high. So vast the din,
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms

Commingled, and the tumult roar'd from heaven.
Shrill rush'd the hollow winds, and rous'd throughout
A shaking, and a gathering dark of dust,
The crush of thunders and the glare of flames,
The fiery darts of Jove: full in the midst
Of either host they swept the roaring sound
Of tempest, and the shouting: mingled rose
The din of dreadful battle. There stern strength
Put forth the proof of prowess, till the fight
Declin'd: but first in opposite array
Full long they stood, and bore the brunt of war.
Amid the foremost towering in the van
The war-unsated Gyges, Briareus,
And Cottus, bitterest conflict wag'd: for they
Successive thrice a hundred rocks in air
Hurl'd from their sinewy grasp: with missile storm
The Titan host o'ershadowing, them they drove
All-haughty as they were, with hands of strength
O'ercoming them, beneath th' expanse of earth,
And bound with galling chains; so far beneath
This earth, as earth is distant from the sky:
So deep the space to darksome Tartarus.
A brazen anvil rushing from the sky
Through thrice three days would toss in airy whirl,
Nor touch this earth till the tenth sun arose:
Or down earth's chasm precipitate revolve,
Nor till the tenth sun rose attain the verge
Of Tartarus. A fence of massive brass
Is forg'd around: around the pass is roll'd
A night of triple darkness; and above
Impend the roots of earth and barren sea.
There the Titanic gods in murkiest gloom
Lie hidden, such the cloud-assembler's will;
There in a place of darkness, where vast earth
Has end: from thence no egress open lies:
Neptune's huge hand with brazen gates the mouth
Has clos'd; a wall environs every side.
There Gyges, Cottus, high-soul'd Briareus
Dwell vigilant, the faithful sentinels

Of aegis-bearer Jove. Successive there
The dusky earth, and darksome Tartarus,
The sterile ocean, and the star-bright heaven,
Arise and end, their source and boundary.
A drear and ghastly wilderness, abhorr'd
E'en by the gods; a vast vacuity:
Might none the space of one slow-circling year
Touch the firm soil, that portal enter'd once,
But him the whirl of vexing hurricanes
Toss to and fro. E'en by immortals loath'd
This prodigy of horror. There of Night
Obscure the dismal dwellings rise, with mists
Of darkness overspread. Full in the front
Atlas upholding heaven his forehead rears
And indefatigable hands. There Night
And Day near passing, mutual greeting still
Exchange, alternate as they glide athwart
The brazen threshold vast. This enters, that
Forth issues; nor the two can one abode
At once constrain. This passes forth, and roams
The round of earth; that in the mansion waits,
Till the due season of her travel come.
Lo! from the one the far-discerning light
Beams upon earthly dwellers; but a cloud
Of pitchy blackness veils the other round,
Pernicious Night, aye-leading in her hand
Sleep, Death's half-brother; sons of gloomy Night,
There hold they habitation, Death and Sleep,
Dread deities; nor them the shining Sun
E'er with his beam contemplates, when he climbs
The cope of heaven, nor when from heaven descends.
Of these the one glides o'er the gentle space
Of earth and broad expanse of ocean waves,
Placid to man: the other has a heart
Of iron; in his breast a brazen soul
Is bosom'd, ruthless: whom of men he grasps
Stern he retains, e'en to immortal gods
A foe.

The hollow-sounding palaces

Of subterraneous gods there in the front
Ascend, of mighty Pluto and his queen
Awful Persephone. A grisly dog,
Implacable, holds watch before the gates;
Of guile malicious. Them who enter there,
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes;
But suffers not that they with backward step
Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
Of Pluto strong and stern Persephone,
For them with marking eye he lurks; on them
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.
There, odious to immortals, dreadful Styx
Inhabits, refluent Ocean's eldest-born:
She from the gods apart for ever dwells
In mansions known to fame, with arching roofs
O'erhung, of loftiest rock, and all around
The silver columns lean upon the skies.
Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
Be risen, and midst the gods dissension sown.
And if there be among th' Olympian race
Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down,
To bear from far, in ewer of gold, the wave
Renown'd; that from the summit of a rock
Steep, lofty, cold distils. Beneath wide Earth
Abundant from the sacred parent-flood,
Through shades of blackest night, the Stygian branch
Of Ocean flows: a tenth of all the streams
To the dread oath allotted. In nine streams
Round and around earth and the Ocean broad
With silver whirlpools mazy-roll'd, at length
It falls into the main: one stream alone
Glides from the rock, a mighty bane to gods.
Who of immortals that inhabit still
Olympus topt with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
The nectar'd and ambrosial sweet repast;

But still reclines on the spread festive couch
Mute, breathless; and a mortal lethargy
O'erwhelms him: but, his malady absolv'd
With the great round of the revolving year,
More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
From ever-living deities remote
His lot is cast: in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full:
The tenth again he mingles with the blest
In synod, who th' Olympian mansions hold.
So great an oath the deities of heaven
Decreed the waters incorruptible,
Ancient, of Styx: who sweeps with wandering waves
A rugged region; where of dusky Earth,
And darksome Tartarus, and Ocean waste,
And the starr'd Heaven, the source and boundary
Successive rise and end: a dreary wild
And ghastly, e'en by deities abhorr'd.
There gates resplendent rise; the threshold brass;
Immovable, on deep foundations fix'd,
Self-fram'd: before it the Titanic gods
Abide, without th' assembly of the blest,
Beyond the gulf of darkness: there beneath
The ocean-roots, th' auxiliaries renown'd
Of Jove loud-thundering, Gyges, Cottus, dwell:
But the deep-sounding shaker of the shores,
Hailing him son, to Briareus consign'd,
Brave as he was, his daughter for a bride,
Cymopolia.

VI. The "Shield of Hercules." In all probability this doubtful poem was one of the *Or likes,* an account of the birth and relationship of Alcmene, the mother of Hercules. In fact, the poem begins, "Or like Alcmene, when she fled from her home and fatherland and came to Thebes;" and then proceeds to tell of the birth of Hercules and the expedition of that

hero and Iolaus against Cygnus. While Hercules is being armed, there is given a long description of his shield, which is drawn largely from Homer and which gives the name to the poem.

VII. EXTRACTS FROM THE "SHIELD OF HERCULES." From Elton's translation we give, slightly condensed, the famous description of the wonderful shield and the arming of Hercules for his battle with Cygnus:

Thus having said, his legs he sheathed in greaves
Of mountain-brass, resplendent-white; the gift
Glorious of Vulcan: o'er his breast he drew
The corselet, variegated, beautiful,
Of shining gold; this Jove-born Pallas gave.
When first he rush'd to meet the mingling groans
Of battle, then the mighty man athwart
His shoulder slung the sword whose edge repels
Th' approach of mortal harms: and clasp'd around
His bosom, and reclining o'er his back,
He cast the hollow quiver; lurk'd therein
Full many arrows; shuddering horror they
Inflicted, and the agony of death
Sudden, that chokes the suffocative voice:
The points were barb'd with death, and bitter steep'd
In human tears: burnish'd the lengthening shafts;
And they were feather'd from the tawny plume
Of eagles. Now he grasp'd the solid spear
Sharpen'd with brass; and on his brows of strength
Plac'd the forg'd helm, high-wrought in adamant,
That cas'd the temples round, and fenc'd the head
Divine.

His hands then rais'd THE SHIELD, of disk
Diversified; might none with missile aim
Pierce, or th' impenetrable substance rive
Shattering. A wondrous frame; since all throughout
Bright with enamel, and with ivory,

And mingled metal; and with ruddy gold
Refulgent, and with azure plates inlaid.
The scaly terror of a dragon coil'd
Full in the central field; unspeakable;
With eyes oblique retorted, that aslant
Shot gleaming flame; his hollow jaw was fill'd
Dispersedly with jagged fangs of white,
Grim, unapproachable.
And next above
The dragon's forehead fell, stern Strife in air
Hung hovering, and array'd the war of men:
Haggard; whose aspect from all mortals reft
All mind and soul, whoe'er in brunt of arms
Should match their strength, and face the son of Jove,
Below this earth their spirits to th' abyss
Descend; and through the flesh that wastes away
Beneath the parching sun, their whitening bones
Start forth, and molder in the sable dust.
Pursuit was there, and fiercely rallying Flight,
Tumult and Terror: burning Carnage glow'd;
Wild Discord madden'd there, and frantic Rout
Rang'd to and fro. A deathful Destiny
There grasp'd a living man, that bled afresh
From recent wound; another yet unharm'd
Dragg'd furious; and a third already dead
Trail'd by the feet amid the throng of war:—
And o'er her shoulders was a garment thrown,
Dabbled with human blood; and in her look
Was horror; and a deep funereal cry
Broke from her lips.
There, indescribable,
Twelve serpent heads rose dreadful; and with fear
Froze all who drew on earth the breath of life,
Whoe'er should match their strength in brunt of arms,
And face the son of Jove: and oft as he
Mov'd to the battle, from their clashing fangs
A sound was heard. Such miracles display'd
The buckler's field, with living blazonry
Resplendent: and those fearful snakes were streak'd

O'er their coerulean backs with streaks of jet;
And their jaws blacken'd with a jetty dye.
Wild from the forest, herds of boars were there,
And lions, mutual glaring; and in wrath
Leap'd on each other; and by troops they drove
Their onset: nor yet these nor those recoil'd,
Nor quak'd in fear: of both the backs uprose
Bristling with anger: for a lion huge
Lay stretch'd amidst them, and two boars beside
Lifeless; the sable blood down-dropping ooz'd
Into the ground. So these with bowed backs
Lay dead beneath the terrible lions: they,
For this the more incens'd, both savage boars
And tawny lions, chafing sprang to war.
There, too, the battle of the Lapithae
Was wrought; the spear-arm'd warriors.

. . . . . .

Silver were their limbs,
Their armor golden: and to them oppos'd
The Centaur band stood thronging.

. . . . . .

All of silver frame,
And grasping golden pine-trees in their hands.
At once they onset made; in very life
They rush'd, and hand to hand tumultuous clos'd
With pines and clashing spears.
There fleet of hoof
The steeds were standing of stern-visag'd Mars
In gold: and he himself, tearer of spoils,
Life-waster, purpled all with dropping blood,
As one who slew the living and despoil'd,
Loud-shouting to the warrior-infantry
There vaulted on his chariot: him beside
Stood Fear and Consternation; high their hearts
Panted, all eager for the war of men.
There too Minerva rose, leader of hosts,
Resembling Pallas when she would array
The marshal'd battle. In her grasp her spear,
And on her brows a golden helm; athwart

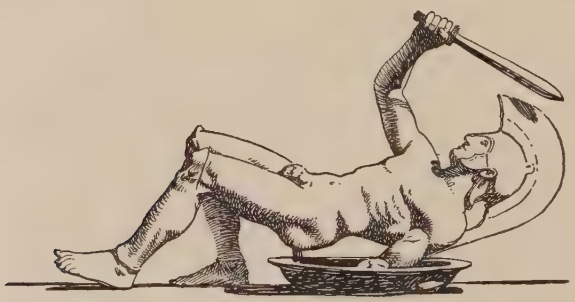
Her shoulders thrown her aegis; went she forth
In this array to meet the dismal shout
Of war.
And there a tuneful choir appear'd
Of heaven's immortals: in the midst, the son
Of Jove and of Latona sweetly rang
Upon his golden harp; th' Olympian mount,
Dwelling of gods, thrill'd back the broken sound.
And there were seen th' assembly of the gods
Listening: encircled with beatitude:
And in sweet contest with Apollo there
The virgins of Pieria rais'd the strain
Preluding; and they seem'd as though they sang
With clear sonorous voice.
And there appear'd
A sheltering haven from the rage untam'd
Of Ocean. It was wrought of tin, refin'd,
And rounded by the chisel; and it seem'd
Like to the dashing wave: and in the midst
Full many dolphins chas'd the fry, and show'd
As though they swam the waters, to and fro
Darting tumultuous. Two of silver scale,
Panting above the wave, the fishes mute
Gorg'd, that beneath them shook their quivering fins
In brass: but on the crag a fisher sat
Observant; in his grasp he held a net,
Like one that poising rises to the throw.
There was the knight of fair-hair'd Danae born,
Perseus: nor yet the buckler with his feet
Touch'd, nor yet distant hover'd: strange to think
For nowhere on the surface of the shield
He rested: so the crippled artist-god
Illustrious, fram'd him with his hands in gold.
Bound to his feet were sandals wing'd: a sword
Of brass, with hilt of sable ebony,
Hung round him by the shoulders from a thong.
Swift e'en as thought he flew. The visage grim
Of monstrous Gorgon all his back o'erspread;
And wrought in silver, wondrous to the sight,

A veil was drawn around it, whence in gold
Hung glittering fringes: and the dreadful helm
Of Pluto clasp'd the temples of the prince,
Shedding a night of darkness. Thus outstretched
In air, he seem'd like one to trembling flight
Betaken. Close behind, the Gorgons twain,
Of nameless terror, unapproachable,
Came rushing: eagerly they stretch'd their arms
To seize him: from the pallid adamant
Audibly as they rush'd, the clattering shield
Clank'd with a sharp shrill sound: two grisly snakes
Hung from their girdles, and with forking tongues
Lick'd their inflected jaws: and violent gnash'd
Their fangs, fell-glaring: each grim Gorgon head
Shook horror.
Next above them warrior men
Wag'd battle, grasping weapons in their hands.
Some from their city and their sires repell'd
Destruction; others hasten'd to destroy:
And many press'd the plain, but more still held
The combat. On the strong-constructed towers
Stood women, shrieking shrill, and rent their cheeks
In very life, by Vulcan's glorious craft.
The elders hoar with age assembled stood
Without the gates, and to the blessed gods
Their hands uplifted, for their fighting sons
Fear-stricken. These again the combat held.
Behind them stood the Fates, of aspect black,
Grim, slaughter-breathing, fell, insatiable,
With teeth white-gnashing; and fierce conflict held
For those who fell. Each eager-thirsting sought
To quaff the sable blood. Whom first they snatch'd
Prostrate, or staggering with the fresh-made wound,
On him they struck their talons huge: the soul
Fled down th' abyss, the horror-freezing gulf
Of Tartarus. They, glutted to the heart
With human gore, behind them cast the corse;
And back with hurrying rage they turn'd to seek
The throng of battle. And hard by there stood

Clotho and Lachesis; and Atropos,
Somewhat in years inferior; nor was she
A mighty goddess, yet those other Fates
Exceeding, and of birth the elder far.
And all around on man in cruel strife
Were join'd; and on each other turn'd in wrath
Their glowing eyes; and mingling desperate hands
And talons, mutual strove.
And near to them
Stood Misery, wan, ghastly, worn with woe;
Arid and swol'n of knees, with hunger's pains
Faint-falling: from her lean hands long the nails
Outgrew; an ichor from her nostrils flow'd;
Blood from her cheeks distill'd to earth; with teeth
All wide disclos'd in grinning agony
She stood: a cloud of dust her shoulders spread,
And her eyes ran with tears.
But next arose
A well-tower'd city, by seven golden gates
Enclos'd, that fitted to their lintels hung.
There men in dances and in festive joys
Held revelry. Some on the smooth-wheel'd car
A virgin bride conducted: then burst forth
Aloud the marriage-song; and far and wide
Long splendors flash'd from many a quivering torch
Borne in the hands of slaves. Gay-blooming girls
Preceded, and the dancers follow'd blithe:
These, with shrill pipe indenting the soft lip,
Breath'd melody, while broken echoes thrill'd
Around them; to the lyre with flying touch
Those led the love-enkindling dance.
A group
Of youths was elsewhere imag'd, to the flute
Disporting: some in dances and in song,
In laughter others. To the minstrel's flute
So pass'd they on; and the whole city seem'd
As fill'd with pomps, with dances, and with feasts.
Others again, without the city-walls,
Vaulted on steeds, and madden'd for the goal.

Others as husbandmen appear'd, and broke
With coulter the rich glebe, and gather'd up
Their tunics neatly girded.
Next arose
A field thick-set with depth of corn; where some
With sickle reap'd the stalks, their speary heads
Bent, as with pods weigh'd down of swelling grain,
The fruits of Ceres.
Others into bands
Gather'd, and threw upon the threshing-floor
The sheaves.
And some again hard by were seen
Holding the vine-sickle, who clusters cut
From the ripe vines, which from the vintagers
Others in frails receiv'd, or bore away
In baskets thus up-pil'd the cluster'd grapes,
Or black, or pearly white, cut from deep ranks
Of spreading vines, whose tendrils curling twin'd
In silver, heavy-foliag'd: near them rose
The ranks of vines, by Vulcan's curious craft
Figur'd in gold. The vines leaf-shaking curl'd
Round silver props. They therefore on their way
Pass'd jocund, to one minstrel's flageolet,
Burden'd with grapes that blacken'd in the sun.
Some also trod the wine-press, and some quaff'd
The foaming must.
But in another part
Were men who wrestled, or in gymnic fight
Wielded the caestus.
Elsewhere men of chase
Were taking the fleet hares; two keen-tooth'd dogs
Bounded beside: these ardent in pursuit,
Those with like ardor doubling on their flight.
Next them were knights, who painful effort made
To win the prize of contest and hard toil.
High o'er the well-compacted chariots hung
The charioteers; the rapid horses loos'd
At their full stretch, and shook the floating reins.
Rebounding from the ground with many a shock

Flew clattering the firm cars, and creak'd aloud
The naves of the round wheels. They therefore toil'd
Endless; nor conquest yet at any time
Achiev'd they, but a doubtful strife maintain'd.
In the mid-course the prize, a tripod huge,
Was plac'd in open sight, insculpt of gold:—
These glorious works had Vulcan artful wrought.
Rounding the uttermost verge the Ocean flow'd
As in full swell of waters: and the shield
All-variegated with whole circle bound.
Swans of high-hovering wing there clamor'd shrill,
Who also skimm'd the breasted surge with plume
Innumerous: near them fishes midst the waves
Frolic'd in wanton leaps.
Marvelous the sight
E'en to the Thunderer's eyes, by whose dread will
Had Vulcan fram'd the vast and solid shield.
This fitting to his grasp, the valiant son
Of Jove with ease now shook, and vaulting rose
Into the steed-rapt chariot; with light bound,
Swift as the flash of his Egean sire
Up-springing: and his hardy charioteer
Stood o'er the steeds from high, and guided strong
The crooked car.



"FALLEN WARRIOR," FROM TEMPLE OF AEGINA

CHAPTER XII

LYRIC POETRY

ORIGIN. In Greece until at least the seventh century B. C. the epic was the only form of poetry known, and the hexameter the only meter in use, excepting in some of the early songs already mentioned. *Lyric,* strictly speaking, applies to poetry sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, and the word is used in that sense here rather than in its modern generic sense, which includes all poetry neither epic nor dramatic. To the Greek, music and poetry were one, and it has been left to modern composers to divorce the two and to develop music far beyond anything ever dreamed of by the ancients, although in so doing they have left poetry halting in the rear.

The epic and hexameter verse were best adapted to sing in heroic strains the deeds of the great patrons of the poets, and so, while the Grecian governments were monarchic or oligarchic, it was natural those measures should receive the greatest attention. As a more democratic spirit rose, the poet was freed from his sycophantic attitude, and may be supposed eagerly to have sought more liberal modes of expression, and to have developed the elegy, a poem composed of a union of hexameter and pentameter in distiches. The subject matter was not funereal, as we now conceive it, but was anything emotional and suitable to be sung at literary festivals. It was the free and undisturbed outpouring of the poet's hopes and fears, with all those traits which we miss in the epics, where the author's personality is wholly absorbed by his subject.

II. Epigrams. To the epitaph on a tombstone or the inscription on a votive offering we must go for the origin of the modern epigram. The Greek epigram did not of necessity contain the caustic wit or the unexpected turn we now feel essential, nor the satiric tinge given it by the Romans, but it was required that these poems, though of but few lines, should be concise, complete, expressive, and allow no room for the poet to give vent to his emotions, outside the bare content of the epigram. To Simonides of Ceos, who was at the height of his fame about 520 B. C., is given the credit for bringing the epigram to perfection. He was

the author of most of the inscriptions which the Greek states placed on the tombs of their heroes who fell in the Persian wars. Perhaps the most famous was that engraved upon the column which was erected on the field of Thermopylae in honor of the three hundred Spartans who died there:

> Go, stranger, and to Lacedaemon tell
> That here, obeying her behest, we fell.

When a lyric rival had attacked him by the coarse epigram, "Not Timocreon alone makes compacts with the Medes; I am not the only dock-tail; there are other foxes, too," Simonides replied in the form of the epitaph, "Having eaten much and drunk much and said much evil of my fellow men, here I lie, Timocreon the Rhodian."

The fondness of the Greek for terse and epigrammatic sayings is manifested in those aphorisms which were inscribed in the temple of Apollo at Delphi and accredited to those sages who are known in history as the Seven Wise Men of Greece. Their names and their sayings are as follows:

Solon of Athens: Nothing in excess.

Thales of Miletus: Suretyship brings ruin.

Bias of Priene: An excess of workers spoils the work.

Pittacus of Mytilene: Know your opportunity.

Chilon of Sparta: Know thyself.

Periander of Corinth: Have forethought in everything.

Cleobulus of Lindus: Moderation is the highest good.

III. Iambic Poetry. Iambics, or feet with one accented and one unaccented syllable, as we use them, are somewhat stately in their movement, but in the poems of the Greeks they are so interrupted, broken and modified by the lack of accent and the dependence upon quantity that the movement was much accelerated. In fact, it was rather gay and lively and well adapted to the raillery, vituperation and broad jests which they expressed. In fact, an *iambus* is a jest or bantering expression.

The Ionians, keen and satirical by nature, spared few, if any, subjects in their ridicule, nor did they pay much attention to decency and morality in the jests of their feasts. Scurrilous remarks, witty sayings, sarcastic and vituperative rejoinders were all with equal abandon couched in the iambic meter, which appears first to have been systematically used by Archilochus.

Later in the history of poetry the iambus, as the nearest approach to prose of any of the poetic measures, attained a wider popularity and provided poetry with a verse suitable for dialogue, and in such capacity it is common in the drama.

Archilochus of Paros, who may have written about 650 B. C., was one of the earliest users of the iambus, and the greatest. Quintilian, the

Roman critic, said of his work, "The sentences (are) strong, terse and quivering, full of blood and muscle; some people feel that if his work is ever inferior to the very highest, it must be the fault of his subject, not of his genius."

When the corpses of friends were thrown up from the sea, Archilochus called for their burial in the words, "O hide the bitter gifts of Poseidon."

"In my spear is kneaded bread, in my spear is wine of Ismarus; I lie upon my spear as I drink," is the cry of an outlaw who has lost his fighting spirit, and it may have been the wail of his own soul; for after leaving Thaos, which he called "a wretched island, bare and rough as a hog's back in the sea," he was both mercenary soldier, probably freebooter, and a victim in a battle against Naxos.

Other satirists were more scurrilous and bitter than Archilochus, and most of them had little regard for woman, as may be gained from the words of one: "A woman gives a man two days of pleasure: the day he marries her and the day he carries out her corpse."

IV. Fables. A specialized form of satire showed itself in the beast-fable, which has for its function the presentation of human foibles through the medium of the beasts, who are given the power of speech and endowed with the characteristics of man. It is probable that the taste for fables was introduced from the East, where it seems to have originated in the more florid imagination of the Orientals. Fa-

bles were not always poetic, but their origin was so closely related to that of Iambic poetry and they are so far removed from real Greek prose that they may properly enough be considered here, and in this connection we may as well say what should be said about the great fabulist of the Greeks.

V. Aesop (Aesopus). So far as can be ascertained, Aesop was a slave who flourished about 575 B. C. He was a native Phrygian, or Ethiopian, and at one time is said to have visited Croesus and made so favorable an impression upon that monarch that he was given several missions. Another tradition makes him the slave of Xanthus, and the story of his purchase by that wealthy citizen has often been quoted.

It seems that Xanthus, in search of a slave, saw two men put up at auction beside Aesop. Xanthus inquired what they could do, and the two slaves volubly recited their acquirements, for they were anxious to become the property of so wealthy an owner.

"What can you do?" inquired Xanthus, turning to Aesop.

"The others can do so much and do it so well," replied Aesop, "that there is nothing left for me to do."

"Will you be honest and faithful if I buy you?"

"I shall be that whether you buy me or not."

"Will you promise not to run away?"

"Did you ever hear," answered Aesop, "of a bird that promised to stay in his cage?"

The wit of Aesop was so evident that Xanthus purchased him on the spot.

It is said that at one time, when under the influence of liquor, Xanthus bet a large sum with his companions that he could drink the sea dry. When he became sober, he realized the foolishness of his wager and consulted Aesop, who advised him as follows: "You promised to drink the sea dry, not the rivers which flow into it. Tell your friends that when they have stopped the rivers flowing into the sea, you will perform your wager."

On one of the missions from Croesus, Aesop visited the priests at Delphi and so enraged them by his caustic witticisms that they seized him and flung him over a cliff into the sea.

It is not probable that Aesop wrote anything and, if he did, we have no productions that are certainly his. He seems to have been another of the lay figures of antiquity, one to whom it was customary to attribute all fables, no matter what their origin. There were numbers of these fables that gained general currency among the Greeks, but there is only one collection in their language, and that was made at a much later date, some years after the birth of Christ. The popularity of these fables was long continued and we hear that Socrates, when in prison, rewrote in verse those which were familiar to him.

VI. A Few Fables Commonly Attributed to Aesop. In 1813 Samuel Croxall, D. D., published an edition of the *Fables of Aesop* with

"instructive applications." We take his translation of the fables, and in one instance append one of his "applications" as an example of the use to which fables have been put:

THE FROGS DESIRING A KING

The frogs living an easy, free life everywhere among the lakes and ponds, assembled together one day in a very tumultuous manner and petitioned Jupiter to let them have a king, who might inspect their morals and make them live a little honester. Jupiter, being at that time in pretty good humor, was pleased to laugh heartily at their ridiculous request; and throwing a little log down into the pool, cried, "There is a king for you." The sudden splash which this made by its fall into the water at first terrified them so exceedingly that they were afraid to come near it. But in a little time, seeing it lay still without moving, they ventured, by degrees, to approach it; and at last finding there was no danger, they leaped upon it; and, in short, treated it as familiarly as they pleased. But not contented with so insipid a king as this was, they sent their deputies to petition again for another sort of one; for this they neither did nor could like. Upon that, he sent them a stork; who, without any ceremony, fell to devouring and eating them up, one after another, as fast as he could. Then they applied themselves privately to Mercury, and got him to speak to Jupiter in their behalf; that he would be so good as to bless them again with another king, or restore them again to their former state: "No," says he, "since it was their own choice, let the obstinate wretches suffer the punishment due to their folly."

(*The Application*)

It is pretty extraordinary to find a fable of this kind, finished with so bold and yet polite a turn by Phaedrus: one who attained his freedom by the favor of Augustus, and wrote it in the time of Tiberius; who were, suc-

cessively, tyrannical usurpers of the Roman government. If we may take his word for it, Aesop spoke it upon this occasion. When the commonwealth of Athens flourished under good wholesome laws of its own enacting, they relied so much upon the security of their liberty that they negligently suffered it to run out into licentiousness. And factions happening to be fomented among them by designing people, much about the same time, Pisistratus took that opportunity to make himself master of their citadel and liberties both together. The Athenians finding themselves in a state of slavery, though their tyrant happened to be a very merciful one, yet could not bear the thoughts of it; so that Aesop, where there was no remedy, prescribes to them patience, by the example of the foregoing fable; and adds, at last, "Wherefore, my dear countrymen, be contented with your present condition, bad as it is, for fear a change should be worse."

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A dog, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and believing it to be another dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he could not forbear at it; but was so far from getting anything by his greedy design, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sunk to the bottom, and was irrecoverably lost.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

A wolf, after devouring his prey, happened to have a bone stick in his throat, which gave him much pain, that he went howling up and down, importuning every creature he met to lend him a kind hand in order to his relief; nay, he promised a reasonable reward to any one that should undertake the operation with success. At last the crane, tempted with the lucre of the reward, and having first procured him to confirm his promise with an oath, undertook the business, and ventured his long neck into the rapacious felon's throat. In short, he

plucked out the bone, and expected the promised gratuity. When the wolf, turning his eyes disdainfully towards him, said, "I did not think you had been so unconscionable; I had your head in my mouth, and could have bit it off whenever I pleased, but suffered you to take it away without damage, and yet you are not contented."

THE FOX AND THE STORK

The fox invited the stork to dinner; and being disposed to divert himself at the expense of his guest, provided nothing for the entertainment but a soup, in a wide, shallow dish. This himself could lap up with a great deal of ease; but the stork, who could but just dip in the point of his bill, was not a bit the better all the while: however, in a few days after, he returned the compliment, and invited the fox; but suffered nothing to be brought to table but some minced meat in a glass jar, the neck of which was so deep and so narrow, that though the stork with long bill made a shift to fill his belly, all that the fox, who was very hungry, could do, was to lick the brims, as the stork slabbered them with his eating. Reynard was heartily vexed at first, but when he came to take his leave, owned ingenuously that he had been used as he deserved; and that he had no reason to take any treatment ill, of which himself had set the example.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A fox, very hungry, chanced to come into a vineyard, where there hung branches of charming ripe grapes; but nailed up to a trellis so high that he leaped till he quite tired himself, without being able to reach one of them. At last, "Let who will take them!" says he: "they are but green and sour; so I'll even let them alone."

THE MOUNTAINS IN LABOR

The mountains were said to be in labor, and uttered most dreadful groans. People came together, far and near, to see what birth would be produced; and after

they had waited a considerable time in expectation, out crept a mouse!

HERCULES AND THE CARTER

As a clownish fellow was driving his cart along a deep miry lane, the wheels stuck so fast in the clay that the horses could not draw them out. Upon this, he fell a bawling and praying to Hercules to come and help him. Hercules, looking down from a cloud, bid him not lie there, like an idle rascal as he was, but get up and whip his horses stoutly, and clap his shoulder to the wheel: adding, that this was the only way for him to obtain his assistance.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELER

A satyr, as he was ranging the forest in an exceedingly cold, snowy season, met with a traveler half-starved with the extremity of the weather. He took compassion on him, and kindly invited him home to a warm, comfortable cave he had in the hollow of a rock. As soon as they had entered and sat down, notwithstanding there was a good fire in the place, the chilly traveler could not forbear blowing his finger ends. Upon the satyr's asking him why he did so, he answered that he did it to warm his hands. The honest silvan, having seen little of the world, admired a man who was master of so valuable a quality as that of blowing heat, and therefore was resolved to entertain him in the best manner he could. He spread the table before him with dried fruits of several sorts, and produced a remnant of cold cordial wine, which, as the rigors of the season made very proper, he mulled with some warm spices, infused over the fire, and presented to his shivering guest; but this the traveler thought fit to blow likewise; and upon the satyr's demanding a reason why he blowed again, he replied to cool his dish. This second answer provoked the satyr's indignation as much as the first had kindled his surprise; so taking the man by the shoulder, he thrust him out of doors, saying, he would have nothing to do with a wretch who had so vile a quality as to blow hot and cold with the same mouth.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A crow, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a pitcher, which he beheld at some distance. When he came, he found water in it indeed, but so near the bottom that, with all his stooping and straining, he was not able to reach it: then he endeavored to overturn the pitcher, that so at least he might be able to get a little of it; but his strength was not sufficient for this: at last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them one by one into the pitcher; and thus, by degrees, raised the water up to the very brim and satisfied his thirst.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

A lark, who had young ones in a field of corn which was almost ripe, was under fear lest the reapers should come to reap it before her young brood were fledged, and able to remove from the place; wherefore, upon flying abroad to look for food, she left this charge with them, that they should take notice what they heard talked of in her absence, and tell her of it when she came back again. When she was gone, they heard the owner of the corn call to his son: "Well," says he, "I think this corn is ripe enough; I would have you go early to-morrow and desire our friends and neighbors to come and help us to reap it."

When the old lark came home, the young ones fell a quivering and chirping round her, and told her what had happened, begging her to remove them as fast as she could. Her mother bid them easy; "For," says she, "if the owner depends upon friends and neighbors, I am pretty sure the corn will not be reaped to-morrow." Next day she went out again upon the same occasion, and left the same orders with them as before. The owner came and stayed, expecting those he had sent to; but the sun grew hot, and nothing was done, for not a soul came to help him: "Then," says he to his son, "I perceive these friends of ours are not to be depended upon, so that you must even go to your uncles and cousins, and tell them I desire they would be here betimes to-morrow

morning to help us to reap.'' Well, this the young ones, in a great fright, reported also to their mother. ''If that be all,'' says she, ''do not be frightened, children; for kindred and relations do not use to be so very forward to serve one another: but take particular notice what you hear said the next time, and be sure you let me know it.'' She went abroad the next day as usual; and the owner finding his relations as slack as the rest of his neighbors, said to his son, ''Harkye, George, do you get a couple of good sickles ready against to-morrow morning, and we will even reap the corn ourselves.'' When the young ones told their mother this, ''Then,'' says she, ''we must be gone indeed; for when a man undertakes to do his business himself, it is not so likely he will be disappointed.'' So she removed her young ones immediately, and the corn was reaped the next day by the good man and his son.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF

A lean, hungry, half-starved wolf, happened, one moonshiny night, to meet with a jolly, plump, well-fed mastiff; and after the first compliments were passed, says the wolf, ''You look extremely well; I protest, I think I never saw a more graceful, comely person; but how comes it about, I beseech you, that you should live so much better than I? I may say, without vanity, that I venture fifty times more than you do; and yet I am almost ready to perish with hunger.'' The dog answered very bluntly, ''Why, you may live as well, if you do the same for it that I do.'' ''Indeed! What is that?'' says he. ''Why,'' says the dog, ''only to guard the house a-nights, and keep it from thieves.'' ''With all my heart,'' replies the wolf; ''for at present I have but a sorry time of it; and I think to change my hard lodging in the woods, where I endure rain, frost, and snow, for a warm roof over my head and a belly full of good victuals, will be no bad bargain.'' ''True,'' says the dog; ''therefore you have nothing more to do but to follow me.'' Now, as they were jogging on together, the wolf spied a crease in the dog's neck, and, having a strange

curiosity, could not forbear asking him what it meant. "Pugh! nothing," says the dog. "Nay, but pray," says the wolf. "Why," says the dog, "if you must know, I am tied up in the day-time, because I am a little fierce, for fear I should bite people, and am only let loose a-nights. But this is done with design to make me sleep a-days, more than anything else, and that I may watch the better in the night-time; for as soon as ever the twilight appears, out I am turned, and may go where I please. Then my master brings me plates of bones from the table with his own hands; and whatever scraps are left by any of the family, all fall to my share; for you must know I am a favorite with everybody. So you see how you are to live. Come, come along; what is the matter with you?" "No," replied the wolf, "I beg your pardon; keep your happiness all to yourself. Liberty is the word with me; and I would not be a king upon the terms you mention."

VII. Melic Poetry. Lyric poetry proper was given the name *Melos* (music) by the Greeks, and may be considered as of two kinds: first, the personal song of the poet; second, the song of a chorus of dancers. The products of these two divisions mark the two great schools of early poetry, the Aeolian and the Doric.

The Aeolian school, personal in type, whose poets belonged to the Aeolians of Asia Minor, had its center of productivity in the island of Lesbos and culminated in the work of Alcaeus and Sappho, who lived near the close of the seventh century before Christ.

The Doric school, whose work was choric in character, flourished throughout Greece, but began its popularity with the Dorians, and the height of its excellence was reached by the genius of Pindar of Thebes.

Remains of beautiful songs which were composed by unknown authors and in various styles still exist, showing to what a high degree of skill poets must have attained at a very early date. One, the *Swallow Song,* was sung by Rhodian boys in early spring as they went about the streets begging.

The Greeks sang at their feasts and invited all who could to try for the lyre or sprig of myrtle given as a prize to the one who could best amuse the guests by a song. These skits were called *Scolia,* and in time dropped into a regular form and tune with a stanza of four lines, a type often used in the Lesbian lyrics.

VIII. The Aeolic School. 1. *Alcaeus.* Alcaeus, who flourished about 600 B. C., was born at Mytilene in the island of Lesbos, of aristocratic parents, yet he himself was an ardent democrat and bitterly opposed to tyrants and popular rulers alike. This spirit brought him in opposition to Myrsilus; after the latter was deposed and Pittacus, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, was appointed ruler, Alcaeus left the island for fifteen years. We hear of him at an earlier day fighting against Athens, and at a later date as a soldier of fortune in Egypt and other countries. In time he was recalled from exile, and devoted himself to writing.

His name is frequently associated with that of Sappho, "the Lesbian nightingale," who excelled him in the art of poesy, though she paid tribute to his genius in one of her notable

lyrics. Alcaeus also wrote in praise of Sappho, whom he called the "violet-crowned, pure, softly-smiling Sappho." These facts have given rise to tales of love between them.

In the Alexandrian version of his poems there were ten books, in which were included drinking songs, political, patriotic and war songs, love songs and hymns. His war songs are martial in tone and show the fiery nature of the man. That he was noble in character we may infer from the manner in which he praises love and wine, though few poems of the former type have survived. Poesy was to him no mechanical art, but an abundant outpouring of his own personality.

Two poetic measures bearing his name are said to have been his invention. The greater alcaic is an eleven-syllabled line containing five feet; the lesser alcaic verse consists of ten syllables arranged in two dactyls and two trochees.

The following are metrical translations of poetic epigrams by Alcaeus:

No more through Phrygia's pine-bearing land
Shalt thou, as erst, O Nymph-born Satyr, play;
Nor bid through well-bored reeds the strains expand
From what Athene fashion'd; for in chains,
Not to be loosen'd, are thy fingers bound;
And pipes, that breathed the harp's mellifluous strains,
Have garland none for thee, but Hades found;
Since a mere mortal thou didst dare to call
To contest Phoebus, lord of music all.

Deep in a shady Locrian glade
The Wood-nymphs Hesiod's funeral made.

They wash'd his corpse, they raised a mound,
While shepherds on that hallow'd ground
The stream of milk and honey poured
To him whom all their hearts adored.
For why? Because the Muses nine
Once fed him from their font divine;
And from that hour the poet's song
Like milk and honey flow'd along.

Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, has given us a very pretty translation, imitating the measure of Alcaeus, in his poem *In Myrtle Wreaths:*

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll cover,
Like them of old whose one immortal blow
Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
Their own bright land, and laid her tyrant low.
Yes, loved Harmodius, thou 'rt undying:
Still midst the brave and free,
In isles, o'er ocean lying,
Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its lightning,
Like his, the youth, whose ever-glorious blade
Leapt forth like flame, the midnight banquet brightening,
And in the dust a despot victim laid.
Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story
Your wedded names shall be;
A tyrant's death your glory,
Your meed, a nation free!

2. *Sappho.* Sappho was a younger contemporary of Alcaeus, and if we take the estimate of the Greeks, she should rank as the greatest poetess of all antiquity. She was born at Eresus, but in childhood moved to Mytilene, where, as she grew to womanhood, she followed the political fortunes of the party of Alcaeus, and after a period of banishment returned to

Mytilene, where she led a coterie of talented women who imitated the songs of their leader. There is a legend that, disappointed in love of the mystic Phaon, she leaped to her death from the rock of Leucas, but evidently this was not founded upon fact.

Our accounts of her character are rankly discordant. By the Lesbians and early Greeks she was considered a respectable woman, and the position accorded to the Lesbian women was one of great freedom and influence. The sarcastic Athenians, jealous, perhaps, of her fame and not understanding the Ionian women, gave her an evil reputation, which was carried to the extreme by the degenerate Romans. In fact, in A. D. 1035 her works were publicly burned both at Rome and Constantinople as being conducive to immorality, a charge which seems ironical to one who knows the morals of the age. Thus an irreparable injury was done to poetry. There remain now but two complete poems, preserved by accident, and something like a hundred briefer fragments of her work.

If we accept the estimate of the ancient Greeks, she was *the* Poetess, the "tenth Muse," the "Pierian Bee," and her poetry soon after her death was held so supremely high that Solon, the Wise Man, is said to have remarked, when he heard his nephew recite one of her poems, "I should like to learn that song of Sappho and then die."

The style of Sappho was varied in the extreme, and very nearly fifty different meters

From Painting by Perrault

SAPPHO

are represented in the fragments which remain. Her poetry, however, does not treat of a wide variety of subjects, but is confined to odes and hymns of an erotic nature. It is for the splendor of expression, the delicate sensitiveness of feeling and the simple beauty of her figures that she is famed. Of her keen appreciation of the beauty in nature there is abundant proof, and such lines as "I heard the foot-fall of the flowery spring" are not infrequent.

An epitaph written by Sappho is thus translated:

Of Timas this the dust. The livid bed
Of Proserpine received th' unmarried dead;
Their cherish'd locks her equals with sharp steel
Cut off, to show how keen the pangs they feel.

One of the two complete poems by Sappho is a hymn to Aphrodite, and the other is an ode to a beautiful maiden. The following is a translation of part of the latter, which is entitled *To My Beloved:*

Blest as th' immortal god is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

3. *Anacreon.* Allied in genius to Alcaeus and Sappho, though quite different in the subjects of his songs, was Anacreon, who appears to have been born at Teos, Ionia, about 560 B. C. Before the time of the Persian invasion he emigrated to Thrace, where he engaged in some fighting, as he whimsically tells us, only to disgrace himself as much as did Archilochus and Alcaeus. Something of a sycophant, he attached himself successively to different wealthy patrons in Samos, Athens and Thessaly. From his poetry we would judge him devoted to wine, women and social enjoyment, but apparently he lived respectably until he was about eighty-five years of age, when it is said he choked to death on a grape seed. The accident is alluded to in the following epitaph, written by Calcagninus:

Those lips, then, hallowed sage, which poured along
A music sweet as any cygnet's song,
The grape hath closed for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever.
But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favorite minstrel of the Nine
Lost his sweet vital breath;

Thy god himself now blushes to confess,
Once hallowed vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death.

Ancient and modern writers have joined in paying tribute to the exquisite beauty of the poems of Anacreon, and many of the ancient panegyrics are very interesting, yet from the fact that the subject matter is always the same, they are somewhat monotonous. However, the two following, attributed to Antipater Sidonius, have been very skillfully translated by Thomas Moore:

Here sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold that heart, which while on earth it dwelt
All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt.
And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;
And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round thy moldering tomb.
Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
For still it lights thee through the Elysian grove;
Where dreams are thine, that bless the elect alone,
And Venus calls thee even in death her own!
At length thy golden hours have winged their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whispered through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!
She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, hath fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!
Farewell! thou had'st a pulse for every dart
That mighty Love could scatter from his quiver;
And each new beauty found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy heart and soul, didst give her!

In speaking of the odes of Anacreon, the great Irish poet says:

We need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity. They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchantment. He steals us so insensibly along with him that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than by sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this purer gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavored to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to lisp in numbers.

There are many collections which bear the name of Anacreon, though most of them are frank imitations merely, and made at a date very much later than the death of the poet. It is said that in the Alexandrian Library his elegies, epigrams and songs filled five books, but there are extant now only one fragmentary satire and a series of odes in praise of love and wine. The beauties of these in the original

have been very faithfully portrayed for us in Moore's exquisite translations, from which we reproduce several, giving to each the number it has in his publication:

ODE II

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal right,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety;
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

ODE VI

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide,
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelmed him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poisoned bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul,

Oh, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has passed away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinned my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give.

ODE IX

I pray thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmaeon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes, too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain-head;
And why? a murdered mother's shade
Haunted them still where'er they strayed.
But ne'er could I a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed for me;
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
Alcides' self, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandished, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of the expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scoured the guiltless field.

But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armor but this joyous flask;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scattered wreath of flowers,
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X

How am I to punish thee,
For the wrong thou'st done to me,
Silly swallow, prating thing—
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did, of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that uttered such a lay?
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When a dream came o'er my mind,
Picturing her I worship, kind,
Just when I was nearly blest,
Loud thy matins broke my rest!

ODE XVI

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,
Best of painters, come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,

Burnished as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Each, a cresent gently gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva's glances blaze,
Mixt with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and softening red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
Mutely courting Love's invasion.
Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within,
Mold her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While countless charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter round its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XXII

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh! that a mirror'd form were mine,
That I might catch that smile divine;

And like my own fond fancy be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee;
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turned into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave.
Would I were perfume for thy hair,
To breathe my soul in fragrance there;
Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or even those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow—
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, any thing that touches thee;
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Even to be trod by them were sweet!

ODE XXIV

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull;
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And winged the timorous hare with speed.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.
Then, what, of woman, what for thee,
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.

Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXVII

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turbaned brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropt his burning spark!

ODE XXXIII

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit; a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of woe;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimmed my lamp and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.

I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hands and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray
Had warmed his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wandered so,
That much I fear the midnight shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my inmost spirit came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he winged away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relaxt my bow;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXV

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee;
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
"Oh mother!—I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!

Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVIII

Let us drain the nectared bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectared bowl, the choral swell;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurst with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has fondled in her arms.
Oh 'tis from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him, the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold!—my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Say, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern with all our lore,
The path we've yet to journey o'er?
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'Tis only wine can strike a spark!

Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odors chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the lips of love inhale
A more ambrosial, richer gale!
To hearts that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectared bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectared bowl, the choral swell!

ODE LI

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though youth's brilliant flush be thine,
Still I'm doomed to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou could'st sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Culled for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LIII

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young, as they.

Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Help to my lips the brimming bowl;
And you shall see this hoary sage
Forget at once his locks and age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
And play the fool right nobly still.

ODE LXI

Youth's endearing charms are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head;
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This it is that sets me sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Lone and dismal is the road,
Down to Pluto's dark abode;
And, when once the journey's o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

ODE LXII

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight;
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
In concert let our voices breathe,

Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song.

ODE LXIII

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers;
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

IX. The Doric School. 1. *Choral Poetry.* Anacreon was the last of the eminent lyricists who wrote for the singer, as the more powerful choric music surpassed in public interest the milder measures of the Ionian school.

Even before the time of Homer it was customary for the Greeks to sing and dance in chorus, and there must have been many forms of choral poetry. To Terpander, who was born about 700 B. C., is given the credit of perfecting Greek music and through it the choral songs. A long period of development followed, until in the time of Pindar the art began to decay.

While in many of the songs and dances all the people engaged, yet a specialization took place, and professional chorus-singers were to be found in every city and in the homes of the wealthy. Poets then composed their songs with a confidence that they would be properly produced and that compensation would be forthcoming for worthy efforts.

These choral songs covered every occasion, and were adapted to all kinds of voices: some

were religious songs, others for such occasions as marriage, sickness, death and victory; there were songs for maidens, for boys, for men; there were songs for a standing chorus, a marching chorus, a dancing chorus.

The classification of choral poetry is difficult and uncertain. Properly speaking, a dithyramb was a song and dance to Dionysus, but the word is applied by some writers to the whole genus. In thinking of the Dorian school, it must not be inferred that the poets were necessarily Dorians, for they came indiscriminately from all the states of Greece, but the spirit which subordinated the individual to the public, which made the poet in a sense the servant of the state with no great amount of that personal freedom in thought and expression which is typical of the Ionians, was characteristically Doric and marked the racial difference.

2. *Early Poets.* It is not possible within the space at our command to give a suitable account of the early lyric poets of the Doric school, and a mere mention of their names seems scarcely worth while, except that possibly it may enable those who wish wider reading more easily to find their subjects. Alcman bears the distinction of writing poetry in the rough dialect of Sparta and making it musical, like the beautiful Aeolic verses of Sappho; to Arion was credited the invention of the dithyramb; Ibycus was a wandering poet of love; Bacchylides was one of the erotic poets;

and of Timocreon of Rhodes we hear more in connection with the hatred he bore to Themistocles and Simonides than in connection with his poetry.

Two of the writers of that early period, however, deserve a more extended notice. One of these is Stesichorus, who lived about 600 B. C.; the other is Simonides, who lived fifty years later and was a contemporary of Pindar. The real name of the former was Tesias, but his better known name signifies *choir-setter,* or *leader of choruses.* He established his narrative poem in lyric measures, and used as his subjects the great myths and legends of early Greece. He was called the "lyric Homer," and Quintilian remarked that he "supported on his lyre the weight of epic poetry." Several meters which bear his name were peculiarly adapted to his narratives, and while they lacked the stateliness of the Homeric lines, they were more lyrical and tuneful. His popularity in Greece was remarkable and continued for a long period of years; in fact, not to know Stesichorus was ignorance indeed. The Greeks acknowledged freely their indebtedness to him for preserving the old myths and presenting them in new and attractive form, while scholars through succeeding centuries have found in him the means by which they could trace the most antique myths into their modern forms.

Simonides of Ceos (556–468 B. C.) achieved a great vogue during his lifetime, and retained it in spite of ridicule and criticism. One rea-

son for constant sarcasm was the fact that he was the first of Greek poets to sell his wares for a fixed price, though why this should be considered less honorable than to accept the patronage of some wealthy individual is not quite clear. The poetry of Simonides was as varied in style as in subject matter. There are few occasions which he did not celebrate, from the birth of a baby to the battle of Thermopylae; but his best work was done in connection with the larger subjects. He was a wit as well as a poet, and we have already noted his connection with the epigrams that grew out of the Persian Wars. That he was the friend of all the notable characters of his age we have every reason to believe, and though no passion, religious fervor or lyric splendor is in his lines, yet he was a master of pathos and one of the great writers of antiquity.

The following epigrams on various subjects are attributed to Simonides:

Greatly to die—if this be Glory's height,
For the fair meed, we own our fortune kind.
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to-night,
And left a never-dying name behind.

O native Sparta, when we met the host
In equal combat from th' Inachian coast,
Thy brave three hundred never turn'd aside;
But where our feet first rested, there we died.
(The words in blood, that stout Othryades
Wrought on his herald's shield, were only these—
"Thyrea is Lacedaemon's.") If there fled
One Argive from the slaughter, be it said,

Of old Adrastus he has learnt to fly;
We count it death to falter, not to die.

Virtue delights her home to keep,
Say the wise of the olden time,
High on a rugged, rocky steep,
Which man may hardly climb.
And there a pure, bright, shining band,
Her ministers, around her stand.
No mortal man may ever look
That form august to see,
Until with patient toil he brook
The sweat of mental agony,
Which all must do, who reach that goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul.

When the wind resounding high
Bluster'd from the northern sky;
When the waves in stronger tide
Dash'd against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,
Her sleeping infant Danae view'd;
And trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.
My child, what woes doth Danae weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.
The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee:
The angry surges wake no care,
That burst above thy long deep hair.
But could'st thou feel, what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more.
Sleep on, sweet boy; still'd be the deep;
Oh! could I lull my woes to sleep!

Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child in future years
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears.

The first of mortal joys is health;
Next beauty; and the third is wealth;
The fourth, all youth's delight to prove
With those we love.

Fair statue this of Milo fair; who won
Seven times the Pisan prize, and quailed to none.

These to their land fame unextinguished gave,
Though death's dark cloud encompass'd them around;
Dying they died not; Valor from the grave
Leads them on high, with glory's garland crown'd.

Timarchus, circled in his son's embrace,
Exclaim'd, while breathing out his latest breath,—
"Timenor's son, henceforth in thoughts retrace
The strength and calm of soul I keep in death."

3. *Pindar.* Quintilian called Pindar "by far the chief of all the lyrists," and an examination of what remains of his work fairly justifies the title. While our information concerning his life is rather meager, he is the first of the Greek poets of whose life we have an actual documentary account. He was born about 522 B. C., and lived to be about eighty years old. This makes him about thirty-four years younger than Simonides, and gives him a life extending twenty years beyond his contemporary. He was born in the village of Cynocephalae, near Thebes, in Boeotia. Very early he showed taste and aptitude in music,

and before his twentieth year had achieved considerable renown as a poet. It is said that he entered into competition with Corinna, a poetess, and was beaten by her in five contests. Criticizing his too florid style, she is said to have told him that he should "sow with his hand, not with the whole sack."

Pindar traveled extensively and owned the friendship of many of the notables of his time, although his acquaintance does not seem to have been so wide as that of Simonides. We find him the guest of the great families in most of the principal cities of Greece, and have already read the compliment paid him by Alexander the Great. The effect of his popularity and wide acquaintance does not seem to have made him disloyal in any sense to his native state, and yet he appears to have displeased the Thebans by addressing their rival thus: "O splendid, violet-crowned Athens, famed in song, pillar of Hellas, city divine." When his native city fined him for this ebullition, it is said the Athenians, in their delight at the epithets, more than paid his fine.

Pindar must be considered as the poet of all Greece, and it is interesting to remember that he alone of that epoch seems to have come to the maturity of genius outside of Athens. He was extremely conservative in his ideas, and was little moved by the great outburst of learning in the Periclean Age. His influence upon his age was only literary, for he must be considered as a poet and nothing more, a man

whom even the Persian wars could not move from the practice of his art.

Emotionally, he was deeply religious, and clung fiercely to all the traditional forms of the Delphian oracle. He preached morality, but he did it, as one might say, parenthetically, and thus lessened the influence of the moral axioms which fell from his tongue in such numbers. What he loved most of all, however, was heroism, conquest, success; and curiously enough, of the seventeen books which he is known to have written and which treat a great variety of subjects, we have only four, and they are the *Epinicia,* or triumphal odes, written in honor of the winners of the Olympic and other great games of Greece. In such odes custom demanded certain things of the poet. He must sing of the victor, of the city from which he came, and of the peculiar contest which he won. Absurd as it may seem, two of his sublimest poems are on mule races. While his poems are full of athletic commonplaces, his praises of the beauty, strength and skill of youth are admirable, and raise the pettiness of the victory into something like grandeur, all of which was required by the importance these contests held in Greek life. To give wider scope to his genius and to still further dignify these sports, he used the great myths, either to show the interest of the divinities or to connect the hero with a mythic past.

Taken as a whole, Pindar's contribution to the present seems to have been fourfold: he

gave the largest body of lyric poetry which has been preserved from that early date; he showed us a provincial but perhaps a larger Greece than we are accustomed to see in Athens; by him was the immortality of the soul and a future punishment first proclaimed in Greece; he brought the myths from the form in which they appeared in the works of Stesichorus to that which was characteristic of the Attic Age.

His style was difficult, even in the original, and was wanting in perspicuity, even for his compeers. As a natural result of this, the translations of his poems are not popular, and they probably give us little idea of his work. We associate him largely with the barbaric odes, characterized by bombast and extravagant expression, which we have read in his imitators of modern times. We must not, however, be unmindful of the influence of his manly verses upon his people and their descendants in ancient Greece.

From the excellent metrical version of Abraham Moore, the following three extracts are made. The first selection is the sixth of the Olympic Odes; the second, the eleventh Olympic; and the third, the sixth Nemean Ode:

TO AGESIAS THE SYRACUSAN

(*Victor in the Race of Chariots Drawn by Mules*)

STROPHE I

Pillars of gold our portal to sustain,
As for some proud and princely Place,
We'll rear: the founder of the strain

With far-refulgent front his opening work should grace.
And if there be, who boasts th' Olympian braid,
Whose priestly lips prophetic truths diffuse
At Jove's Pisaean altar; one, whose aid
Hath help'd to raise illustrious Syracuse;
Where are the high-wrought hymns, the glowing lays
His country's lavish love shall swell not with his praise?

ANTISTROPHE I

Know, son of Sostratus, that Heaven hath made
This sandal for thy foot divine.
Virtue, by peril unassay'd,
On land or tranquil wave in honor ne'er can shine.
Th' adventurous deed a thousand hearts record.
To thee the praise, Agesias, all shall yield,
On Oecleus' son Amphiaraus pour'd
By just Adrastus in the fatal field,
When in Earth's yawning gulf th' astounded seer
Sunk with his snorting steeds, chariot and charioteer.

EPODE I

'Twas there, when round th' heroic dead
Sev'n Theban pyres were seen to burn,
Sorrowing the son of Talaus said,
"The eye of all my host I mourn:
"His searching soul the future knew;
"His spear control'd the raging fray"—
Such is the Syracusian too,
The master of my lay.
Nor brawl, nor paradox I love;
I hate with cavilers to contend;
But this my surest oath I've pledged to prove
And the mellifluous Muse her lasting aid shall lend.

STROPHE II

Bring forth thy mules, O Phintis, and behind
In haste the glittering harness join,
With me thy chariot mount and find
Along yon spacious road the cradle of his line.

Full well, I ween, th' illustrious track they know,
Learnt from the plaudits of th' Olympian throng
That crown'd their necks with glory. Open throw
To their careering speed the gates of song.
To-day we press for Pitana, and lave
Ere night our burning team in cool Eurotas' wave.

ANTISTROPHE II

Fair Pitana, by Neptune's amorous prayer
Press'd, as they tell, her charms to yield,
The violet-tress'd Evadne bare.
She in her anxious breast the virgin pang concealed
Till, past the painful hour, a trusty train
Charged with the pledge of her celestial love
To Aepytus she sent, who ruled the plain,
Where Alpheus' waves by famed Phaesana rove.
There nurtured, with Apollo tasted she
The tempting fruit that grows on Love's forbidden tree.

EPODE II

Escaped not long the guardian King
Her altering form, the stolen embrace:
Rage and regret his bosom wring;
Where, burying still th' unknown disgrace,
Forthwith the Delphian Fane he sought.
Meanwhile to shadiest covert lone
Her silver urn the damsel brought;
There loosed her purple zone,
And bore the godlike babe unseen
Fill'd with the spirit of his Sire;
Who with his golden locks and graceful mien
Th' assistant Fates had won, and soothed Eleutho's ire.

STROPHE III

Forth from her arms with short and grateful throe
Came Iamus to light: her child
On th' Earth she left o'erwhelmed with woe:
Him there two Serpent forms with eyes of azure mild,
Mysterious ministers of love divine,

Fed with the baneless beverage of the bee:
When now from rocky Pytho's warning shrine
In haste the King return'd, and earnestly
From all his question'd household 'gan require
Evadne's new-born son,—"For Phoebus is his sire."

ANTISTROPHE III

"Destin'd before all mortals to prevail
"The peerless prophet of mankind;
"Whose race, whose name shall never fail."
Thus represented he: they with one voice combined
All vow'd their ignorance: nor sight had seen,
Nor infant sound had heard: for he five days
'Mong shrubs and pathless briars and rushes green
Had lain, the dewy violet's mingled rays
Sprinkling with purple and gold his tender frame:
Whence fond Evadne's joy proclaimed his deathless name.

EPODE III

Now when fresh youth its golden flower
Full o'er his blooming cheeks had strew'd,
Alone at night's tempestuous hour
In Alpheus' midmost stream he stood.
He call'd his grandsire Neptune's name,
Wide Ruler of the boisterous deep;
Call'd on that Archer God whose flame
Beams on the Delian steep;
For patriot fame he pour'd his prayer
Beneath the vault of heav'n: "My son,"
Replied his Sire's unerring speech, "repair
To yon frequented tract, my Word shall lead thee on."

STROPHE IV

Forthwith they stood on Cronium's topmost stone,
High as the sun's meridian road;
There paused the God, and on his son
The rich and twofold boon of prophecy bestow'd:
Gave him to hear the voice that cannot lie;

Bade him, when Hercules in after-days,
Flower of the great Alcaean progeny,
His Sire's frequented Festival should raise
And proud Olympian Game, by gift divine
On Jove's high altar plant his oracle and shrine.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Thence through all Greece the seed of Iamus
Bright Honor followed; in its train
Came potent Wealth; the virtuous thus
To Fame's conspicuous path by action proved attain.
Yet envious hearts there are no worth can warm;
Which e'en the chariot-crown with rancor fills
'Gainst modest Merit; o'er whose brightening form
Victory her own ingenuous grace distils.
If yet, Agesias, thy maternal race,
Whose affluent dwellings rose by old Cyllene's base,

EPODE IV

Have knelt at Mercury's sacred shrine
The swift-wing'd herald of the skies,
With soothing prayers and gifts divine;
(He guards the games, allots the prize,
And loves Arcadia's youth); 'twas he,
Aided by thundering Jove's regard,
Gave, son of Sostratus, to thee
Thy conquest and reward—
A prompting power, methinks, I feel
A sharpening whetstone on my tongue;
That stirs my flowing numbers to reveal
Our old Arcadian root, and leads the willing song.

STROPHE V

'Twas fair Metope's love, Stymphalian spouse,
To Thebes equestrian Thebe gave;
In whose sweet fount, for warriors' brows
Weaving the various hymn, my tuneful lips I lave.
Rise, Aeneas, and enjoin thy swelling choirs
To sing Parthenian Juno, then declare,

If the stale stigma that belied our Sires,
(Boeotian boars, forsooth!) we still shall bear.
Thou art Truth's harbinger, the Muse's tongue,
Her mystic staff, the cup that pours her potent song.

ANTISTROPHE V

Bid them remember Syracuse, and sing
Of proud Ortygia's throne, secure
In Hiero's rule, her upright king.
With frequent prayer he serves and worship pure
The rosy-sandal'd Ceres, and her fair
Daughter, whose car the milk-white steeds impel,
And Jove, whose might th' Aetnaean fires declare.
The lay, the sweet-toned lyre his praises tell;
Time, mar not his success! with welcome sweet
Agesias' choral pomp his liberal smile shall greet.

EPODE V

Lo from Arcadia's parent seat,
Her old Stymphalian walls, they come,
From fields with flocks o'erspread, to meet
Sicilia's swains, from home to home.
O'er the swift prow, when night-storms lour,
Two anchors oft 'tis well to cast—
Heav'n on them both its blessings pour,
And bid their glories last.
Lord of the main! direct aright,
With toils unvex'd their prosperous way;
Spouse of the golden-wanded Amphitrite,
With lovelier hues enrich the flowers that crown my lay.

TO AGESIDAMUS

(*Victor in the Game of Boxing*)

STROPHE

Sometimes we need the breathing gale,
Sometimes the soft celestial rain,
Child of the cloud, to bless the vale;
But when Success Adventure crowns, the lyre's melli-
fluous strain

To spread th' eternal blazon, and assever
On Fame's unfailing oath, that Virtue lives for ever.

ANTISTROPHE

To those, that win th' Olympian prize
Such lavish eulogies belong;
And such my willing tongue supplies:
For aye the flowers of genius bloom, when Heav'n inspires the song.
Son of Archestratus, thy proud renown,
(Agesidamus hear!) thy olive's golden crown,

EPODE

Won by the matchless hand shall share
The sweet melodious lay,
The Western Locrians all my care:
There, Muses, join the festal choir, for they
Chase not, I ween, the stranger from their shore,
Nor live unlearn'd in Glory's lore.
Science and warlike enterprise are theirs:
The Fox, the raging Lion, every creature
Unchanged its inborn instinct bears,
Leaves not the cast of Nature.

TO ALCIMEDES OF AEGINA

(*Victor in the Game of Wrestling for Boys*)

STROPHE I

Men and the gods above one race compose:
Both from the general parent Earth
Derive their old mysterious birth:
But powers unlike their differing nature shows;—
Man breathes his moment, and is nought;
While, like their brazen heaven's eternal base,
Gods live for ever: yet th' illumined face,
Th' illustrious form, th' aspiring thought,
Proclaim him kindred of the skies,
Though fate conceals from reason's eyes,
Whether night frowns, or noontide glows,
What course we run; what goal the race shall close.

ANTISTROPHE I

E'en now the brave Alcimedes displays
A cognate port, a soul like theirs.
He, like the field, that sometimes bears
From the quick seed, which genial culture lays,
Life-fostering fruits, and crops of gold,
But when th' alternate season bids abstain,
The fallow sleeps refresh'd, and teems again;
Thus he, 'mong Nemea's chiefs enroll'd,
Of his proud race relumes the fire
That slumber'd in his nameless sire:
While Jove his destined progress leads,
With fearless foot his grandsire's steps he treads,

EPODE I

Finding, like hunter true, the place
Where worth might win the wrestler's crown,
By the sure track of old Praxidamas.
The verdant plant, by Alpheus grown,
First from the Olympian cirque he bore
To bloom on fair Aegina's shore:
Three Nemean braids his locks imbow'd;
Five Isthmian choirs his triumphs sung;
Till Agesimachus beheld the cloud
Disperse, that round his son, the tame Socleides, hung.

STROPHE II

Thus these three champions of one generous line
Mounted by virtue's toilsome ways,
And reach'd the topmost peaks of praise.
Fortune, by man's best help, Jove's will divine,
Prosper'd their house: to none beside,
From all the games which spacious Greece supplies,
E'er fell so largely given the boxer's prize.
Great though the task—this hand shall guide
Right home, I trow, with archer's art,
To the bright scope its sounding dart.
Breathe thou, my Muse, thy glorious breeze
Full on the sails of brave Alcimedes.

ANTISTROPHE II

Praised are the deeds of those that are no more:
The minstrel's lyre, the rhetor's tongue,
Hath told their tale, their chant hath sung
Whereof the Bassian tribe no scanty store
Hath bless'd: full freights in happier days
Of rich renown they brought with noble deeds,
Harvests of hymns, which from celestial seeds
Pierian swains profusely raise.
Thence Callias sprung, a champion proven
By both Latona's twins beloved;
Round his stout wrist the cest he wove,
And pluck'd the crown from Pytho's sacred grove.

EPODE II

Thence by Castalia's murmuring spring,
When eve had closed the martial game,
Like her bright star, he burnt amidst the ring
Of Graces choir'd to sound his fame.
Him next at Neptune's Isthmian shrine,
The bridge that parts his restless brine,
Where slaughter'd bulls triennial fall,
Th' Amphictyons honor'd: round his head,
Where Phlius rears his dark primeval wall,
The rough-maned lion's plant its crisped foliage spread.

STROPHE III

Wide is the gate, and various are the ways
Through which, this glorious isle to grace,
The pomp of poesy may pass:
For there unfailing founts of purest praise
The race of Aeacus supplies—
(Praise, the reward—the heroic virtue's gain):
Through all the peopled earth, the trackless main,
Spread far and wide their glory flies;
It leapt beyond the Libyan shore,
When Memnon's might return'd no more;
For no tame sport, no mimic war
Was his, when swift Achilles from his car

ANTISTROPHE III

Came threatening down, and with his angry spear,
Though sprung from bright Aurora's womb,
Dispatch'd him to the dusky tomb.
Such are the tales old times were proud to hear:
These are the public paths of song,
Through which my course with ardent steps I keep,
And though, when dangers crowd the stormy deep,
The wave that bursts the shrouds among
Most moves the laboring seaman's fear,
My back the twofold load shall bear,
While thus with willing steps I trace
The past and present triumphs of the race:

EPODE III

For from the sacred games, that gave
His godlike sires their just renown,
Alcimedes, fit offspring of the brave,
Hath earn'd the five-and-twentieth crown.
Two more to Timidas and thee
The lots' precarious destiny
In Jove's Olympian grove denied.
Yet let my song Melesias name;
Prompt, as the dolphin on the billowy tide,
Your boisterous strength he trains, and guides you to the game.

X. The Elegy. Literally the word *elegy* means *a plaintive lyric sung to the accompaniment of the lute,* but among the early Greeks the term was used to indicate any poem written in elegiac meter, that is to say, a combination of dactylic hexameter and dactylic pentameter in couplets. Many of the subjects treated in the Greek elegies were by no means mournful, and the term may have been chosen merely in reference to the musical setting. Sincerity,

and earnestness long-sustained, but rarely violent passages, are expressed in the numerous elegies which we know were written, but of which few have come down to us. Of those that survive, some are lyrics written to encourage patriotism, and others contain lessons of practical wisdom.

The early elegiac writers appear to have been Callinus of Ephesus, who wrote about 700 B. C., and Tyrtaeus, an Attic poet, who lived about a hundred years later. They were of the warlike and political type, while Theognis, who lived about 540 B. C., wrote love poems and political elegies. The perfection of the heroic style was seen in the work of Simonides of Ceos, of whom we have already spoken. Later this same style, perfected and given a more learned tinge, is seen to the best advantage in the works of Callimachus of Cyrene, as we shall see when we come to consider the Alexandrian period of Greek writing.

XI. Tyrtaeus. Most of the information which we have concerning Tyrtaeus is mythical, yet probably it contains some germs of truth. Tyrtaeus was of Ionian stock, and may have been a native of Attica or one of her Asiatic colonies. It is related that he was afflicted with lameness and served as village schoolmaster at Aphidnae.

The legend runs that during the early Messenian Wars the Spartans were told by an oracle that they must secure a leader from the Athenians. When they made application for

such a person, the Athenians sent the lame schoolmaster as probably the most inefficient general they could give their rivals. In doing this they made a most serious mistake, for this Ionian became immensely popular among the Dorian warriors and encouraged them so by his fiery elegies that victory crowned their efforts. So Tyrtaeus deserves high rank among those minstrels whose poetry has inspired a nation to deeds of valor. Ages afterward, the evening meal of the Spartans on their campaigns was closed by the recitation of his spirit-stirring war-songs and, if the foe was defeated, they sang again his songs of triumph.

The Rev. R. Polwhele has given us fine lyrical translations of some of these songs:

I

If, fighting for his dear paternal soil,
The soldier in the front of battle fall;
'Tis not in fickle fortune to despoil
His store of fame, that shines the charge of all.

But if, oppressed by penury, he rove
Far from his native town and fertile plain;
And lead the sharer of his fondest love
In youth too tender, with her infant train;

And if his aged mother—his shrunk sire
Join the sad group; see many a bitter ill
Against the houseless family conspire,
And all the measure of the wretched fill.

Pale, shivering want companion of his way,
He meets the luster of no pitying eye;
To hunger and dire infamy a prey—
Dark hatred scowls, and scorn quick passes by.

Alas! no traits of beauty or of birth—
No blush now lingers in his sunken face!
Dies every feeling (as he roams o'er earth)
Of shame transmitted to a wandering race.

But be it ours to guard this hallowed spot,
To shield the tender offspring and the wife;
Here steadily await our destined lot,
And, for their sakes, resign the gift of life.

Ye valorous youths, in squadrons close combined,
Rush, with a noble impulse, to the fight!
Let not a thought of life glance o'er your mind,
And not a momentary dream of flight.

Watch your hoar seniors, bent by feeble age,
Whose weak knees fail, though strong their ardor glows;
Nor leave such warriors to the battle's rage,
But round their awful spirits firmly close.

Base—base the sight, if, foremost on the plain,
In dust and carnage the fall'n veteran roll;
And, ah! while youths shrink back, unshielded, stain
His silver temples, and breathe out his soul!

II

I would not value, or transmit the fame
Of him whose brightest worth in swiftness lies;
Nor would I chant his poor unwarlike name,
Who wins no chaplet but the wrestler's prize.

In vain, for me, the Cyclopes' giant might
Blends with the beauties of Tithonus' form;
In vain the racer's agile powers unite,
Fleet as the whirlwind of the Thracian storm.

In vain, for me, the riches round him glow
A Midas or a Cinyras possessed;
Sweet as Adrastus' tongue his accents flow,
Or Pelops' scepter seems to stamp him blest.

Vain all the dastard honors he may boast,
If his soul thirst not for the martial field;
Meet not the fury of the rushing host,
Nor bear o'er hills of slain the untrembling shield.

This—this is virtue: This—the noblest meed
That can adorn our youth with fadeless rays;
While all the perils of the adventurous deed,
The new-strung vigor of the state repays.

Amid the foremost of the embattled train,
Lo, the young hero hails the glowing fight;
And, though fall'n troops around him press the plain,
Still fronts the foe, nor brooks inglorious flight.

His life—his fervid soul opposed to death,
He dares the terrors of the field defy;
Kindles each spirit with his panting breath,
And bids his comrade-warriors nobly die!

See, see, dismayed, the phalanx of the foe
Turns round, and hurries o'er the plain afar:
While doubling, as afresh, the deadly blow,
He rules, intrepid chief, the waves of war.

Now fall'n; the noblest of the van, he dies!
His city by the beauteous death renowned;
His low-bent father marking, where he lies,
The shield, the breastplate, hacked by many a wound.

The young—the old, alike commingling tears,
His country's heavy grief bedews the grave;
And all his race in verdant luster wears
Fame's richest wreath, transmitted from the brave.

Though mixed with earth the perishable clay,
His name shall live, while glory loves to tell,
"True to his country how he won the day,
How firm the hero stood, how calm he fell!"

But if he 'scape the doom of death (the doom
To long—long dreary slumbers), he returns,
While trophies flash, and victor-laurels bloom,
And all the splendor of the triumph burns.

The old—the young—caress him, and adore;
And with the city's love, through life, repaid,
He sees each comfort, that endears, in store,
Till, the last hour, he sinks to Pluto's shade.

Old as he droops, the citizens, o'erawed
(E'en veterans), to his mellow glories yield;
Nor would in thought dishonor or defraud
The hoary soldier of the well-fought field.

Be yours to reach such eminence of fame;
To gain such heights of virtue nobly dare,
My youths! and, 'mid the fervor of acclaim,
Press, press to glory; nor remit the war!

III

Rouse, rouse, my youths! the chain of torpor break!
Spurn idle rest, and couch the glittering lance!
What! does not shame with blushes stain your cheek
Quick-mantling, as ye catch the warrior's glance?

Ignoble youths! say, when shall valor's flame
Burn in each breast? Here, here, while hosts invade,
And war's wild clangors all your courage claim,
Ye sit, as if still peace embowered the shade.

But, sure, fair honor crowns the auspicious deed,
When patriot love impels us to the field;
When, to defend a trembling wife, we bleed,
And when our sheltered offspring bless the shield.

What time the fates ordain, pale death appears:
Then, with firm step and sword high drawn, depart;
And, marching through the first thick shower of spears,
Beneath thy buckler guard the intrepid heart.

Each mortal, though he boast celestial fires,
Slave to the sovereign destiny of death,
Or mid the carnage of the plain expires,
Or yields unwept at home his coward breath.

Yet sympathy attends the brave man's bier;
Sees on each wound the balmy grief bestowed;
And, as in death the universal tear,
Through life inspires the homage of a god.

For like a turret his proud glories rise,
And stand, above the rival's reach, alone;
While millions hail, with fond, adoring eyes,
The deeds of many a hero meet in one!

XII. Theognis. Theognis was born about 570 B. C., of noble parentage, but his property was confiscated and he was exiled on the fall of the oligarchical party. Amid the revolutions and counter-revolutions which followed, Theognis must have lived an exciting life, and his poetry is filled with allusions to the rapidly changing influence of the various political parties. When his party triumphed, he returned to his home and lived there till about the time of the beginning of the Persian Wars, as his death is placed at about 490 B. C. Most of his writing was done during his exile, and it is valuable chiefly because of the light it throws upon the politics of the period. The fragmentary remains of his work have been carefully studied, translated and arranged in chronological order by John Hookham Frere, from which work the following extracts are taken.

The first is a youthful invocation to Zeus, and to Apollo, the immediate patron of Theognis:

Guided and aided by their holy will,
Jove and Apollo, may they guard me still,
My course of youth in safety to fulfill:
Free from all evil, happy with my wealth,
In joyous easy years of peace and health.

His youthful amusements and accomplishments are alluded to thus:

My heart exults the lively call obeying,
When the shrill merry pipes are sweetly playing:
With these to chant aloud, or to recite,
To carol and carouse is my delight:
Or in a steadfast tone, bolder and higher,
To temper with a touch the manly lyre.

That he was fond of study, we may infer from this:

Learning and wealth the wise and wealthy find
Inadequate to satisfy the mind;
A craving eagerness remains behind;
Something is left for which we cannot rest;
And the last something always seems the best,
Something unknown, or something unpossessed.

On wine:

Never oblige your company to stay!
Never detain a man; nor send away,
Nor rouse from his repose, the weary guest,
That sinks upon the couch with wine oppressed!
These formal rules enforc'd, against the will,
Are found offensive—let the bearer fill
Just as we please—freely to drink away;

Such merry meetings come not every day.
For me;—since for to-night my stint is finish'd,
Before my common sense is more diminish'd;
I shall retire (the rule, I think, is right)
Not absolutely drunk, nor sober quite.
For he that drinks beyond the proper point
Puts his own sense and judgment out of joint,
Talking outrageous, idle, empty stuff
(The mere effect of wine more than enough);
Telling a thousand things, that on the morrow
He recollects with sober shame and sorrow:
At other times, and in his proper nature,
An easy, quiet, amiable creature.
Now you, Simonides, mind what I say!
You chatter in your cups and prate away,
Like a poor slave, drunk on a holiday.
You never can resolve to leave your liquor,
The faster it comes round, you drink the quicker—
There's some excuse—"The slave has fill'd the cup,
A challenge—or a pledge"—you drink it up!
" 'Tis a libation"—and you're so devout,
You can't refuse it!—Manly brains and stout
Might stand the trial, drinking hard and fast,
And keep their sense and judgment to the last.
Farewell! be merry! may your hours be spent
Without a quarrel or an argument,
In inoffensive, easy merriment;
Like a good consort, keeping time and measure,
Such entertainments give the truest pleasure.

On education:

To rear a child is easy, but to teach
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science never yet was understood.
The sons of Esculapius, if their art
Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
Might earn enormous wages! But, in fact,

The mind is not compounded and compact
Of precept and example; human art
In human nature has no share or part.
Hatred of vice, the fear of shame and sin,
Are things of native growth, not grafted in:
Else wise and worthy parents might correct
In children's hearts each error and defect:
Whereas we see them disappointed still,
No scheme nor artifice of human skill
Can rectify the passions or the will.

A political warning:

My friend, I fear it! pride, which overthrew
The mighty Centaurs and their hardy crew,
Our pride will ruin us, your friends, and you.

On public opinion:

The generous and the brave, in common fame,
From time to time encounter praise or blame;
The vulgar pass unheeded; none escape
Scandal or insult in some form or shape.
Most fortunate are those, alive or dead,
Of whom the least is thought, the least is said.

The attitude of a scholarly Greek toward his government twenty-five hundred years ago is interesting:

Court not a tyrant's favor, nor combine
To further his iniquitous design;
But, if your faith is pledg'd, though late and loth,
If covenants have pass'd between you both,
Never assassinate him! keep your oath!
But should he still misuse his lawless power,
To trample on the people, and devour,
Depose or overturn him; any how!
Your oath permits it, and the gods allow.

These are the qualities which Theognis desired in a friend:

I care not for a friend that at my board
Talks pleasantly; the friend that will afford
Faithful assistance with his purse and sword
In need or danger; let that friend be mine!
Fit for a bold and resolute design,
Not for a conversation over wine.

On rashness in speech:

Rash, angry words, and spoken out of season,
When passion has usurp'd the throne of reason,
Have ruin'd many.—Passion is unjust,
And, for an idle transitory gust
Of gratified revenge, dooms us to pay
With long repentance at a later day.

He defies calumny as follows:

Yes! Drench me with invective! not a stain
From all that angry deluge will remain!
Fair harmless water, dripping from my skin,
Will mark no foulness or defect within.
As the pure standard gold of ruddy hue,
Prov'd by the touchstone, unalloy'd and true;
Unstain'd by rust, untarnish'd to the sight;
Such will you find me;—solid, pure, and bright.

A soliloquy on happiness:

Entire and perfect happiness is never
Vouchsaf'd to man; but nobler minds endeavor
To keep their inward sorrows unreveal'd.
With meaner spirits nothing is conceal'd:
Weak, and unable to conform to fortune,
With rude rejoicing or complaint importune,
They vent their exultation or distress.
Whate'er betides us, grief or happiness,

The brave and wise will bear with steady mind.
Th' allotment unforeseen and undefin'd
Of good or evil, which the gods bestow
Promiscuously dealt to man below.

The following ironical exhortation was addressed to the chief of the opposite party when in power:

Lash your obedient rabble! lash and load
The burden on their backs! Spurn them and goad!
They'll bear it all; by patience and by birth,
The most submissive, humble slaves on earth!

While in exile, he wrote the following:

An exile has no friends! no partisan
Is firm or faithful to the banish'd man;
A disappointment and a punishment,
Harder to bear, and worse than banishment!

. . . . . .

Happy the man, with worldly wealth and ease,
Who, dying in good time, departs in peace.
Nor yet reduc'd to wander as a stranger
In exile and distress and daily danger;
To fawn upon his foes, to risk the trial
Of a friend's faith, and suffer a denial!

Wealth and good sense are rarely combined in the same individual:

Dunces are often rich, while indigence
Thwarts the designs of elegance and sense.
Nor wealth alone, nor judgment can avail;
In either case art and improvement fail.

On the responsibilities of the poet:

The servant of the Muse, gifted and grac'd
With high pre-eminence of art and taste,

Has an allotted duty to fulfill;
Bound to dispense the treasure of his skill,
Without a selfish or invidious view;
Bound to recite and to compose anew,
Not to reserve his talent for himself
In secret, like a miser with his pelf.

THE "HERMES OF OLYMPIA"

CHAPTER XIII

GREEK DRAMA

LITERARY ATHENS. We have now in our readings reached the Attic Age of Greek Literature, and Athens has become not only the literary center of Greece, but, so far as civilization and enlightenment are concerned, Athens is Greece. It is difficult to appreciate the overwhelming mastery of that city in every intellectual acquirement. Our frequent allusion to it is not repetitious; we meet it everywhere. It is as though all the seeds of literature, which we have seen here and there, had grown to maturity and burst into bloom in a single night. The epic is dead; the personal lyric is dead; the choric song is in its last throes; but here in Athens, in an inconceivably short time, as we reckon it in history, are dramatists, historians, orators and philosophers, writing in a style that has never been surpassed, and exhibiting

the most profound thought, the highest wisdom, that the world has ever seen.

Thus appears the epoch as we see it foreshortened down the vistas of time. If, however, we recall the history of Athenian literary supremacy, we see that it extended over a little more than a hundred fifty years, with many other years of quiet preparation, which the hasty reader is likely to overlook. That in the period of her mightiest political convulsions, when she was struggling and overcoming rivals at home and fighting for her very existence in the Persian Wars, Athens should have found it possible to produce so great a literature proves her unique among cities, the marvel of all time.

The long reign of the Pisistratidae produced little of importance; the thirty years between the expulsion of Hippias and the battle of Salamis were fruitful indeed; the twenty years of her struggles with her neighbors and the establishment of her political supremacy were equally productive, and the Age of Pericles, which followed, marked the supreme culmination in every department of the great art.

The Athenians possessed all the brilliancy, acuteness, sensitiveness and mobility of the Ionian race, and were fitted by nature to produce in any art those masterpieces which show what are now universally known as the Attic graces —simplicity, purity, refinement, elegance. Their brethren in Asia Minor, by close contact with the Orientals, had become effeminate and luxury-loving, to the destruction of that

literary spirit which had shown itself in Alcaeus and Sappho. On the other hand, the Athenians were too busy to become corrupt, too active to become effeminate, and were too youthful and exuberant in spirit to be satisfied with war and politics alone. They found extraordinary expression for their abounding vitality and enthusiasm in every artistic direction —painting, sculpture, architecture, literature. The downfall of the Attic spirit was as marked as its rise. When the struggle for existence was over and Athens rested secure in her preeminence, her energy dissipated itself in restlessness, her intellect in casuistry and useless discussion. Pericles himself was responsible for much of this national decay, for his measures of government produced a strong naval force, debilitated the men by lack of practice in war, and by his system of popular subsidies created a great class of idlers who spent their time in the *agora* and the courts of justice. Such a condition of necessity bred laxity and corruption of morals, and the Athenians were swept into the same sea of moral decay that had engulfed their Ionian neighbors in Asia Minor.

Literature sustained its purity and strength longer than any other art, and after its content had reached the level of public life it retained its perfection of form and style; but in time it yielded, however unwillingly, to the general decay, and the brilliant light of the Attic day went out in utter darkness.

II. Origin of the Drama. As the drama is related more nearly to poetry than to prose, and as it had in Greece attained a considerable development before there was a finished prose, it seems proper to consider it first among the products of the Attic Age. We may associate the epic with the monarchical age of Greece, the lyric with republican Greece, and the drama, in its boundless action. with the period of active accomplishment.

The keynote of the drama is action; events are not narrated, emotions are not detailed in words. The spectator sees what is done, and infers character and emotion from gesture and facial expression as well as from words. Epic poetry narrates events; lyric poetry expresses in words the soul of the writer; dramatic poetry enables a person to show by action the thoughts and emotions of others.

As has been said, the Greek drama originated in the worship of Dionysus, and we must go back to at least 600 B. C. to find the first large organized dancing chorus, under Arion at Corinth. Prior to this, even, the satyrs who followed Dionysus were represented by men and boys half-clad in goat skins, dancing around the altar. (*Tragedy* is derived from a Greek word meaning *goat-song.*) About fifty years later, Thespis of Attica conceived the idea of introducing an actor to sing, tell stories and converse with the leader of the chorus in the intervals of the dances and choric songs. A further development brought into the scheme

actions to mimic the sadder portions of the Dionysiac myth. Here are the elements of the modern drama, but it is still a long step to the great tragedies of a Sophocles or the comedies of an Aristophanes.

Comedy, however, may trace its origin to the same source, for while the winter festivals dealt with the melancholy death of Dionysus and his long immurement, the spring festivals which marked his return to earth were filled with hilarity and joyous abandon. In the tumultuous riotry of drunken carouse, the songs partook of noise, mirth and license. *Comedy* means, literally, *song,* and dramatic comedy followed legitimately from lyric comedy.

Perhaps only in Japan has there been anything akin to the rise of the drama in Greece. The Indian drama, which has been discussed in this work, came long after the Greek, and not until the influence of Greek ideas had permeated Oriental minds. If we search for the reason of this unique development, we may find it in that familiarity of the Greeks with their gods, to which we have previously alluded. Dionysus, himself, was supposed to be present at the festivals and to take part in the ceremonies and orgiastic celebrations, and it was perfectly natural and embodied no presumption when men began to represent him, imitate his supposed actions and speak in his language. By coloring the body, by putting on the skins of goats and by wearing masks of

bark or wood, the worshipers found a way out of their natural selves and felt in closer proximity to their divinity.

It was left to Aeschylus to introduce the second character upon the stage, and even Sophocles did not venture beyond a third. The dithyrambic chorus, originally of fifty men, was divided into four of twelve each, a number increased by Sophocles to fifteen. With what seems to us this limited range of characters and "speaking parts," the Greek drama reached its highest form.

We hear much of the "unities" in connection with the Greek drama. From Aristotle's *Poetics* later writers derived rules concerning the structure of the classic drama. *Unity* means the orderly arrangement or combinations of a literary whole, so that it shall present a unified effect, a sense of wholeness. In the classic dramas three unities were demanded: unity of time, of place, and of plot. Unity of time required that the entire action of the piece should be included in a single day; unity of place, that the action should occur in one place; unity of plot, that no extraneous matter should be introduced to distract the attention from the orderly sequence of events.

III. Tragedy. Wilkinson says: "Greek tragedy and English tragedy are two very distinct affairs. . . . Regard Greek tragedy as an attempt to represent real life on the stage and you will be right in pronouncing Greek tragedy a very rude literary art. . . . But Greek

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GREEK THEATER, EPIDAURUS

THE BEST PRESERVED OF THE GREEK THEATERS. BUILT LATE IN THE FOURTH CENTURY, B. C. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF AESCULAPIUS.

tragedy was no such attempt. Its material was not reality, and its aim was not to produce a lifelike representation. . . . Modern tragedy presents real life idealized; ancient tragedy presented an ideal life realized. . . . Greek tragedy was a great institute of teaching. The motive to teach was quite in the ascendant over the motive to amuse. Whereas modern dramatic art seeks first to entertain and then, if at all, to instruct and profit, the ancient tragedy reversed this order, was quite didactic, and after that, for the sake of didactics, diverting."

The Greek tragedy, then, was a serious performance, given before the people under state auspices, at the time of great national festivals. The state regulated, and the state or some wealthy citizen paid; therefore it may have been unfair to attribute the introduction of one, two or three characters upon the stage to the author who first used the number in his plays; rather should it be said that at that particular time the state authorized rewards and payment for the increased number.

One of the actors was the poet himself, until for one excuse or another in the time of Aeschylus and Sophocles the poet gave way to the professional. The Greek word for *actor* is *hypocrite,* which literally means *answerer.* The poet may have selected as his answerers the leaders of the two sections of his chorus, and thus the number of actors naturally limited itself to three.

The costume of the actors consisted of long

striped garments, over which were thrown bright cloaks trimmed with gold and flashing ornaments. The height of the tragic actor was increased considerably by high-heeled boots or buskins, the tops of which came some distance up the leg, and his size was increased by generous padding of chest, body and legs. To such an extent was this carried that the later Greeks, even, considered it monstrous, and criticized the stiff, angular gestures and slow movements the disguise made necessary. Masks longer and larger than the head concealed the identity of the player. The mask concentrated or reinforced the voice, while its bright colors, sharply-accentuated features, half-open mouth and round, flaring eye-holes were supposed to represent and inspire more passionately-tragic feelings than the human countenance itself. From time to time between acts the masks were changed to represent different emotions.

The chorus occupied the center of the stage on a raised platform around the altar to Dionysus. The costumes of the chorus were not less brilliant than those of the actors, but the members, who seem to have occupied the intermediate position and held the explanatory function between the actors and the audience, were not dressed to show larger than ordinary human beings, nor were they disguised.

The chorus sang alone when no actors were on the stage, sang between their speeches, and in some cases entered into dialogue with them.

At different periods the function of the chorus changed: at one time it did all the singing and was the main factor in the tragedy; at another time the actors did much of the singing and the importance of the chorus dwindled, only to rise again in later years.

In order to preserve the unities, the chorus must often relate what had transpired before the beginning of the play, describe scenes that did not correspond to those upon the stage, explain parallel events, and gather the loose threads at the end.

As we have said, the original chorus of fifty was by Aeschylus divided into four groups of twelve men each, which with two *hypocrites* and a poet made fifty-one. The wealthy man, *choregus,* he was called, who bore the expenses of the performance. was not expected to provide for more.

During the festival one play followed another until the day was done. In practice the day's plays consisted usually of four, known as a tetralogy. The first three, the trilogy, were a series of tragedies with a more or less connected thread of events relating some of the myths or incidents in the lives of the heroes; the fourth was a satyr play, in which the fourth section of the chorus appeared in the garb of satyrs and thus completed the fiction that during the trilogy they had been satyrs, masquerading as men, animals or things, as in the comedy *The Clouds,* by Aristophanes. It was this tetralogic arrangement of dramas that

separated the chorus, each section of which had its own peculiar costume, in which the greatest latitude was allowed. A tragedy, then, was introduced by a "prelude;" this was followed by a series of "episodes," between which the chorus sang its lyrics and the whole was closed with an "exode."

IV. Comedy. Tragedies were performed only at the Greater Dionysia, celebrated in the cities, and at first comedies were given only at the Lesser Dionysia, held in the country; but after 487 B. C. they became a part of the greater festivities in the city.

The production of the plays was competitive, each of three tragic poets having a day on which he produced his tetralogy, consisting of the three tragedies and the satyr play. On each day a poet produced his one comedy following the tragedies, making rather a full day, we would think. The victorious poet received a crown of ivy and a sum of money, while the *choregus,* who had staged the winning play, dedicated a tablet to Dionysus. Women never appeared upon the stage except possibly as flute players.

With all the similarity between the origin and final perfection of tragedy and comedy, there are differences too serious to pass without mention. Comedy had its origin in the outrageous phallic performances which characterized the worship of Dionysus and other gods. It is difficult to comprehend how a race apparently so self-controlled as the Greeks could

permit the indecencies and unbridled license of these occasions. That there were protests and that the young were surrounded by some measure of protection, we know, but the sustained popularity of those wild carnivals must lie in the fact that they were held in the name of religion, and by that one fact all criticism was barred. In Sparta, in Athens—in fact, in all Greece—the necessary physiological facts of life were treated with startling frankness, on the general principle that nothing necessary could be indecent. Possibly the indecent Dionysiac orgies may have grown out of this unusual view of life. The offensiveness of this subject, and others of a similar nature necessarily met by any deep student of Greek literature, precludes its further introduction here.

Nevertheless, it was from such a source that comedy sprang, and when we consider that one of the peculiar characteristics of the lesser festivals was an abundant *parrhesia,* or freedom of speech, sometimes especially granted to women, we can understand that satire, mockery and indecent jests must have characterized the language of the comedies.

With Aristophanes there came a more refined and artistic treatment of the plot and a decided expurgation of the indecent element. From that time the development of the comedy was even more rapid than that of tragedy. The chorus became less and less important, and in the last work of Aristophanes it scarcely appears. From this time on, the principles which

governed the writing of tragedy and comedy scarcely differed, and the drama, "the imitation of life, the mirror of human intercourse and expression of reality," was perfected and given an impetus which lasted for centuries.

That there must have been a vast and rich dramatic literature during this period, which is known as that of the new comedy, we have abundant evidence, although only a few minor fragments of those great plays still exist.

Comic actors allowed themselves great latitude in the choice of costumes, even more than was possible in the tragedy. They wore tights of gay colors, and their heads were covered by comic masks which, by their absurd and burlesque features, tended to create a laugh. A short tunic, a cloak and a phallus completed the general costume. The feet of the comedians were clothed in slippers, not in *cothurni,* the thick-soled shoes and buskins of the tragedian. In the later comedy, grotesqueness and disguise gave way to more natural costumes as the plays approximated more nearly to ordinary human life.

We have now reached a point where we may intelligently consider the work of the great dramatists of Greece, and before beginning a more intensive study of the great four it will be well to consider briefly a few of those minor dramatic writers who acquired local fame and made possible the wonderful achievements of their contemporaries and successors.

Phrynichus was probably a disciple of

Thespis, whom we have already mentioned, and to him is usually credited the invention of the tragedy, as with one he secured his first prize, in 511 B. C. In his work the lyric element still predominated over the dramatic, but he introduced dithyrambic choruses and was the first writer to put female characters upon the stage, representing them by men disguised in feminine garb. Again he is notable as having substituted historical for mythological events in his plays. It is said that when his *Capture of Miletus* was introduced upon the stage the audience were so moved by the sufferings of a kindred people that they burst into tears. So great was the excitement over the play that the authorities imposed a heavy fine upon the author and forbade him to produce the play again. However, he was more successful in another historical play, and won a prize with it. The hero, though unmentioned, was Themistocles, who probably acted as *choregus*.

Concerning Epicharmus, who was born in the island of Cos about 540 B. C., we know little or nothing from the scanty remains of his work, but he was a philosopher, and he introduced into the comedy a regular plot, doing away with the low and scurrilous buffoonery that had passed current for comedy in Sicily, and permanently established the literary form of the comedy in that island. He seems to have used simple plots with rapid action, and to have couched his dialogue in elegant language. He frequently indulged in philosophical asides,

such as: "Mind hath sight and mind hath hearing; all things else are deaf and blind;" "Character is destiny to man;" and "Be sober and remember to disbelieve; these are the sinews of the mind."

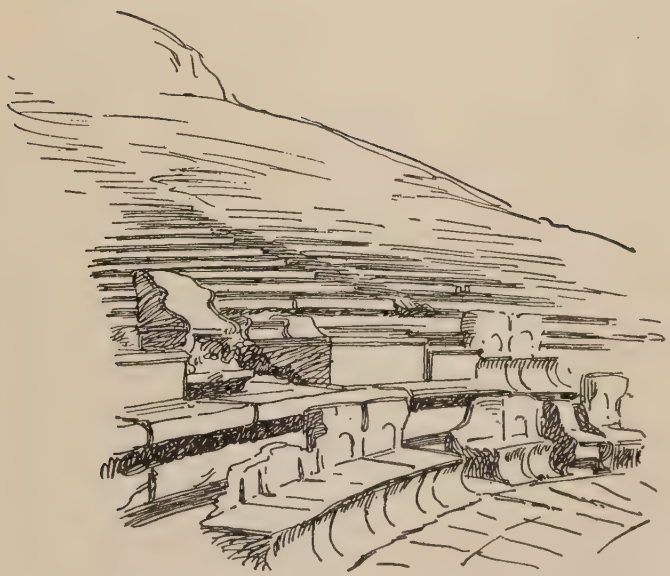
Cratinus was probably born at Athens, where he lived in the Age of Pericles, a rival of Aristophanes, over whom he gained several victories. He was bitter against Pericles, called him "the squill-headed God-Almighty," and it is to the enmity of Aristophanes that we owe most of our information concerning the satiric and sarcastic old man.

Eupolis, who was born about 446 B. C., is ranked by Horace as one of the great writers of the early drama. In irony and sarcasm he rivaled Cratinus, but showed more charm and grace and less of bitterness in his epigrams. He is said to have been killed in battle in the Hellespont, and again it is supposed that he was thrown into the sea and drowned by one whom he had attacked in his plays. His style was not unlike that of Aristophanes, and it is supposed they collaborated in a play against Cleon, called *The Knights,* the most savage piece of comedy in existence, and afterward, having quarreled, they accused each other of plagiarism in composing it.

Phrynichus, the son of Eunomides, who won his first prize in 429? B. C., was noted as being one of the first to write comedies of contemporary manners, in which we see the beginning of the form still held on the modern stage, but

of his choice and elegant work it is little that remains.

After this perhaps inadequate treatment of the lesser lights, we move on to the consideration of the four leading dramatists: the greatest three writers of tragedy, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; and the one greatest writer of comedy, Aristophanes. To each of these, in the order mentioned, we shall give a chapter.



THEATRE OF DIONYSUS

CHAPTER XIV

AESCHYLUS

BIOGRAPHY. The known facts concerning Aeschylus, the first great tragic poet of early Greece, may be briefly summarized. He was the son of Euphorion, and was born at Eleusis in Attica, in 525 B. C. As a soldier he fought against the Persians at the battles of Marathon and Salamis. In 484 B. C. he gained the prize for tragedy, and twelve years later was again awarded that honor for the trilogy, of which *The Persians* was one piece. He visited the court of Hiero of Syracuse and was hospitably entertained there, together with Pindar, Baccylides, Simonides and other famous poets. On the death of Hiero he returned to Athens, but was afterward a second time resident of Sicily, where in 456 B. C. he died at Gela. He wrote over seventy plays, of

which seven, practically complete, remain, namely: *Agamemnon, The Libation-bearers, The Eumenides, Prometheus Bound, The Suppliants, The Seven Against Thebes* and *The Persians.* The Athenians called him the "Father of Tragedy," because of the improvement he made in the plays and in their staging. He came of an ancient and noble family, and his tendencies throughout were all aristocratic, a fact that may in some measure account for the coolness with which the Athenians treated him during the latter years of his life. After his death his fame was unbounded, and they gave to his plays the extraordinary honor of exhibiting them after his death at the Greater Dionysia.

The people of Gela erected a costly monument to his memory and engraved thereon the following epitaph:

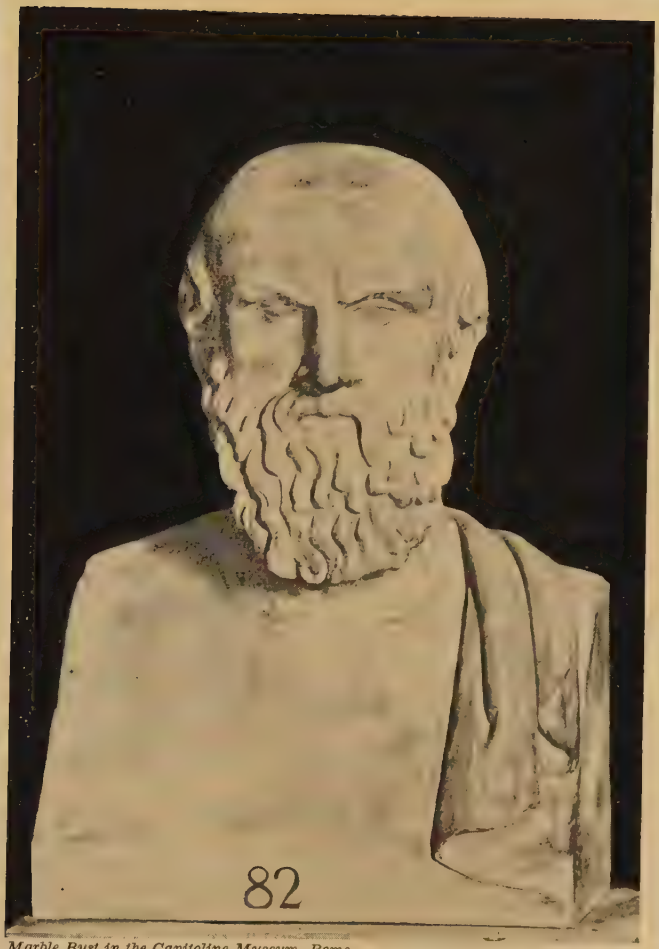
Here Aeschylus lies, from his Athenian home
Remote, 'neath Gela's wheat-producing loam.
How brave in battle was Euphorion's son
The long-haired Mede can tell that fled from Marathon.

II. Literary Characteristics. The distinguishing mark of the dramas of Aeschylus is the loftiness of their composition and the grandeur of their phraseology, sometimes harsh and abrupt in style, though always with a manliness and force that cannot be overestimated. He indulges in bold and striking metaphors, which in the fertility of his imagination and in his fearlessness he sometimes

mixes in a way which modern critics would deplore. The rude grandeur of Aeschylus has been sharply contrasted with the more beautiful and polished lines of Euripides by the great comedian Aristophanes, in the following words:

With high-sounding words he will make such a pother,
With helmeted speeches he bravely will spout;
With chippings and shavings of rhetoric the other
All whirling and dancing about
Will stand at bay; but the deep-thoughted bard,
With equestrian harmonies, galloping hard,
Will floor in the fight
The glib-tongued wight.
The stiff hair of his mane all alive for the fray,
Bristling and big from the roots he will ruffle;
His black brows he will knit, and terribly bray,
Like a lion that roars for the scuffle.
Huge words by rivets and spike-nails bound,
Like plank on plank he will fling on the ground,
Blasting so bold
Like a Titan of old.

The keynote of the work of Aeschylus is religion, and the manliness of many of his characters is thoroughly in harmony with the morality and profound piety everywhere expressed. In the scheme of his theology, sin brings retribution, and purity and nobility of character alone meet with approval. So sublime a conception of religion as that which Aeschylus expresses seems somewhat out of harmony with the license of the times, but as Blackie expresses it, "The seriousness of a poetic mind like that of Aeschylus is, at all



Marble Bust in the Capitoline Museum, Rome

AESCHYLUS
525–456 B. C.

THE FIRST GREAT TRAGIC POET OF GREECE.

times, naturally inclined to faith; and the multiform polytheism of the Greeks was as pliable in the hands of pure men for pure purposes as in the hands of gross men to give a delusive ideality to their grossness."

III. The Great Trilogy. As we have elsewhere said, the return of the Greek heroes from the Trojan War afforded material for a large number of literary productions not only including the *Odyssey* itself, but a number of poems and not a few great dramas, among which none rank more highly than the famous *Oresteia* trilogy, the *Agamemnon, The Libation-bearers* and *The Eumenides.* These all apply, as one may gather from the names, to Agamemnon and his family, and their purpose is to establish the great moral principle that sin once planted in a family will grow luxuriantly, but in the end will bring those bloody punishments which are its natural products.

To understand the function of the three parts of this great trilogy it will be necessary to recite once more some of the events which we may have previously related. In this case the sinful progenitor of the race is Tantalus, who, having been admitted to the table of the gods, could not refrain from making public the knowledge he had obtained there. Of his punishment in Tartarus we have spoken. His son Pelops in a chariot race won Hippodamia, daughter of the King of Pisa, and becoming king of that city, gave his name to the southern peninsula of Greece. In him begins the trail

of blood, for he slew Myrtilus, the charioteer of the King of Pisa, by whose connivance and treachery he had won the race, and thereby for himself and his descendants earned the wrath of the gods and their sanguinary retribution. He had two sons, Atreus and Thyestes, the latter of whom seduced the wife of his brother. Atreus, pretending to be reconciled, recalled his banished brother and received him in the manner thus related in the *Agamèmnon:*

Him with a formal show
Of hospitality—not love—received
The father of this dead, the godless Atreus;
And to my father for the savory use
Of festive viands gave his children's flesh
To feed on; in a separate dish concealed
Were legs and arms, and the fingers' pointed tips,
Broke from the body. These my father saw not;
But what remained, the undistinguished flesh,
He with unwitting greed devoured, and ate
A curse to Argos. Soon as known, his heart
Disowned the unholy feast, and with a groan
Back-falling he disgorged it. Then he vowed
Dark doom to the Pelopidae, and woes
Intolerable, while with his heel he spurned
The supper, and thus voiced the righteous curse:
THUS PERISH ALL THE RACE OF PLEISTHENES!
See here the cause why Agamemnon died,
And why his death most righteous was devised
By me; for I, Thyestes' thirteenth son,
While yet a swaddled babe, was driven away
To houseless exile with my haplèss sire.
But me avenging Justice nursed, and taught me,
Safer by distance, with invisible hand
To reach this man, and weave the brooded plot,
That worked his sure destruction. Now 'tis done;

And gladly might I die, beholding him,
There as he lies where Vengeance trapped his crimes.

There are, then, two families bearing hereditary hostility, which appear in the first play of the trilogy in the person of Aegisthus, the son of Thyestes, and Clytemnestra, wife of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus by Aerope, plotting with her paramour.

IV. "AGAMEMNON." This play opens with the return of the great war chief from the siege of Troy and deals with the murder of Agamemnon by his wife, no less sinned against than sinning. To quote again from Blackie:

> The calm majesty and modest dignity of the much-tried monarch; the cool self-possession and the smooth front of specious politeness that mark the character of the royal murderess: the obstreperous bullying of the cowardly braggart, who does the deed with his heart, not with his hand; the half-wild, half-tender ravings of the horror-haunted Trojan prophetess; these together contain a combination of highly-wrought dramatic elements, such as is scarcely excelled even in the all-embracing pages of our own Shakespeare.

The scene in which Cassandra, the doomed prophetess whom none may believe, foretells her own death and that of the King, is appalling, and when presented upon the stage with the spectacular effects which accompany it in the Greek tragedy, must have moved the audience with tremendous force. We quote from the translation by John Stuart Blackie:

STROPHE I

Cass. Ah! ah! woe's me! woe! woe!
Apollo! O Apollo!
Chorus. Why dost thou wail to Loxias? is he
A gloomy god that he should list sad tales?

ANTISTROPHE I

Cass. Ah! ah! woe's me! woe! woe!
Apollo! O Apollo!
Chorus. Again with evil-omened voice she cries
Upon the god least fit to wait on woe.

STROPHE II

Cass. Apollo! Apollo!
My way-god, my leader Apollo!
Apollo the destroyer!
Thou with light labor hast destroyed me quite.
Chorus. Strange oracles against herself she speaks;
Ev'n in the bondsman's bosom dwells the god.

ANTISTROPHE II

Cass. Apollo! Apollo!
Apollo, my leader, whither hast thou led me?
My way-god, Apollo?
What homes receive thy captive prophetess?
Chorus. The Atridae's homes. This, an' thou knowst it not,
I tell thee; and the words I speak are true.

STROPHE III

Cass. Ha! the house of the Atridae!
Well the godless house I know,
With the dagger and the rope,
And the self-inflicted blow!
Where red blood is on the floor,
And black murder at the door—
This house—this house I know.
Chorus. She scents out slaughter, mark me, like a hound,
And tracks the spot where she shall feast on blood.

ANTISTROPHE III

Cass. Ay! I scent a truthful scent,
And the thing I say I know.
See! see! these weeping children,
How they vouch the monstrous woe!
Their red wounds are bleeding fresh,
And their father eats their flesh,
This bloody house I know.
Chorus. The fame of thy divinings far renowned
Have reached us, but we wish no prophets here.

STROPHE IV

Cass. Ha! ha! what plots she now?
A new sorrow, a new snare
To the house of the Atridae,
And a burden none may bear!
A black harm to all and each,
A disease that none may leech,
And the evil plot to mar
All help and hope is far.
Chorus. Nay now I'm lost and mazed in vain surmise.
What first she said I knew—the common rumor.

ANTISTROPHE IV

Cass. Ha! woman wilt thou dare?
Thy bed's partner and thy mate
In the warm refreshing bath
Shall he find his bloody fate?
How shall I dare to say
What comes and will not stay?
See, to do her heart's command
Where she stretches her red hand!
Chorus. Not yet I understand: through riddles dark
And cloudy oracles my wits are wandering.

STROPHE V

Cass. Ha! what bloody sight is this?
'Tis a net of Hades spread—
'Tis a snare to snare her lord,
The fond sharer of her bed.

The black chorus of the place
Shout for vengeance o'er the race,
Whose offense cries for atoning,
With a heavy death of stoning!

STROPHE VI

Chorus. What black Fury of the place
Shall shout vengeance o'er the race?
Such strange words I hate to hear.
The blithe blood, that crimson ran
In my veins, runs pale and wan
With the taint of yellow fear,
As when in the mortal anguish,
Life's last fitful glimpses languish
And Fate, as now, is near!
Cass. Ha! ha! the work proceeds!
From the bull keep back the cow!
Lo! now she seizes him
By the strong black horn, and now
She hath wrapt him round with slaughter;
She strikes! and in the water
Of the bath he falls. Mark well,
In the bath doth murder dwell.

ANTISTROPHE VI

Chorus. No prophetic gift is mine
The dark saying to divine,
But this sounds like evil quite;
For to mortal man was never
The diviner's voice the giver
Of a message of delight,
But in words of mazy mourning,
Comes the prophet's voice of warning,
With a lesson of affright.

STROPHE VII

Cass. Fill the cup, and brim the woe!
'Tis my own heart's blood must flow!
Me! miserable me!
From old Troy why didst thou bring me

Poor captive maid, to sing thee
Thy dirge, and die with thee?

STROPHE VIII

Chorus. By a god thou art possessed,
And he raveth in thy breast,
And he sings a song of thee
That hath music, but no glee.
Like a dun-plumed nightingale,
That, with never-sated wail,
Crieth Itys! Itys! aye,
As it scatters, in sweet flow,
The thick blossoms of its woe,
So singest thou to-day.

ANTISTROPHE VII

Cass. Ah! the clear-toned nightingale!
Mellow bird, thou dost not wail,
For the good gods gave to thee
A light shape of fleetest winging,
A bright life of sweetest singing,
But a sharp-edged death to me.

ANTISTROPHE VIII

Chorus. By a god thou art possessed,
And he goads thee without rest,
And he racks thy throbbing brain
With a busy-beating pain,
And he presses from thy throat
The heavy struggling note,
And the cry that rends the air.
Who bade her tread this path,
With the prophecy of wrath,
And the burden of despair?

STROPHE IX

Cass. O the wedlock and the woe
Of the evil Alexander,
To his chiefest friends a foe!
O my native stream Scamander,

Where in youth I wont to wander,
And was nursed for future woes,
Where thy swirling current flows!
But now on sluggish shore
Of Cocytus I shall pour,
'Mid the Acherusian glades,
My divinings to the shades.

STROPHE X

Chorus. Nothing doubtful is the token;
For the words the maid hath spoken
To a very child are clear.
She hath pierced me to the marrow;
And her cry of shrieking sorrow
Ah! it crushes me to hear.

ANTISTROPHE IX

Cass. The proud city lieth lowly,
Nevermore to rise again!
It is lost and ruined wholly;
And before the walls in vain
Hath my pious father slain
Many meadow-cropping kine,
To appease the wrath divine.
Where it lieth it shall lie,
Ancient Ilium: and I
On the ground, when all is past,
Soon my reeking heart shall cast.

ANTISTROPHE X

Chorus. Ah! the mighty god, wrath-laden,
He hath smote the burdened maiden
With a weighty doom severe.
From her heart sharp cries he wringeth,
Dismal, deathful strains she singeth,
And I wait the end in fear.
Cass. No more my prophecy, like a young bride
Shall from a veil peep forth, but like a wind

Waves shall it dash from the west in the sun's face,
And curl high-crested surges of fierce woes,
That far outbillow mine. I'll speak no more
In dark enigmas. Ye my vouchers be,
While with keen scent I snuff the breath of the past,
And point the track of monstrous crimes of eld.
There is a choir, to destiny well-tuned,
Haunts these doomed halls, no mellow-throated choir,
And they of human blood have largely drunk:
And by that wine made bold, the Bacchanals
Cling to their place of revels. The sister'd Furies
Sit on these roofs, and hymn the prime offense
Of this crime-burthened race; the brother's sin
That trod the brother's bed. Speak! do I hit
The mark, a marksman true? or do I beat
Your doors, a babbling beggar prophesying
False dooms for hire? Be ye my witnesses,
And with an oath avouch, how well I know
The hoary sins that hang upon these walls.

Chorus. Would oaths make whole our ills, though I should wedge them
As stark as ice? But I do marvel much
That thou, a stranger born, from distant seas,
Dost know our city as it were thine own.

Cass. Even this to know, Apollo stirred my breast.

Chorus. Apollo! didst thou strike the god with love?

Cass. Till now I was ashamed to hint the tale.

Chorus. The dainty lips of nice prosperity
Misfortune opens.

Cass. Like a wrestler he
Strove for my love; he breathed his grace upon me.

Chorus. And hast thou children from divine embrace?

Cass. I gave the word to Loxias, not the deed.

Chorus. Hadst thou before received the gift divine?

Cass. I had foretold my countrymen all their woes.

Chorus. Did not the anger of the god pursue thee?

Cass. It did; I warned, but none believed my warning.

Chorus. To us thou seem'st to utter things that look
Only too like the truth.

Cass. An me! woe! woe!
Again strong divination's troublous whirl
Seizes my soul, and stirs my laboring breast
With presages of doom. Lo! where they sit,
These pitiful young ones on the fated roof,
Like to the shapes of dreams! The innocent babes,
Butchered by friends that should have blessed them, and
In their own hands their proper bowels they bear,
Banquet abhorred, and their own father eats it.
This deed a lion, not a lion-hearted
Shall punish; wantonly in her bed, whose lord
Shall pay the heavy forfeit, he shall roll,
And snare my master—woe's me, even *my* master,
For slavery's yoke my neck must learn to own.
Ah! little weens the leader of the ships,
Troy's leveler, how a hateful bitch's tongue,
With long-drawn phrase, and broad-sown smile, doth weave
His secret ruin. This a woman dares;
The female mars the male. Where shall I find
A name to name such monster? dragon dire,
Rock-lurking Scylla, the vexed seaman's harm,
Mother of Hades, murder's Maenad, breathing
Implacable breath of curses on her kin.
All-daring woman! shouting in her heart,
As o'er the foe, when backward rolls the fight,
Yet hymning kindliest welcome with her tongue.
Ye look mistrustful; I am used to that.
That comes which is to come; and ye shall know
Full soon, with piteous witness in your eyes,
How true, and very true, Cassandra spake.

Chorus. Thyestes' banquet, and his children's flesh
I know, and shudder; strange that she should know
The horrors of that tale; but for the rest
She runs beyond my following.

Cass. Thus I said;
Thine eyes shall witness Agamemnon's death.

Chorus. Hush, wretched maiden! lull thy tongue to rest,

And cease from evil-boding words!

Cass. Alas!
The gods that heal all evil, heal not this.

Chorus. If it must be; but may the gods forefend!

Cass. Pray thou, and they will have more time to kill.

Chorus. What man will dare to do such bloody deed?

Cass. I spake not of a *man*: thy thoughts shoot wide.

Chorus. The deed I heard, but not whose hand should do it.

Cass. And yet I spake good Greek with a good Greek tongue.

Chorus. Thou speakest Apollo's words: true, but obscure.

Cass. Ah me! the god! like fire within my breast
Burns the Lycean god. Ah me! pain! pain!
A lioness two-footed with a wolf
Is bedded, when the noble lion roamed
Far from his den; and she will murder me.
She crowns the cup of wrath; she whets the knife
Against the neck of the man, and he must pay
The price of capture, I of being captive.
Vain gauds, that do but mock my grief, farewell!
This laurel-rod, and this diviner's wreath
About my neck, should they outlive the wearer?
Away! As ye have paid me, I repay.
Make rich some other prophetess with woe!
Lo! where Apollo looks, and sees me now
Doff this diviner's garb, the self-same weeds
He tricked me erst withal, to live for him,
The public scorn, the scoff of friends and foes.
The mark of every ribald jester's tongue,
The homeless girl, the raving mountebank,
The beggar'd, wretched, starving maniac.
And now who made the prophetess unmakes her,
And leads me to my doom—ah! not beside
My father's altar doomed to die! the block
From my hot life shall drink the purple stain.
But we shall fall not unavenged: the gods
A mother-murdering shoot shall send from far
To avenge his sire; the wanderer shall return

To pile the cope-stone on these towering woes.
The gods in heaven a mighty oath have sworn,
To raise anew the father's prostrate fate
By the son's arm.—But why stand here, and beat
The air with cries, seeing what I have seen;
When Troy hath fallen, suffering what it suffered,
And they who took the city by the doom
Of righteous gods faring as they shall fare?
I will endure to die, and greet these gates
Of Hades gaping for me. Grant me, ye gods,
A mortal stroke well-aimed, and a light fall
From cramped convulsion free! Let the red blood
Flow smoothly from its fount, that I may close
These eyes in peaceful death.

Chorus. O hapless maid!
And wise as hapless! thou hast spoken long!
But if thou see'st the harm, why rush on fate
Even as an ox, whom favoring gods inspire
To stand by the altar's steps, and woo the knife.

Cass. I'm in the net. Time will not break the meshes.

Chorus. But the last moment of sweet life is honored.

Cass. My hour is come; what should I gain by flight?

Chorus. Thou with a stout heart bravely look'st on fate.

Cass. Bravely thou praisest: but the happy hear not
Such commendations.

Chorus. Yet if death must come,
His fame is fair who nobly fronts the foe.

Cass. Woe's me, the father and his noble children!

Chorus. Whither now? What father and what children?
Speak.

Cass. [*Approaching and starting back from the house.*]
Woe! woe!

Chorus. What means this woe? What horrid fancy
scares thee?

Cass. Blood-dripping murder reeks from yonder house.

Chorus. How? 'Tis the scent of festal sacrifice.

Cass. The scent of death—a fragrance from the grave.

Chorus. Soothly no breath of Syrian nard she names.

Cass. But now the time is come. I go within

To wail for Agamemnon and myself.
I've done with life. Farewell! My vouchers ye,
Not with vain screaming, like a fluttering bird,
Above the bush I cry. Yourselves shall know it
Then when, for me a woman, a woman dies,
And for a man ill-wived a man shall fall.
Trust me in this. Your honest faith is all
The Trojan guest, the dying woman, craves.

Chorus. O wretched maid! O luckless prophetess.

Cass. Yet will I speak one other word, before
I leave this light. Hear thou my vows, bright sun,
And, though a slave's death be a little thing,
Send thou the avenging hand with full requital,
To pay my murderers back, as they have paid.
Alas! the fates of men! their brightest bloom
A shadow blights; and, in their evil day,
An oozy sponge blots out their fleeting prints,
And they are seen no more. From bad to worse
Our changes run, and with the worst we end.

Chorus. Men crave increase of riches ever
With insatiate craving. Never
From the finger-pointed halls
Of envied wealth their owner calls,
"Enter no more! I have enough!"
This man the gods with honor crowned;
He hath leveled with the ground
Priam's city, and in triumph
Glorious home returns;
But if doomed the fine to pay
Of ancient guilt, and death with death
To guerdon in the end,
Who of mortals will not pray,
From high-perched Fortune's favor far,
A blameless life to spend.

Aga. [*From within.*] O I am struck! struck with a mortal blow!

Chorus. Hush! what painful voice is speaking there of strokes and mortal blows?

Aga. O struck again! struck with a mortal blow!

Chorus. 'Tis the king that groans; the work, the bloody work, I fear, is doing.
Weave we counsel now together, and concert a sure design.

1st Chorus. I give my voice to lift the loud alarm,
And rouse the city to besiege the doors.

2nd Chorus. Rather forthwith go in ourselves, and prove
The murderer with the freshly-dripping blade.

3rd Chorus. I add my pebble to thine. It is not well
That we delay. Fate hangs upon the moment.

4th Chorus. The event is plain, with this prelusive blood
They hang out signs of tyranny to Argos.

5th Chorus. Then why stay we? Procrastination they
Tramp underfoot; they sleep not with their hands.

6th Chorus. Not so. When all is dark, shall we unwisely
Rush blindfold on an unconsulted deed?

7th Chorus. Thou speakest well. If he indeed be dead,
Our words are vain to bring him back from Hades.

8th Chorus. Shall we submit to drag a weary life
Beneath the shameless tyrants of this house?

9th Chorus. Unbearable! and better far to die!
Death is a gentler lord than tyranny.

10th Chorus. First ask we this, if to have heard a groan
Gives a sure augury that the man is dead.

11th Chorus. Wisdom requires to probe the matter well:
To guess is one thing, and to know another.

12th Chorus. So wisely spoken. With full-voiced assent
Inquire we first how Agamemnon fares.

[*The scene opens from behind, and discovers* Clytemnestra *standing over the dead bodies of* Agamemnon *and* Cassandra.]

Clytem. I spoke to you before; and what I spoke
Suited the time; nor shames me now to speak
Mine own refutal. For how shall we entrap
Our foe, our seeming friend, in scapeless ruin,
Save that we fence him round with nets too high
For his o'erleaping? What I did, I did
Not with a random inconsiderate blow,
But from old Hate, and with maturing Time.

Here, where I struck, I take my rooted stand,
Upon the finished deed: the blow so given,
And with wise forethought so by me devised,
That flight was hopeless, and to ward it vain.
With many-folding net, as fish are caught,
I drew the lines about him, mantled round
With bountiful destruction; twice I struck him,
And twice he groaning fell with limbs diffused
Upon the ground; and as he fell, I gave
The third blow, sealing him a votive gift
To gloomy Hades, savior of the dead.
And thus he spouted forth his angry soul,
Bubbling a bitter stream of frothy slaughter
And with the dark drops of the gory dew
Bedashed me; I delighted nothing less
Than doth the flowery calix, full surcharged
With fruity promise, when Jove's welkin down
Distils the rainy blessing. Men of Argos,
Rejoice with me in this, or, if ye will not,
Then do I boast alone. If e'er 'twas meet
To pour libations to the dead, he hath them
In justest measure. By most righteous doom,
Who drugged the cup with curses to the brim,
Himself hath drunk damnation to the dregs.

Chorus. Thou art a bold-mouthed woman. Much we marvel
To hear thee boast thy husband's murder thus.

Clytem. Ye tempt me as a woman, weak, unschooled.
But what I say, ye know, or ought to know,
I say with fearless heart. Your praise or blame
Is one to me. Here Agamemnon lies,
My husband, dead, the work of this right hand—
The hand of a true workman. Thus it stands.

With one other quotation, we may close our account of the *Agamemnon*. It is that wonderful speech of Clytemnestra when she gives public welcome to her husband on his triumphal

return. The wife knows that she is utterly friendless, that the last hour for one of them must have come. She does not know whether he has been told of her unfaithfulness, but she speaks like one who, fearing death, would leave some testimony behind:

Freemen of Argos, and ye gathered Elders,
I shall not hold it shame in the midst of you
To outspeak the love ye well know burns within me.
There comes a time when all fear fades and dies.
Who else can speak? Does any heart but mine
Know the long burden of the life I bore
While he was under Troy? A lonely woman
Set in a desolate house, no man's arm near
To lean on—Oh, 'tis a wrong to make one mad.
Voices of wrath ring ever in her ears:
Now, he is come! Now, 'tis a messenger:
And every tale worse tidings than the last,
And men's cries loud against the walls that hold her!
If all the wounds that channeled rumor bore
Have reached this King's flesh—why, 'tis all a net,
A toll of riddled meshes! Died he there
With all the deaths that crowded in men's months,
Then is he not some Geryon, triple-lived,
Three-bodied, monstrous, to be slain and slain
Till every life be quelled? . . . Belike ye have told him
Of my death-thirst—the rope above the lintel,
And how they cut me down? True: 'twas those voices,
The wrath and hatred surging in mine ears.
Our child, sire, is not here: I would he were:
Orestes, he who holds the hostages
For thee and me. Yet nowise marvel at it.
Our war-friend Strophios keeps him, who spoke much
Of blows nigh poised to fall—thy daily peril,
And many plots a traitorous folk might weave,
I once being weak, manlike, to spurn the fallen.

But I—the stormy rivers of my grief
Are quenched now at the spring, and no drop left.
My late-couched eyes are seared with many a blight,
Weeping the beacon fires that burned for thee
For ever answerless. And did sleep come,
A gnat's thin song would shout me in my dreams,
And start me up seeing thee all girt with terrors
Close-crowned, and too long for one night's sleep!
And now 'tis all past! Now with heart at peace
I hail my King, my watch-dog of the fold,
My ship's one cable of hope, my pillar firm
Where all else reels, my father's one-born heir,
My land scarce seen at sea when hope was dead,
My happy sunrise after nights of storm,
My living well-spring in the wilderness!
Oh, it is joy, the waiting-time is past!
Thus, King, I greet thee home. No god need grudge—
Sure we have suffered in time past enough—
This one day's triumph. Light thee, sweet my husband,
From this high seat: yet set not on bare earth
Thy foot, great King, the foot that trampled Troy!
Ho, thralls, why tarry ye, whose task is set
To carpet the King's way? Bring priceless crimson:
Let all his path be red, and Justice guide him,
Who saw his deeds, at last, unhoped for, home!

V. "THE LIBATION-BEARERS." The old Mosaic doctrine, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," was the religious doctrine of the Greeks, and it forms the keynote of the *Choephorie,* or *The Libation-bearers.* This play, which is inferior to the others in the trilogy, receives its name from the fact that Clytemnestra, whose conscience disturbs her, sends a chorus of young women to the tomb of Agamemnon to offer libations there. Among these libation-bearers is Electra, the

daughter of Agamemnon, and, while the solemn rite is in progress, Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, appears, and declaring himself to his sister, plots with her the murder of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra, a deed which is quickly consummated. Almost immediately the Eumenides appear and commence that persecution of the unhappy son who has murdered his mother, a persecution which does not end until, in the third drama of the trilogy, Apollo intercedes. No matter what provocation Orestes may have had, it is his mother he has slain, and punishment dire must follow.

In composition, *The Libation-bearers* is inferior to the other members of the trilogy, and we have not space to quote from it.

VI. "The Eumenides." The deep moral significance of these plays must be recognized by any reader, and the great doctrines cannot be enunciated more majestically than in *The Eumenides*. The Furies may be regarded as the impersonations of an evil conscience, and yet they stand in the great pantheon as the wrathful officers of Zeus in carrying out his principles of inexorable justice and punishment. Lively and gay as the Greeks seemed in their liberal polytheism, there is always this dark background of stern, unwavering justice, against which their religion in its lighter aspect is shown.

While Orestes as the next of kin to the murdered Agamemnon is the natural avenger upon Aegisthus, the principle of filial love and

respect did not permit him to include his mother in the punishment. Not only is there no escape from the pursuit of the Furies, but by Grecian custom he has become polluted by the murder and must go through the necessary purification. Until this has taken place, the wretch must wander about like a leper among his kindred.

The first act in the purification, the first step toward a return to human society, has thus been described by a later Greek writer:

First to free them from the taint of murder not to be recalled,
She above them stretched the suckling of a sow whose teats distilled
The juice that flows when birth is recent; this she cut across the throat,
And with the crimson blood outflowing dashed the tainted suppliants' hands.
Then with other pure libations she allayed the harm, invoking
Jove that hears the supplication of the fugitive stained with blood.

After this it was necessary for the murderer to be tried before a competent court and pronounced free from every taint of pollution. In *The Eumenides* we find Orestes seeking this purification and restoration to society, in which quest he has the advice and protection of Apollo, and his final victory is achieved under the patronage of Athena, as well. From *The Eumenides* we will take two choral hymns which will give an idea of the remarkable lyrical power which Aeschylus manifests in all of

his dramas. The choral lyric appears separated into strophes and antistrophes. The *strophe* was the movement of the chorus while in the dances they were turning from the right to left around the orchestra, and the *antistrophe* was the return therefrom. The divisions of the choral lyrics corresponded to these movements. A concluding stanza is often added under the name of *epode*.

The first choral hymn describes the sufferings of Orestes when followed by the Furies:

CHORAL HYMN

STROPHE I

Mother Night that bore me,
A scourge, to go before thee,
To scourge, with stripes delightless,
The seeing and the sightless,
Hear me, I implore thee,
O Mother Night!
Mother Night that bore me,
The son of Leto o'er me
Rough rides, in thy despite.
From me, the just pursuer,
He shields the evil-doer,
The son to me devoted,
For mother-murder noted,
He claims against the right.

Where the victim lies,
Let the death-hymn rise!
Lift ye the hymn of the Furies amain!
The gleeless song, and the lyreless strain,
That bindeth the heart with a viewless chain,
With notes of distraction and maddening sorrow,
Blighting the brain, and burning the marrow!

Where the victim lies,
Let the death-hymn rise,
The hymn that binds with a viewless chain!

ANTISTROPHE I

Mother Night that bore me,
The Fate that was before me,
This portion gave me surely,
This lot for mine securely,
To bear the scourge before thee,
O Mother Night!
And, in embrace untender
To hold the red offender,
That sinned in gods' despite,
And wheresoe'er he wend him,
His keepers close we tend him.
In living or in dying,
From us there is no flying,
The daughters of the Night.

Where the victim lies,
Let the death-hymn rise!
Lift ye the hymn of the Furies amain!
The gleeless song, and the lyreless strain,
That bindeth the heart with a viewless chain,
With notes of distraction and maddening sorrow,
Blighting the brain, and burning the marrow!
Where the victim lies,
Let the death-hymn rise,
The hymn that binds with a viewless chain!

STROPHE II

From primal ages hoary,
This lot, our pride and glory,
Appointed was to us;
To Hades' gloomy portal,
To chase the guilty mortal,
But from Olympians, reigning
In lucid seats, abstaining;

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Their nectared feasts we taste not,
Their sun-white robes invest not
The maids of Erebus.

But, with scourge and with ban,
We prostrate the man,
Who with smooth-woven wile,
And a fair-faced smile,
Hath planted a snare for his friend;
Though fleet, we shall find him,
Though strong, we shall bind him,
Who planted a snare for his friend.

ANTISTROPHE II

This work of labor earnest,
This task severest, sternest,
Let none remove from us.
To all their due we render,
Each deeply-marked offender
Our searching eye reproveth,
Though blissful Jove removeth,
From his Olympian glory,
Abhorr'd of all and gory,
The maids of Erebus.

But, swift as the wind,
We follow and find,
Till he stumbles apace,
Who had hoped in the race,
To escape from the grasp of the Furies!
And we trample him low,
Till he writhe in his woe,
Who had fled from the chase of the Furies.

STROPHE III

The thoughts heaven-scaling
Of men haughty-hearted,
At our breath, unavailing
Like smoke they departed.

Our jealous foot hearing,
They stumble before us,
And bite the ground, fearing
Our dark-vested chorus.

ANTISTROPHE III

They fall, and perceive not
The foe that hath found them;
They are blind and believe not,
Thick darkness hath bound them.
From the halls of the fated,
A many-voiced wailing
Of sorrow unsated
Ascends unavailing.

STROPHE IV

For the Furies work readily
Vengeance unsparing,
Surely and steadily
Ruin preparing.
Dark crimes strictly noted,
Sure-memoried they store them;
And, judgment once voted,
Prayers vainly implore them.
For they know no communion
With the bright-throned union
Of the gods of the day;
Where the living appear not,
Where the pale Shades near not,
In regions delightless,
All sunless and sightless,
They dwell far away.

ANTISTROPHE IV

What mortal reveres not
Our deity awful?
When he names us, who fears not
To work deeds unlawful?
From times hoary-dated,

This statute for ever
Divinely was fated;
Time takes from it never.
For dishonor we bear not,
Though the bright thrones we share not
With the gods of the day.
Our right hoary-dated
We claim unabated,
Though we dwell, where delightless
No sun cheers the sightless,
'Neath the ground far away.

The second is sung by the chorus, with torches in their hands, while conducting the Eumenides to their subterranean home:

STROPHE I

Go with honor crowned and glory,
Of hoary Night the daughters hoary,
To your destined hall.
Where our sacred train is wending,
Stand, ye pious throngs attending,
Hushed in silence all.

ANTISTROPHE I

Go to hallowed habitations,
'Neath Ogygian Earth's foundations:
In that darksome hall
Sacrifice and supplication
Shall not fail. In adoration
Silent worship all.

STROPHE II

Here, in caverned halls, abiding,
High on awful thrones presiding,
Gracious ye shall reign.
March in torches' glare rejoicing!
Sing, ye throngs, their praises, voicing
Loud the exultant strain!

ANTISTROPHE II

Blazing torch, and pure libation
From age to age this pious nation
Shall not use in vain.
Thus hath willed it Jove all-seeing,
Thus the Fate. To their decreeing
Shout the responsive strain!

VII. "PROMETHEUS BOUND." The subject of the *Prometheus* is altogether different from the legend which we have just been studying. The theme selected by Aeschylus is one of titanic grandeur, and in the play he has produced one of the greatest dramatic poems in any language. Nevertheless, there is a sensible incompleteness in the drama, which must arise from the fact that it is one of a trilogy from which the other two have been lost. As nearly as can be determined, it consisted of *Prometheus Bound, Prometheus Freed,* and *Prometheus the Fire Carrier.* We are already familiar with the story of Prometheus, and do not need to recite it here. We must regard him, however, as the champion of man against the power that sways the world. He has given to man the arts and sciences, and as a fitting consummation of it all has brought down fire from heaven and presented it to man, thereby making him only less powerful than the gods. In the play we see Prometheus undergoing the punishment and bearing it uncomplainingly, but rebellious still. Naturally, we expect the hero to tell his story in a manner most favorable to himself, but even then our feeling is

that he stands champion for the rights of men against all tyranny, and the attitude of the most satisfactory chorus still further convinces us that tyranny, even by the gods, will in time be punished, and no matter what threats may be made by Zeus in his wrathfulness, the grand Prometheus will in time free mankind from suffering.

Just how Prometheus was freed we shall never know, for the third part of the trilogy, subject of the most careful search for centuries, is irretrievably lost. It is doubtful if there is any piece of lost literature more seriously regretted.

We need say no more by way of praise and introduction, for we will let the great tragedy speak for itself. Our translation is that by John Stuart Blackie (Scotland's greatest Greek scholar), who gave much of the time for a dozen or more years of his active life to the translation of Aeschylus, and six years were given exclusively to that labor. The first publication of his Aeschylus occurred about 1850, and though it has been criticized by Carlyle and others, it still ranks high among the many English versions which have been given us. The tragedy is complete except for two minor passages, in which Prometheus gives the course of Io's wanderings. The scene is laid in a rocky desert in Cythia, and the following persons appear:

MIGHT and FORCE, Ministers of Jove.
HEPHAESTUS, or VULCAN, the God of Fire.

PROMETHEUS, Son of Iapetus, a Titan.
CHORUS OF OCEANIDES.
OCEANUS.
Io, Daughter of INACHUS, King of Argos.
HERMES, Messenger of the Gods.

PROMETHEUS BOUND

Enter MIGHT *and* FORCE, *leading in* PROMETHEUS; HEPHAESTUS, *with chains.*

Might. At length the utmost bound of Earth we've reached,
This Scythian soil, this wild untrodden waste.
Hephaestus now Jove's high behests demand
Thy care; to these steep cliffy rocks bind down
With close-linked chains of during adamant
This daring wretch. For he the bright-rayed fire,
Mother of arts, flower of thy potency,
Filched from the gods, and gave to mortals. Here,
Just guerdon of his sin shall find him; here
Let his pride learn to bow to Jove supreme,
And love men well, but love them not too much.

Heph. Ye twain, rude Might and Force, have done your work
To the perfect end; but I—my heart shrinks back
From the harsh task to nail a kindred god
To this storm-battered crag. Yet dare I must.
Where Jove commands, whoso neglects rebels,
And pays the traitor's fine. High-counseled son
Of right-decreeing Themis, I force myself
No less than thee, when to this friendless rock
With iron bonds I chain thee, where nor shape
Nor voice of wandering mortal shall relieve
Thy lonely watch; but the fierce-burning sun
Shall parch and bleach thy fresh complexion. Thou,
When motley-mantled Night hath hid the day,
Shalt greet the darkness, with how short a joy!
For the morn's sun the nightly dew shall scatter,
And thou be pierced again with the same pricks
Of endless woe—and savior shall be none.

Such fruits thy forward love to men hath wrought thee.
Thyself a god, the wrath of gods to thee
Seemed little, and to men thou didst dispense
Forbidden gifts. For this thou shalt keep watch
On this delightless rock, fixed and erect,
With lid unsleeping, and with knee unbent.
Alas! what groans and wails shalt thou pour forth,
Fruitless. Jove is not weak that he should bend;
For young authority must ever be
Harsh and severe.

Might. Enough of words and tears.
This god, whom all the gods detest, wilt thou
Not hate, thou, whom his impious larceny
Did chiefly injure?

Heph. But, my friend, my kinsman—

Might. True, that respect; but the dread father's word
Respect much more. Jove's word respect and fear.

Heph. Harsh is thy nature, and thy heart is full
Of pitiless daring.

Might. Tears were wasted here,
And labor lost is all concern for him.

Heph. O thrice-cursed trade, that e'er my hand should use it!

Might. Curse not thy craft; the cunning of thy hand
Makes not his woes; he made them for himself.

Heph. Would that some other hand had drawn the lot
To do this deed!

Might. All things may be, but this
To dictate to the gods. There's one that's free,
One only; Jove.

Heph. I know it, and am dumb.

Might. Then gird thee to the work, chain down the culprit,
Lest Jove thy laggard zeal behold, and blame.

Heph. The irons here are ready.

Might. Take them, and strike
Stout blows with the hammer; nail him to the rock.

Heph. The work speeds well, and lingers not.

Might. Strike! strike!
With ring, and clamp, and wedge make sure the work.
He hath a subtle wit will find itself
A way where way is none.
Heph. This arm is fast.
Might. Then clasp this other. Let the sophist know,
Against great Jove how dull a thing is wit.
Heph. None but the victim can reprove my zeal.
Might. Now take this adamantine bolt, and force
Its point resistless through his rebel breast.
Heph. Alas! alas! Prometheus, but I pity thee!
Might. Dost lag again, and for Jove's enemies weep
Fond tears? Beware thou have no cause to weep
Tears for thyself.
Heph. Thou see'st no sightly sight
For eyes to look on.
Might. I behold a sower
Reaping what thing he sowed. But take these thongs,
And bind his sides withal.
Heph. I must! I must!
Nor needs thy urging.
Might. Nay, but I will urge,
Command, and bellow in thine ear! Proceed,
Lower—yet lower—and with these iron rings
Enclasp his legs.
Heph. 'Tis done, and quickly done.
Might. Now pierce his feet through with these nails.
Strike hard!
There's one will sternly prove thy work, and thee.
Heph. Harsh is thy tongue, and, like thy nature, hard.
Might. Art thou a weakling, do not therefore blame
The firm harsh-fronted will that suits my office.
Heph. Let us away. He's fettered limb and thew.
Might. There lie, and feed thy pride on this bare rock,
Filching gods' gifts for mortal men. What man
Shall free thee from these woes? Thou hast been called
In vain the Provident: had thy soul possessed
The virtue of thy name, thou hadst foreseen

These cunning toils, and hadst unwound thee from them.

[*Exeunt all, except* PROMETHEUS, *who is left chained.*

Prom. O divine ether, and swift-winged winds,
And river-fountains, and of ocean waves
The multitudinous laughter, and thou Earth,
Boon mother of us all, and thou bright round
Of the all-seeing Sun, you I invoke!
Behold what ignominy of causeless wrongs
I suffer from the gods, myself a god.
See what piercing pains shall goad me
Through long ages myraid-numbered!
With such wrongful chains hath bound me
This new leader of the gods.
Ah me! present woes and future
I bemoan. O! when, O! when
Shall the just redemption dawn?
Yet why thus prate? I know what ills await me.
No unexpected torture can surprise
My soul prophetic; and with quiet mind
We all must bear our portioned fate, nor idly
Court battle with a strong necessity.
Alas! alas! 'tis hard to speak to the winds;
Still harder to be dumb! my well-deservings
To mortal men are all the offense that bowed me
Beneath this yoke. The secret fount of fire
I sought, and found, and in a reed concealed it,
Whence arts have sprung to man, and life hath drawn
Rich store of comforts. For such deed I suffer
These bonds, in the broad eye of gracious day,
Here crucified. Ah me! ah me! who comes?
What sound, what viewless breath, thus taints the air,
God sent, or mortal, or of mingled kind?
What errant traveler ill-sped comes to view
This naked ridge of extreme Earth, and me?
Whoe'er thou art, a hapless god thou see'st
Nailed to this crag; the foe of Jove thou see'st.
Him thou see'st, whom all the Immortals

Whoso tread the Olympian threshold,
Name with hatred; thou beholdest
Man's best friend, and, therefore, hated
For excess of love.
Hark, again! I hear the whirring
As of winged birds approaching;
With the light strokes of their pinions
Ether pipes ill-boding whispers!—
Alas! alas! that I should fear
Each breath that nears me.

The OCEANIDES *approach, borne through the air in a winged car.*

STROPHE I

Chorus. Fear nothing; for a friendly band approaches;
Fleet rivalry of wings
Oar'd us to this far height, with hard consent
Wrung from our careful sire
The winds swift-sweeping bore me: for I heard
The harsh hammer's note deep, deep in ocean caves,
And, throwing virgin shame aside, unshod
The winged car I mounted.

Prom. Ah! ah!
Daughters of prolific Tethys,
And of ancient father Ocean,
With his sleepless current whirling
Round the firm ball of the globe.
Look! with rueful eyes behold me
Nailed by adamantine rivets,
Keeping weary watch unenvied
On this tempest-rifted rock!

ANTISTROPHE I

Chorus. I look, Prometheus; and a tearful cloud
My woeful sight bedims,
To see thy goodliest form with insult chained,
In adamantine bonds,
To this bare crag, where pinching airs shall blast thee.
New gods now hold the helm of Heaven; new laws

Mark Jove's unrighteous rule; the giant trace
Of Titan times hath vanished.

Prom. Deep in death-receiving Hades
Had he bound me, had he whelmed me
In Tartarean pit, unfathomed,
Fettered with unyielding bonds!
Then nor god nor man had feasted
Eyes of triumph on my wrongs,
Nor I, thus swung in middle ether,
Moved the laughter of my foes.

STROPHE II

Chorus. Which of the gods hath heart so hard
To mock thy woes? Who will withhold
The fellow-feeling and the tear,
Save only Jove. But he doth nurse
Strong wrath within his stubborn breast,
And holds all Heaven in awe.
Nor will he cease till his hot rage is glutted,
Or some new venture shakes his stable throne.

Prom. By my Titan soul, I swear it!
Though with harsh chains now he mocks me,
Even now the hour is ripening,
When this haughty lord of Heaven
Shall embrace my knees, beseeching
Me to unveil the new-forged counsels
That shall hurl him from his throne.
But no honey-tongued persuasion,
No smooth words of artful charming,
No stout threats shall loose my tongue,
Till he loose these bonds of insult,
And himself make just atonement
For injustice done to me.

ANTISTROPHE II

Chorus. Thou art a bold man, and defiest
The keenest pangs to force thy will.
With a most unreined tongue thou speakest;
But me—sharp fear hath pierced my heart.

I fear for thee: and of thy woes
The distant, doubtful end
I see not. O, 'tis hard, most hard to reach
The heart of Jove! prayer beats his ear in vain.

Prom. Harsh is Jove, I know—he frameth
Justice for himself; but soon,
When the destined arm o'ertakes him,
He shall tremble as a child.
He shall smooth his bristling anger,
Courting friendship shunned before,
More importunate to unbind me
Than impatient I of bonds.

Chorus. Speak now, and let us know the whole offense
Jove charges thee withal; for which he seized,
And with dishonor and dire insult loads thee.
Unfold the tale; unless, perhaps, such sorrow
Irks thee to tell.

Prom. To tell or not to tell
Irks me the same; which way I turn is pain.
When first the gods their fatal strife began,
And insurrection raged in Heaven—some striving
To cast old Cronos from his hoary throne,
That Jove might reign, and others to crush i' the bud
His swelling mastery—I wise counsel gave
To the Titans, sons of primal Heaven and Earth;
But gave in vain. Their dauntless stubborn souls
Spurned gentle ways, and patient-working wiles,
Weening swift triumph with a blow. But me,
My mother Themis, not once but oft, and Earth
(One shape of various names), prophetic told
That violence and rude strength in such a strife
Were vain—craft haply might prevail. This lesson
I taught the haughty Titans, but they deigned
Scarce with contempt to hear my prudent words.
Thus baffled in my plans, I deemed it best,
As things then were, leagued with my mother Themis,
To accept Jove's proffered friendship. By my counsels
From his primeval throne was Cronos hurled
Into the pit Tartarean, dark, profound,

With all his troop of friends. Such was the kindness
From me received by him who now doth hold
The masterdom of Heaven; these the rewards
Of my great zeal: for so it hath been ever.
Suspicion's a disease that cleaves to tyrants,
And they who love most are the first suspected.
As for your question, for what present fault
I bear the wrong that now afflicts me, hear.
Soon as he sat on his ancestral throne
He called the gods together, and assigned
To each his fair allotment, and his sphere
Of sway supreme; but, ah! for wretched man!
To him nor part nor portion fell! Jove vowed
To blot his memory from the Earth, and mold
The race anew. I only of the gods
Thwarted his will; and, but for my strong aid,
Hades had whelmed, and hopeless ruin swamped
All men that breathe. Such were my crimes: these pains
Grievous to suffer, pitiful to behold,
Were purchased thus; and mercy's now denied
To him whose crime was mercy to mankind:
And here I lie, in cunning torment stretched,
A spectacle inglorious to Jove.

Chorus. An iron-heart were his, and flinty hard,
Who on thy woes could look without a tear,
Prometheus; I had liefer not so seen thee,
And seeing thee fain would call mine eyesight liar.

Prom. Certes no sight am I for friends to look on.

Chorus. Was this thy sole offense?

Prom. I taught weak mortals
Not to foresee harm, and forestall the Fates.

Chorus. A sore disease to anticipate mischance:
How didst thou cure it?

Prom. Blind hopes of good I planted
In their dark breasts.

Chorus. That was a boon indeed,
To ephemeral man.

Prom. Nay more, I gave them fire.

Chorus. And flame-faced fire is now enjoyed by mortals?
Prom. Enjoyed, and of all arts the destined mother.
Chorus. And is this all the roll of thy offendings
That he should rage so fierce? Hath he not set
Bounds to his vengeance?
Prom. None, but his own pleasure.
Chorus. And when shall he please? Vain the hope; thou see'st
That thou hast erred; and that thou hast to us
No pleasure brings, to thee excess of pain.
Of this enough. Seek now to cure the evil.
Prom. 'Tis a light thing for him whose foot's unwarped
By misadventure's meshes to advise
And counsel the unfortunate. But I
Foreknew my fate, and if I erred, I erred
With conscious purpose, purchasing man's weal
With mine own grief. I knew I should offend
The Thunderer, though deeming not that he
Would perch me thus to pine 'twixt Earth and Sky,
Of this wild wintry waste sole habitant.
But cease to weep for ills that weeping mends not;
Descend, and I'll discourse to thee at length
Of chances yet to come. Nay, do not doubt;
But leave thy car, nor be ashamed to share
The afflictions of the afflicted; for Mishap,
Of things that lawless wander, wanders most;
With me to-day it is with you to-morrow.
Chorus. Not to sluggish ears, Prometheus,
Hast thou spoken thy desire;
From our breeze-borne car descending,
With light foot we greet the ground.
Leaving ether chaste, smooth pathway
Of the gently-winnowing wing,
On this craggy rock I stand,
To hear the tale, while thou mayst tell it,
Of thy sorrows to the end.

Enter OCEAN

Ocean. From my distant caves cerulean
This fleet-pinioned bird hath borne me;

Needed neither bit nor bridle,
Thought instinctive reined the creature;
Thus, to know thy griefs, Prometheus,
And to grieve with thee I come.
Soothly strong the tie of kindred
Binds the heart of man and god;
But, though no such tie had bound me,
I had wept for thee the same.
Well thou know'st not mine the cunning
To discourse with glozing phrase:
Tell me how I may relieve thee,
I am ready to relieve;
Friend thou boastest none than Ocean
Surer, in the hour of need.

Prom. How now, old Ocean? thou too come to view
My dire disasters?—how shouldst thou have dared,
Leaving the billowy stream whose name thou bearest,
Thy rock-roofed halls, and self-built palaces,
To visit this Scythian land, stern mother of iron,
To know my sorrows, and to grieve with me?
Look on this sight—thy friend, the friend of Jove,
Who helped him to the sway which now he bears,
Crushed by the self-same god himself exalted.

Ocean. I see, Prometheus; and I come to speak
A wise word to the wise; receive it wisely.
Know what thou art, and make thy manners new;
For a new king doth rule the subject gods.
Compose thy speech, nor cast such whetted words
'Gainst Jove, who, though he sits apart sublime,
Hath ears, and with new pains may smite his victim,
To which his present wrath shall seem a toy.
Listen to me; slack thy fierce ire, and seek
Speedy deliverance from these woes. Trite wisdom
Belike I speak, Prometheus; but thou knowest
A lofty-sounding tongue with passionate phrase
Buys its own ruin. Proud art thou, unyielding,
And heap'st new woes tenfold on thine own head.
Why should'st thou kick against the pricks? Jove
reigns

A lord severe, and of his acts need give
Account to none. I go to plead for thee,
And, what I can, will try to save my kinsman;
But be thou calm the while; curb thy rash speech,
And let not fame report, that one so wise
Fell by the forfeit of a foolish tongue.

Prom. Count thyself happy, Ocean, being free
From blame, who shared and dared with me. Be wise,
And what thy meddling aids not, let alone.
In vain thou plead'st with him; his ears are deaf.
Look to thyself: thy errand is not safe.

Ocean. Wise art thou, passing wise, for others' weal,
For thine own good most foolish. Prithee do not
So stretch thy stubborn whim to pull against
The friends that pull for thee. 'Tis no vain boast;
I know that Jove will hear me.

Prom. Thou art kind;
And for thy kind intent and friendly feeling
Have my best thanks. But do not, I beseech thee,
Waste labor upon me. If thou wilt labor,
Seek a more hopeful subject. Thou wert wiser,
Being safe, to keep thee safe. I, when I suffer,
Wish not that all my friends should suffer with me.
Enough my brother Atlas' miseries grieve me.
Who in the extreme West stands, stoutly bearing
The pillars of Heaven and Earth upon his shoulders,
No lightsome burden. Him too, I bewail,
That made his home in dark Cilician caverns.
The hostile portent, Earth-born, hundred-headed
Impetuous Typhon, quelled by force, who stood
Alone, against the embattled host of gods,
Hissing out murder from his monstrous jaws;
And from his eyes there flashed a Gorgon glare,
As he would smite the tyranny of great Jove
Clean down; but he, with sleepless thunder watching,
Hurl'd headlong a flame-breathing bolt, and laid
The big-mouthed vaunter low. Struck to the heart
With blasted strength, and shrunk to ashes, there
A huge and helpless hulk, outstretched he lies,

Beside the salt sea's strait, pressed down beneath
The roots of Aetna, on whose peaks Hephaestus
Sits hammering the hot metal. Thence, one day,
Shall streams of liquid fire, swift passage forcing,
With savage jaws the wide-spread plains devour
Of the fair-fruited Sicily. Such hot shafts,
From the flame-breathing ferment of the deep,
Shall Typhon cast with sateless wrath, though now
All scorched and cindered by the Thunderer's stroke,
Moveless he lies. But why should I teach thee?
Thou art a wise man, thine own wisdom use
To save thyself. For me, I'll even endure
These pains, till Jove shall please to slack his ire.

Ocean. Know'st thou not this, Prometheus, that mild words
Are medicines of fierce wrath?

Prom. They are, when spoken
In a mild hour; but the high-swelling heart
They do but fret the more.

Ocean. But, in the attempt
To ward the threatened harm, what evil see'st thou?

Prom. Most bootless toil, and folly most inane.

Ocean. Be it so; but yet 'tis sometimes well, believe me,
That a wise man should seem to be a fool.

Prom. Seem fool, seem wise, I, in the end, am blamed.

Ocean. Thy reckless words reluctant send me home.

Prom. Beware, lest love for me make thyself hated.

Ocean. Of whom? Of him, who, on the all-powerful throne
Sits, a new lord?

Prom. Even him. Beware thou vex not
Jove's jealous heart.

Ocean. In this, thy fate shall warn me.

Prom. Away! farewell; and may the prudent thoughts,
That sway thy bosom now, direct thee ever.

Ocean. I go, and quickly. My four-footed bird
Brushes the broad path of the limpid air
With forward wing: right gladly will he bend
The wearied knee on his familiar stall.

CHORAL HYMN

STROPHE I

Thy dire disasters, unexampled wrongs,
I weep, Prometheus.
From its soft founts distilled the flowing tear
My cheek bedashes.
'Tis hard, most hard! By self-made laws Jove rules,
And 'gainst the host of primal gods he points
The lordly spear.

ANTISTROPHE I

With echoing groans the ambient waste bewails
Thy fate, Prometheus;
The neighboring tribes of holy Asia weep
For thee, Prometheus;
For thee and thine! names mighty and revered
Of yore, now shamed, dishonored, and cast down,
And chained with thee.

STROPHE II

And Colchis, with her belted daughters, weeps
For thee, Prometheus;
And Scythian tribes, on Earth's remotest verge,
Where lone Maeotis spreads her wintry waters,
Do weep for thee.

ANTISTROPHE II

The flower of Araby's wandering warriors weep
For thee, Prometheus;
And they who high their airy holds have perched
On Caucasus' ridge, with pointed lances bristling,
Do weep for thee.

EPODE

One only vexed like thee, and even as thou,
In adamant bound,
A Titan, and a god scorned by the gods,
Atlas I knew.

He on his shoulders the surpassing weight
Of the celestial pole stoutly upbore,
And groaned beneath.
Roars billowy Ocean, and the Deep sucks back
Its waters when he sobs; from Earth's dark caves
Deep hell resounds;
The fountains of the holy-streaming rivers
Do moan with him.

Prom. Deem me not self-willed, nor with pride high-stung,
That I am dumb; my heart is gnawed to see
Myself thus mocked and jeered. These gods, to whom
Owe they their green advancement but to me?
But this ye know; and, not to teach the taught,
I'll speak of it no more. Of human kind,
My great offense in aiding them, in teaching
The babe to speak, and rousing torpid mind
To take the grasp of itself—of this I'll talk;
Meaning to mortal men no blame, but only
The true recital of mine own deserts.
For, soothly, having eyes to see they saw not,
And hearing heard not; but like dreamy phantoms,
A random life they led from year to year,
All blindly floundering on. No craft they knew
With woven brick or jointed beam to pile
The sunward porch; but in the dark earth burrowed
And housed, like tiny ants in sunless caves.
No signs they knew to mark the wintry year:
The flower-strewn Spring, and the fruit-laden Summer,
Uncalendared, unregistered, returned—
Till I the difficult art of the stars revealed,
Their risings and their settings. Numbers, too,
I taught them (a most choice device) and how
By marshaled signs to fix their shifting thoughts,
That Memory, mother of Muses, might achieve
Her wondrous works. I first slaved to the yoke
Both ox and ass. I, the rein-loving steeds
(Of wealth's gay-flaunting pomp the chiefest pride)

Joined to the car; and bade them ease the toils
Of laboring men vicarious. I the first
Upon the lint-winged car of mariner
Was launched, sea-wandering. Such wise arts I found
To soothe the ills of man's ephemeral life;
But for myself, plunged in this depth of woe,
No prop I find.

Chorus. Sad chance! Thy wit hath slipped
From its firm footing then when needed most,
Like some unlearned leech who many healed,
But being sick himself, from all his store,
Cannot cull out one medicinal drug.

Prom. Hear me yet farther; and in hearing marvel,
What arts and curious shifts my wit devised.
Chiefest of all, the cure of dire disease
Men owe to me. Nor healing food, nor drink,
Nor unguent knew they, but did slowly wither
And waste away for lack of pharmacy,
Till taught by me to mix the soothing drug,
And check corruption's march. I fixed the art
Of divination with its various phase
Of dim revealings, making dreams speak truth,
Stray voices, and encounters by the way
Significant; the flight of taloned birds
On right and left I marked—these fraught with ban,
With blissful augury those; their way of life,
Their mutual loves and enmities, their flocks,
And friendly gatherings; the entrails' smoothness,
The hue best liked by the gods, the gall, the liver
With all its just proportions. I first wrapped
In the smooth fat the thighs; first burnt the loins,
And from the flickering flame taught men to spell
No easy lore, and cleared the fire-faced signs
Obscure before. Yet more: I probed the Earth,
To yield its hidden wealth to help man's weakness—
Iron, copper, silver, gold. None but a fool,
A prating fool, will stint me of this praise.
And thus, with one short word to sum the tale,

Prometheus taught all arts to mortal men.

Chorus. Do good to men, but do it with discretion.
Why shouldst thou harm thyself? Good hope I nurse
To see thee soon from these harsh chains unbound,
As free, as mighty, as great Jove himself.

Prom. This may not be; the destined course of things
Fate must accomplish; I must bend me yet
'Neath wrongs on wrongs, ere I may 'scape these bonds
Though Art be strong, Necessity is stronger.

Chorus. And who is lord of strong Necessity?

Prom. The triform Fates, and the sure-memoried Furies.

Chorus. And mighty Jove himself must yield to them?

Prom. No more than others Jove can 'scape his doom.

Chorus. What doom?—No doom hath he but endless sway.

Prom. 'Tis not for thee to know: tempt not the question.

Chorus. There's some dread mystery in thy chary speech,
Close-veiled.

Prom. Urge this no more: the truth thou'lt know
In fitting season; now it lies concealed
In deepest darkness! for relenting Jove
Himself must woo this secret from my breast.

CHORAL HYMN

STROPHE I

Never, O never may Jove,
Who in Olympus reigns omnipotent lord,
Plant his high will against my weak opinion!
Let me approach the gods
With blood of oxen and with holy feasts,
By father Ocean's quenchless stream, and pay
No backward vows:
Nor let my tongue offend; but in my heart
Be lowly wisdom graven.

ANTISTROPHE I

For thus old Wisdom speaks:
Thy life 'tis sweet to cherish, and while the length

Of years is thine, thy heart with cheerful hopes
And lightsome joys to feed.
But thee—ah me! my blood runs cold to see thee,
Pierced to the marrow with a thousand pains.
Not fearing Jove,
Self-willed thou hast respect to man, Prometheus,
Much more than man deserveth.

STROPHE II

For what is man? behold!
Can he requite thy love—child of a day—
Or help thy extreme need? Hast thou not seen
The blind and aimless strivings,
The barren blank endeavor,
The pithless deeds, of the fleeting dreamlike race?
Never, O nevermore,
May mortal wit Jove's ordered plan deceive.

ANTISTROPHE II

This lore my heart hath learned
From sight of thee, and thy sharp pains, Prometheus.
Alas! what diverse strain I sang thee then,
Around the bridal chamber,
And around the bridal bath,
When thou my sister fair, Hesione,
Won by rich gifts didst lead
From Ocean's caves thy spousal bed to share.

Enter Io

What land is this?—what race of mortals
Owns this desert? who art thou,
Rock-bound with these wintry fetters,
And for what crime tortured thus?
Worn and weary with far travel,
Tell me where my feet have borne me!
O pain! pain! pain! it stings and goads me again,
The fateful brize!—save me, O Earth!—Avaunt
Thou horrible shadow of the Earth-born Argus!

Could not the grave close up thy hundred eyes,
But thou must come,
Haunting my path with thy suspicious look,
Unhoused from Hades?
Avaunt! avaunt!—why wilt thou hound my track,
The famished wanderer on the waste sea-shore?

STROPHE

Pipe not thy sounding wax-compacted reed
With drowsy drone at me! Ah wretched me!
Wandering, still wandering o'er wide Earth, and driven
Where? where? O tell me where?
O Son of Cronos, in what damned sin
Being caught hast thou to misery yoked me thus,
Pricked me to desperation, and my heart
Pierced with thy furious goads?
Blast me with lightnings! bury me in Earth! To the gape
Of greedy sea-monsters give me! Hear, O hear
My prayer, O King!
Enough, enough, these errant toils have tried me;
And yet no rest I find: nor when, nor where
These woes shall cease may know.

Chorus. Dost hear the plaint of the ox-horned maid?

Prom. How should I not? the Inachian maid who knows not,
Stung by the god-sent brize? the maid who smote
Jove's lustful heart with love: and his harsh spouse
Hounds her o'er Earth with chase interminable.

ANTISTROPHE

Io. My father's name thou know'st, and my descent!
Who art thou? god or mortal? Speak! what charm
Gives wretch like thee, the certain clue to know
My lamentable fate?
Aye, and the god-sent plague thou know'st; the sting
That spurs me o'er the far-stretched Earth; the goad

That mads me sheer, wastes, withers, and consumes,
A worn and famished maid,
Whipt by the scourge of jealous Hera's wrath!
Ah me! ah me! Misery has many shapes,
But none like mine.
O thou, who named my Argive home, declare
What ills await me yet; what end; what hope?
If hope there be for Io.

Chorus. I pray thee speak to the weary way-worn maid.

Prom. I'll tell thee all thy wish, not in enigmas
Tangled and dark, but in plain phrase, as friend
Should speak to friend. Thou see'st Prometheus, who
To mortal men gifted immortal fire.

Io. O thou, to man a common blessing given,
What crime hath bound thee to this wintry rock?

Prom. I have but ceased rehearsing all my wrongs.

Io. And dost thou then refuse the boon I ask?

Prom. What boon? ask what thou wilt, and I will answer.

Io. Say, then, who bound thee to this ragged cliff?

Prom. Stern Jove's decree, and harsh Hephaestus' hand.

Io. And for what crime?

Prom. Let what I've said suffice.

Io. This, too, I ask—what bound hath fate appointed
To my far-wandering toils?

Prom. This not to know
Were better than to learn.

Io. Nay, do not hide
This thing from me!

Prom. If 'tis a boon, believe me,
I grudge it not.

Io. Then why so slow to answer?

Prom. I would not crush thee with the cruel truth.

Io. Fear not; I choose to hear it.

Prom. Listen then.

Chorus. Nay, hear me rather. With her own mouth this maid
Shall first her bygone woes rehearse; next thou
What yet remains shalt tell.

Prom. Even so. [*To Io.*] Speak thou;
They are the sisters of thy father, Io;
And to wail out our griefs, when they who listen
Our troubles with a willing tear requite,
Is not without its use.

Io. I will obey,
And in plain speech my chanceful story tell;
Though much it grieves me to retrace the source,
Whence sprung this god-sent pest, and of my shape
Disfigurement abhorred. Night after night
Strange dreams around my maiden pillow hovering
Whispered soft temptings. "*O thrice-blessed maid,*
Why pin'st thou thus in virgin loneliness,
When highest wedlock courts thee? Struck by the shaft
Of fond desire for thee Jove burns, and pants
To twine his loves with thine. Spurn not, O maid,
The proffered bed of Jove; but hie thee straight
To Lerne's bosomed mead, where are the sheep-folds
And ox-stalls of thy sire, that so the eye
Of Jove, being filled with thee, may cease from craving."
Such nightly dreams my restless couch possessed
Till I, all tears, did force me to unfold
The portent to my father. He to Pytho
Sent frequent messengers, and to Dodona,
Searching the pleasure of the gods; but they
With various-woven phrase came back, and answers
More doubtful than the quest. At length, a clear
And unambiguous voice came to my father,
Enjoining, with most strict command, to send me
Far from my home, and from my country far,
To the extreme bounds of Earth an outcast wanderer,
Else that the fire-faced bolt of Jove should smite
Our universal race. By such responses,
Moved of oracular Loxias, my father
Reluctant me reluctant drove from home,
And shut the door against me. What he did
He did perforce; Jove's bit was in his mouth.
Forthwith my wit was frenzied, and my form

Assumed the brute. With maniac bound I rushed,
Horned as thou see'st, and with the sharp-mouthed sting
Of gad-fly pricked infuriate to the cliff
Of Lerne, and Cenchrea's limpid wave;
While Argus, Earth-born cow-herd, hundred-eyed,
Followed the winding traces of my path
With sharp observance. Him swift-swooping Fate
Snatched unexpected from his sleepless guard;
But I from land to land still wander on,
Scourged by the wrath of Heaven's relentless Queen.
Thou hast my tale; the sequel, if thou know'st it,
Is thine to tell; but do not seek, I pray thee,
In pity for me, to drop soft lies; for nothing
Is worse than the smooth craft of practiced phrase.

Chorus. Enough, enough! Woe's me that ever
Such voices of strange grief should rend my ear!
That such a tale of woe,
Insults, and wrongs, and horrors, should freeze me through,
As with a two-edged sword!
O destiny! destiny! woes most hard to see,
More hard to bear! Alas! poor maid for thee!

Prom. Thy wails anticipate her woes; restrain
Thy trembling tears till thou hast heard the whole.

Chorus. Proceed: to know the worst some solace brings
To the vexed heart.

Prom. Your first request I granted,
And lightly; from her own mouth, ye have heard
The spring of harm, the stream expect from me,
How Hera shall draw out her slow revenge.
Meanwhile, thou seed of Inachus, lend an ear
And learn thy future travel.
Now, answer me,
Daughters of Ocean, doth not Jove in all things
Prove his despotic will?—In lawless love
Longing to mingle with this mortal maid,
He heaps her with these woes. A bitter suitor,

Poor maid, was thine, and I have told thee scarce
The prelude of thy griefs.

Io. Ah, wretched me!

Prom. Alas, thy cries and groans!—What wilt thou do,
When the full measure of thy woes is told thee?

Chorus. What! more? her cup of woes not full?

Prom. 'Twill flow
And overflow, a sea of whelming woes.

Io. Why do I live? Why not embrace the gain
That, with one cast, this toppling cliff secures,
And dash me headlong on the ground, to end
Life and life's sorrows? Once to die is better
Than thus to drag sick life.

Prom. Thou'rt happy, Io,
That death from all thy living wrongs may free thee;
But I, whom Fate hath made immortal, see
No end to my long-lingering pains appointed,
Till Jove from his usurping sway be hurled.

Io. Jove from his tyranny hurled—can such thing be?

Prom. Doubtless 'twould feast thine eyes to see't?

Io. Ay, truly,
Wronged as I am by him.

Prom. Then, learn from me
That he is doomed to fall.

Io. What hand shall wrest
Jove's scepter?

Prom. Jove's own empty wit.

Io. How so?

Prom. From evil marriage reaping evil fruit.

Io. Marriage! of mortal lineage or divine?

Prom. Ask me no further. This I may not answer.

Io. Shall his spouse thrust him from his ancient throne?

Prom. The son that she brings forth shall wound his father.

Io. And hath he no redemption from this doom?

Prom. None, till he loose me from these hated bonds.

Io. But who, in Jove's despite, shall loose thee?

Prom. One
From thine own womb descended.

Io. How? My Son?
One born of me shall be thy Savior!—When?
Prom. When generations ten have passed, the third.
Io. Thou speak'st ambiguous oracles.
Prom. I have spoken
Enough for thee. Pry not into the Fates.
Io. Wilt thou hold forth a hope to cheat my grasp?
Prom. I give thee choice of two things: choose thou one.
Io. What things? Speak, and I'll choose.
Prom. Thou hast the choice
To hear thy toils to the end, or learn his name
Who comes to save me.
Chorus. Nay, divide the choice;
One half to her concede, to me the other,
Thus doubly gracious: to the maid her toils,
To me thy destined Savior tell.
Prom. So be it!
Being thus whetted in desire, I would not
Oppose your wills. . . . .
The winding wave
Thence to triangled Egypt guides thee, where
A distant home awaits thee, fated mother
Of no unstoried race. And now, if aught
That I have spoken doubtful seem or dark,
Repeat the question, and in plainer speech
Expect reply. I feel no lack of leisure.
Chorus. If thou hast more to speak to her, speak on;
Or aught omitted to supply, supply it;
But if her tale is finished, as thou say'st,
Remember our request.
Prom. Her tale is told,
But for the more assurance of my words
The path of toils through which her feet had struggled
Before she reached this coast I will declare;
Lightly, and with no cumbrous comment, touching
Thy latest travel only, wandering Io.
When thou hadst trod the Molossian plains, and reached
Steep-ridged Dodona, where Thesprotian Jove

In council sits, and from the articulate oaks
(Strange wonder!) speaks prophetic, there thine ears
This salutation with no doubtful phrase
Received: *"All hail, great spouse of mighty Jove
That shall be!"*—say, was it a pleasing sound?
Thence by the sting of jealous Hera goaded,
Along the coast of Rhea's bosomed sea
Thy steps were driven: thence with mazy course
Tossed hither; gaining, if a gain, this solace,
That future times, by famous Io's name,
Shall know that sea. These things may be a sign
That I, beyond the outward show, can pierce
To the heart of truth. What yet remains, I tell
To thee and them in common, tracing back
My speech to whence it came. There is a city
In extreme Egypt, where with outspread loam
Nile breasts the sea, its name Canopus. There
Jove to thy sober sense shall bring thee back,
Soft with no fearful touch, and thou shalt bear
A son, dark Epaphus, whose name shall tell
The wonder of his birth; he shall possess
What fruitful fields fat Nile broad-streaming laves.
Four generations then shall pass; the fifth
In fifty daughters glorying shall return
To ancient Argos, fatal wedlock shunning
With fathers' brothers' sons; these, their wild hearts
Fooled with blind lust, as hawks the gentle doves,
Shall track the fugitive virgins; but a god
Shall disappoint their chase, and the fair prey
Save from their lawless touch; the Apian soil
Shall welcome them to death, and woman's hands
Shall dare the deed amid the nuptial watches.
Each bride shall rob her lord of life, and dip
The sharp steel in his throat. Such nuptial bliss
May all my enemies know! Only one maid
Of all the fifty, with a blunted will,
Shall own the charm of love, and spare her mate,
And of two adverse reputations choose
The coward, not the murderess. She shall be

The mother of a royal race in Argos.
To tell what follows, with minute remark,
Were irksome; but from this same root shall spring
A hero, strong in the archer's craft, whose hand
Shall free me from these bonds. Such oracle spake
Titanian Themis, my time-honored mother,
But how and why were a long tale to tell,
Nor being told would boot thine ear to hear it.

Io. Ah me! pain! pain! ah me!
Again the fevered spasm hath seized me,
And the stroke of madness smites!
Again that fiery sting torments me,
And my heart doth knock my ribs!
My aching eyes in dizziness roll,
And my helmless feet are driven
Whither gusty frenzy blows!
And my tongue with thick words struggling
Like a sinking swimmer plashes
'Gainst the whelming waves of woe! [*Exit.*

CHORAL HYMN

STROPHE

Wise was the man, most wise,
Who in deep-thoughted mood conceived, and first
In pictured speech and pregnant phrase declared
That marriage, if the Fates shall bless the bond,
Must be of like with like;
And that the daughters of an humble house
Shun tempting union with the pomp of wealth
And with the pride of birth.

ANTISTROPHE

Never, O! never may Fate,
All-powerful Fate which rules both gods and men,
See me approaching the dead Thunderer's bed,
And sharing marriage with the Olympian king,
An humble Ocean-maid!
May wretched Io, chased by Hera's wrath,
Unhusbanded, unfriended, fill my sense
With profitable fear.

EPODE

Me may an equal bond
Bind with my equal: never may the eye
Of a celestial suitor fix the gaze
Of forceful love on me.
This were against all odds of war to war,
And in such strife entangled I were lost;
For how should humble maid resist the embrace,
Against great Jove's decree?

Prom. Nay, but this Jove, though insolent now, shall soon
Be humbled low. Such wedlock even now
He blindly broods, as shall uptear his kingdom,
And leave no trace behind; then shall the curse,
Which Cronos heaped upon his ingrate son,
When hurled unjustly from his hoary throne,
Be all fulfilled. What remedy remains
For that dread ruin I alone can tell;
I only know. Then let him sit aloft,
Rolling his thunder, his fire-breathing bolt
Far-brandishing; his arts are vain; his fall,
Unless my aid prevent, his shameful fall,
Is doomed. Against himself to life he brings
A champion fierce, a portent of grim war,
Who shall invent a fiercer flame than lightning,
And peals to outpeal the thunder, who shall shiver
The trident mace that stirs the sea, and shakes
The solid Earth, the spear of strong Poseidon.
Thus shall the tyrant learn how much to serve
Is different from to sway.

Chorus. Thou dost but make
Thy wishes father to thy slanderous phrase.

Prom. I both speak truth and wish the truth to be.

Chorus. But who can think that Jove shall find a master?

Prom. He shall be mastered! Ay, and worse endure.

Chorus. Dost thou not blench to cast such words about thee?

Prom. How should I fear, being a god and deathless?

Chorus. But he can scourge with something worse than death.

Prom. Even let him scourge! I'm armed for all conclusions.
Chorus. Yet they are wise who worship Adrastea.
Prom. Worship, and pray; fawn on the powers that be;
But Jove to me is less than very nothing.
Let him command, and rule his little hour
To please himself; long time he cannot sway.
But lo! where comes the courier of this Jove,
The obsequious minion of this upstart King,
Doubtless the bearer of same weighty news.

Enter HERMES

Hermes. Thee, cunning sophist, dealing bitter words
Most bitterly against the gods, the friend
Of ephemeral man, the thief of sacred fire,
Thee, Father Jove commands to curb thy boasts,
And say what marriage threats his stable throne.
Answer this question in plain phrase, no dark
Tangled enigmas; do not add, Prometheus,
A second journey to my first: and, mark me!
Thy obduracy cannot soften Jove.
Prom. This solemn mouthing, this proud pomp of phrase
Beseems the lackey of the gods. New gods
Ye are, and, being new, ye ween to hold
Unshaken citadels. Have I not seen
Two Monarchs ousted from that throne? the third
I yet shall see precipitate hurled from Heaven
With baser, speedier, ruin. Do I seem
To quail before this new-forged dynasty?
Fear is my farthest thought. I pray thee go
Turn up the dust again upon the road
Thou cam'st. Reply from me thou shalt have none.
Hermes. This haughty tone hath been thy sin before:
Thy pride will strand thee on a worser woe.
Prom. And were my woe tenfold what now it is,
I would not barter it for thy sweet chains;
For liefer would I lackey this bare rock
Than trip the messages of Father Jove.
The insolent thus with insolence I repay.
Hermes. Thou dost delight in miseries; thou art wanton.

Prom. Wanton! delighted! would my worst enemies
Might wanton in these bonds, thyself the first!
Hermes. Must I, too, share the blame of thy distress?
Prom. In one round sentence, every god I hate
That injures me who never injured him.
Hermes. Thou'rt mad, clean mad; thy wit's diseased, Prometheus.
Prom. Most mad! if madness 'tis to hate our foes.
Hermes. Prosperity's too good for thee: thy temper
Could not endure't.
Prom. Alas! this piercing pang!
Hermes. "Alas!"—this word Jove does not understand.
Prom. As Time grows old he teaches many things.
Hermes. Yet Time that teaches all leaves thee untaught.
Prom. Untaught in sooth, thus parleying with a slave!
Hermes. It seems thou wilt not grant great Jove's demand.
Prom. Such love as his to me should be repaid
With like!
Hermes. Dost beard me like a boy? Beware.
Prom. Art not a boy, and something yet more witless,
If thou expectest answer from my mouth?
Nor insult harsh, nor cunning craft of Jove
Shall force this tale from me, till he unloose
These bonds. Yea! let him dart his levin bolts,
With white-winged snows and subterranean thunders
Mix and confound the elements of things!
No threat, no fear, shall move me to reveal
The hand that hurls him from his tyrant's throne.
Hermes. Bethink thee well: thy vaunts can help thee nothing.
Prom. I speak not rashly: what I said I said.
Hermes. If thou art not the bought and sold of folly,
Dare to learn wisdom from thy present ills.
Prom. Speak to the waves: thou speak'st to me as vainly!
Deem not that I, to win a smile from Jove,
Will spread a maiden smoothness o'er my soul,
And importune the foe whom most I hate
With womanish upliftings of the hands.

Thou'lt see the deathless die first!

Hermes. I have said
Much, but that much is vain: thy rigid nature
To thaw with prayer is hopeless. A young colt
That frets the bit, and fights against the reins,
Art thou, fierce-champing with most impotent rage;
For willful strength that hath no wisdom in it
Is less than nothing. But bethink thee well;
If thou despise my words of timely warning,
What wintry storm, what threefold surge of woes
Whelms thee inevitable. Jove shall split
These craggy cliffs with his cloud-bosomed bolt,
And sink thee deep: the cold rock shall embrace thee;
There thou shalt lie, till he shall please to bring thee
Back to the day, to find new pains prepared:
For he will send his Eagle-messenger,
His winged hound, in crimson food delighting,
To tear thy rags of flesh with bloody beak,
And daily come an uninvited guest
To banquet on thy gory liver. This,
And worse expect, unless some god endure
Vicarious thy tortures, and exchange
His sunny ether for the rayless homes
Of gloomy Hades, and deep Tartarus.
Consider well. No empty boast I speak,
But weighty words well weighed: the mouth of Jove
Hath never known a lie, and speech with him
Is prophet of its deed. Ponder and weigh,
Close not thy stubborn ears to good advice.

Chorus. If we may speak, what Hermes says is wise,
And fitting the occasion. He advises
That subborn will should yield to prudent counsel.
Obey: thy wisdom should not league with folly.

Prom. Nothing new this preacher preaches:
Seems it strange that foe should suffer
From the vengeance of his foe?
I am ready. Let him wreathe
Curls of scorching flame around me;
Let him fret the air with thunder,

And the savage-blustering winds!
Let the deep abysmal tempest
Wrench the firm roots of the Earth!
Let the sea upheave her billows,
Mingling the fierce rush of waters
With the pathway of the stars!
Let the harsh-winged hurricane sweep me
In its whirls, and fling me down
To black Tartarus: there to lie
Bound in the iron folds of Fate.
I will bear: but cannot die.

Hermes. Whom the nymphs have struck with madness
Raves as this loud blusterer raves;
Seems he not a willing madman,
Let him reap the fruits he sowed!
But ye maids, who share his sorrows,
Not his crimes, with quick removal
Hie from this devoted spot,
Lest with idiocy the thunder
Harshly blast your maundering wits.

Chorus. Wouldst thou with thy words persuade us,
Use a more persuasive speech;
Urge no reasons to convince me
That an honest heart must hate.
With his sorrows I will sorrow:
I will hate a traitor's name;
Earth has plagues, but none more noisome
Than a faithless friend in need.

Hermes. Ponder well my prudent counsel,
Nor, when evil hunts thee out,
Blame great Jove that he doth smite thee
With an unexpected stroke.
Not the gods; thy proper folly
Is the parent of thy woes.
Jove hath laid no trap to snare thee,
But the scapeless net of ruin
Thou hast woven for thyself.

Prom. Now his threats walk forth in action,
And the firm Earth quakes indeed.

Deep and loud the ambient Thunder
Bellows, and the flaring Lightning
Wreathes his fiery curls around me,
And the Whirlwind rolls his dust;
And the Winds from rival regions
Rush in elemental strife,
And the Ocean's storm-vexed billows
Mingle with the startled stars!
Doubtless now the tyrant gathers
All his hoarded wrath to whelm me.
Mighty Mother, worshiped Themis,
Circling Ether that diffusest
Light, a common joy to all,
Thou beholdest these my wrongs!

VIII. "THE SUPPLIANTS." Of the seven plays which survive, the *Suppliants* has the most meager plot, and is the least stirring to the imagination and of least importance in the lesson it carries. However, that may be attributed, perhaps, to the fact that it is one of a trilogy, the rest of which have not survived. It has to do with the appearance of the many children of Danaus and the legend of their arrival on the coast of Greece. The story is foretold to Io by Prometheus, as those who have read *Prometheus Bound* will remember. The drama simply relates the coming of these suppliants and their reception into Argive.

IX. "THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES." As the trilogy of Agamemnon wrote out the consequences of murder in the family of the Pelopidae, so is the *Seven Against Thebes* one of a series of plays which were evidently intended to impress again the doctrine that sin brings

its own punishment, and that he who sins, or his descendants, will suffer from the instruments of his crime. The unfortunate family here chosen sprung from Labdacus, and the lustful and unnatural sin of his son Laius and its punishment in the persons of Oedipus and his children was the subject of the trilogy. As later on we shall meet this same story in the dramas of Sophocles, it seems wise to give it no further attention at the present moment, although there are parts of the Aeschylean play which are well worth quoting.

X. "The Persians." The last of the seven dramas of Aeschylus deals with a historical, not a mythological, subject, and is sufficiently remarkable in that respect. However, as we have seen, other dramas on historical subjects were written a little previous or about this time. Aeschylus, it will be remembered, fought in the battle of Salamis, and it is quite natural that he should recur to that gigantic Persian tragedy for the materials of his historic play. With its great events fresh in his memory, it is not at all remarkable that his descriptions of the battle of Salamis should be as vivid and as powerful as anything he wrote. We have, then, in the reports brought by the messenger to Atossa, mother of Xerxes, the tale of an eye-witness of that gigantic struggle which kept the Greeks from being overwhelmed by the Persians and forever drove Oriental civilization back from the shores of Europe. We quote from the translation by Blackie:

Enter MESSENGER

Mess. O towns and cities of wide Asia,
O Persian land, wide harbor of much wealth,
How hath one stroke laid all thy grandeur low,
One frost nipped all thy bloom! Woe's me that I
Should be first bearer of bad news! but strong
Necessity commands to speak the truth.
Persians, the whole barbaric host hath perished.

STROPHE I

Chorus. O misery! misery, dark and deep!
Dole and sorrow and woe!
Weep, ye Persians! wail and weep,
For wounds that freshly flow!

Mess. All, all is ruined: not a remnant left.
Myself, against all hope, see Persia's sun.

ANTISTROPHE I

Chorus. O long, too long, through creeping years
Hath the life of the old man lasted,
To see—and nurse his griefs with tears—
The hopes of Persia blasted!

Mess. I speak no hearsay: what these eyes beheld
Of blackest evil, Persians, I declare.

STROPHE II

Chorus. Ah me! all in vain against Hellas divine
Were the twanging bow and whizzing reed,
All vainly mustered the thickly clustered
Armies of the Mede!

Mess. The shores of Salamis, and all around
With the thick bodies of our dead are peopled.

ANTISTROPHE II

Chorus. Alas! the wreck of the countless host!
The sundered planks, and the drifted dead,
Rocked to and fro, with the ebb and the flow
On a wavy-wandering bed!

Mess. Vain were our shafts; our mighty multitude
Vanished before their brazen-beaked attack.

STROPHE III

Chorus. Sing ye, sing ye a sorrowful song,
Lift ye, lift ye a piercing cry!
Our harnessed throng and armies strong
Lost and ruined utterly!
Mess. O hated name to hear, sad Salamis!
O Athens, I remember thee with groans.

ANTISTROPHE III

Chorus. O Athens, Athens, thou hast reft us
Of our all we did possess!
Sonless mothers thou hast left us,
Weeping wives and husbandless!
Atossa. Thou see'st I have kept silence: this sad stroke
Hath struck me dumb, as powerless to give voice
To my own sorrows, as to ask another's.
Yet when the gods send trouble, mortal men
Must learn to bear it. Therefore be thou calm;
Unfold the perfect volume of our woes,
And, though the memory grieve thee, let us hear
Thy tale to the end; what loss demands our tears,
Which of the baton-bearing chiefs hath left
An army to march home without a head.
Mess. Xerxes yet lives, and looks on the light.
Atossa. Much light
In this to me, and to my house thou speakest,
A shining day from out a pitchy night.

Here the messenger recites the names and manner of death of many of the Persian princes:

Atossa. Alas! alas! more than enough I hear;
Shame to the Persians and shrill wails. But say,
Retracing thy discourse, what was the number
Of the Greek ships that dared with Persia's fleet
To engage, and grapple beak to beak.
Mess. If number
Of ships might gain the fight, believe me, Queen,
The victory had been ours. The Greeks could tell

But ten times thirty ships, with other ten,
Of most select equipment. Xerxes numbered
A thousand ships, two hundred sail and seven
Of rapid wing beside. Of this be assured,
What might of man could do was done to save us;
Some god hath ruined us, not weighing justly
An equal measure. Pallas saves her city.

Atossa. The city? is it safe? does Athens stand?

Mess. It stands without the fence of walls. Men wall it.

Atossa. But say, who first commenced the fight—the Greeks
Or, in his numbers strong, my kingly son.

Mess. Some evil-god, or an avenging spirit,
Began the fray. From the Athenian fleet
There came a Greek, and thus thy son bespoke.
"Soon as the gloom of night shall fall, the Greeks
No more will wait, but, rushing to their oars,
Each man will seek his safety where he may,
By secret flight." This Xerxes heard, but knew not
The guile of Greece, nor yet the jealous gods,
And to his captains straightway gave command
That, when the sun withdrew his burning beams,
And darkness filled the temple of the sky,
In triple lines their ships they should dispose,
Each wave-plashed outlet guardian, fencing round
The isle of Ajax surely. Should the Greeks
Deceive this guard, or with their ships escape
In secret flight, each captain with his head
Should pay for his remissness. These commands
With lofty heart, thy son gave forth, nor thought
What harm the gods were weaving. They obeyed.
Each man prepared his supper, and the sailors
Bound the lithe oar to its familiar block.
Then, when the sun his shining glory paled,
And night swooped down, each master of the oar,
Each marshaler of arms, embarked; and then
Line called on line to take its ordered place.
All night they cruised, and, with a moving belt,
Prisoned the frith, till day 'gan peep, and still

No stealthy Greek the expected flight essayed.
But when at length the snowy-steeded Day
Burst o'er the main, all beautiful to see,
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout uprose,
Well-omened, and, with replication loud,
Leapt the blithe echo from the rocky shore.
Fear seized the Persian host, no longer tricked
By vain opinion; not like wavering flight
Billowed the solemn paean of the Greeks,
But like the shout of men to battle urging,
With lusty cheer. Then the fierce trumpet's voice
Blazed o'er the main; and on the salt sea flood
Forthwith the oars, with measured plash, descended,
And all their lines, with dexterous speed displayed,
Stood with opposing front. The right wing first,
Then the whole fleet bore down, and straight uprose
A mighty shout. "SONS OF THE GREEKS, ADVANCE!
YOUR COUNTRY FREE, YOUR CHILDREN FREE, YOUR WIVES!
THE ALTARS OF YOUR NATIVE GODS DELIVER,
AND YOUR ANCESTRAL TOMBS—ALL'S NOW AT STAKE!"
A like salute from our whole line back-rolled
In Persian speech. Nor more delay, but straight
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak
Dashed furious. A Greek ship led on the attack,
And from the prow of a Phoenician struck
The figure-head; and now the grapple closed
Of each ship with his adverse desperate.
At first the main line of the Persian fleet
Stood the harsh shock; but soon their multitude
Became their ruin; in the narrow frith
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,
And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn,
And the rough rocks, with dead; till, in the end,

Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.
As men that fish for tunnies, so the Greeks,
With broken booms, and fragments of the wreck,
Struck our snared men, and hacked them, that the sea,
With wail and moaning, was possessed around,
Till black-eyed Night shot darkness o'er the fray.
These ills thou hearest: to rehearse the whole,
Ten days were few; but this, my Queen, believe,
No day yet shone on Earth whose brightness looked
On such a tale of death.

Atossa. A sea of woes
On Persia bursts, and all the Persian name!

Mess. Thou hast not heard the half: another woe
Remains, that twice outweighs what I have told.

Atossa. What worse than this? Say what mischance so strong
To hurt us more, being already ruined?

Mess. The bloom of all the Persian youth, in spirit
The bravest, and in birth the noblest, princes
In whom thy son placed his especial trust,
All by a most inglorious doom have perished.

Atossa. O wretched me, that I should live to hear it!
But by what death did Persia's princes die?

Mess. There is an islet, fronting Salamis,
To ships unfriendly, of dance-loving Pan
The chosen haunt, and near the Attic coast.
Here Xerxes placed his chiefest men, that when
The routed Greeks should seek this strand, our troops
Might both aid friends, where friends their aid required,
And kill the scattered Greeks, an easy prey;
Ill-auguring what should hap! for when the gods
Gave to the Greeks the glory of the day,
Straightway well-cased in mail from their triremes
They leapt, rushed on the isle, and hedged it round,
That neither right nor left our men might turn,
But fell in heaps, some struck by rattling stones,
Some pierced by arrows from the twanging bow.

Then, in one onslaught fiercely massed, the Greeks
Our fenceless chiefs in slashing butchery
Mowed down, till not one breath remained to groan.
But Xerxes groaned: for from a height that rose
From the sea-shore conspicuous, with clear view
He mustered the black fortune of the fight.
His stole he rent, and lifting a shrill wail
Gave the poor remnant of his host command
To flee; and fled with them. Lament with me,
This second sorrow heaped upon the first.

Atossa. O dismal god! how has thy hate deceived
The mind of the Mede! A bitter vengeance truly
Hath famous Athens wreaked on my poor son,
To all the dead that fell at Marathon
Adding this slaughter!—O my son! my son!
Thyself hast paid the penalty that thou
Went to inflict on others!

DORIC PILLARS

The
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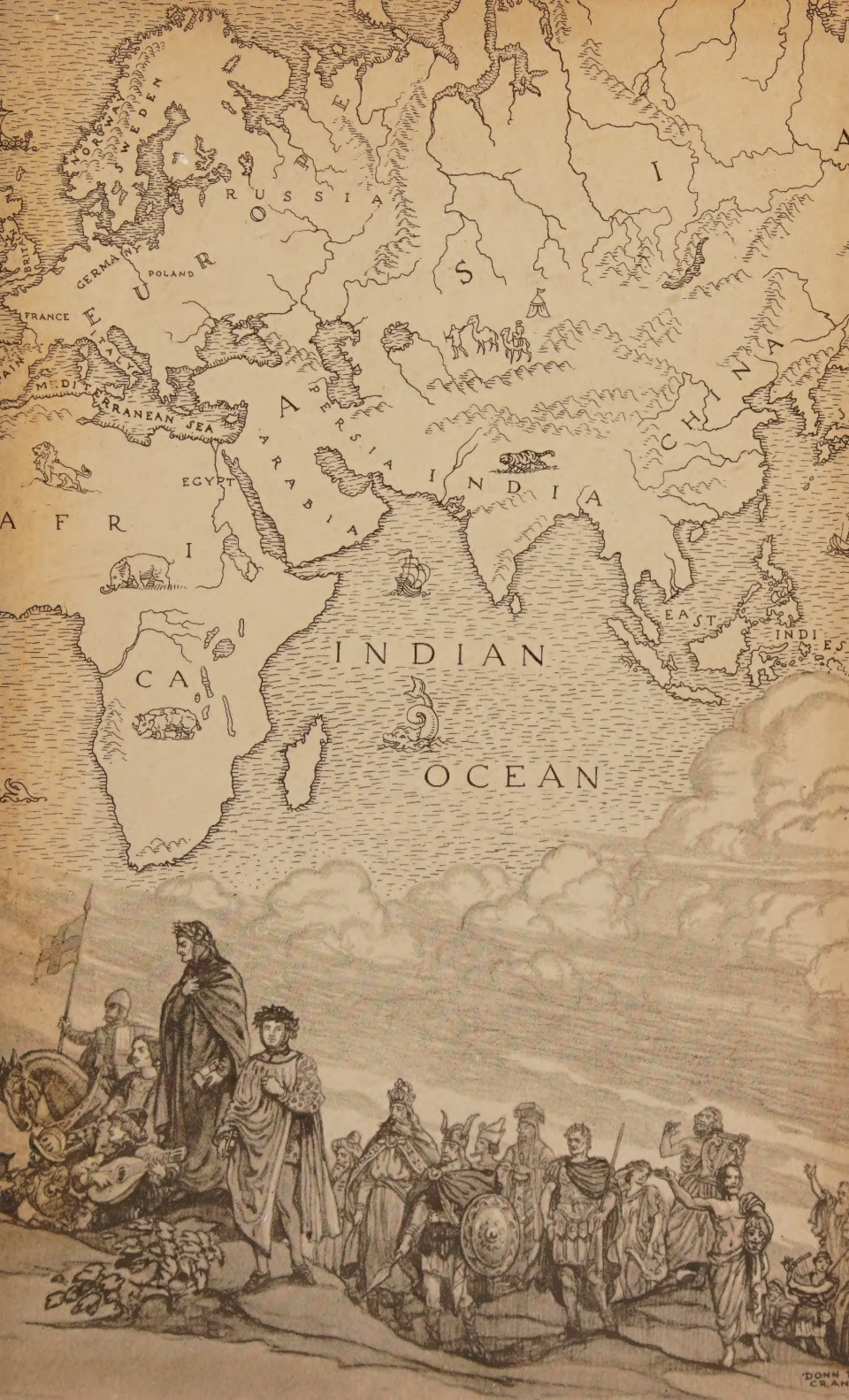
SYLVESTER
GREEN
LAN
A ME RI
CA
PACIFIC
OCEAN
ATLANTI
OCE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